May 15, 1978

THE NEW YORKER

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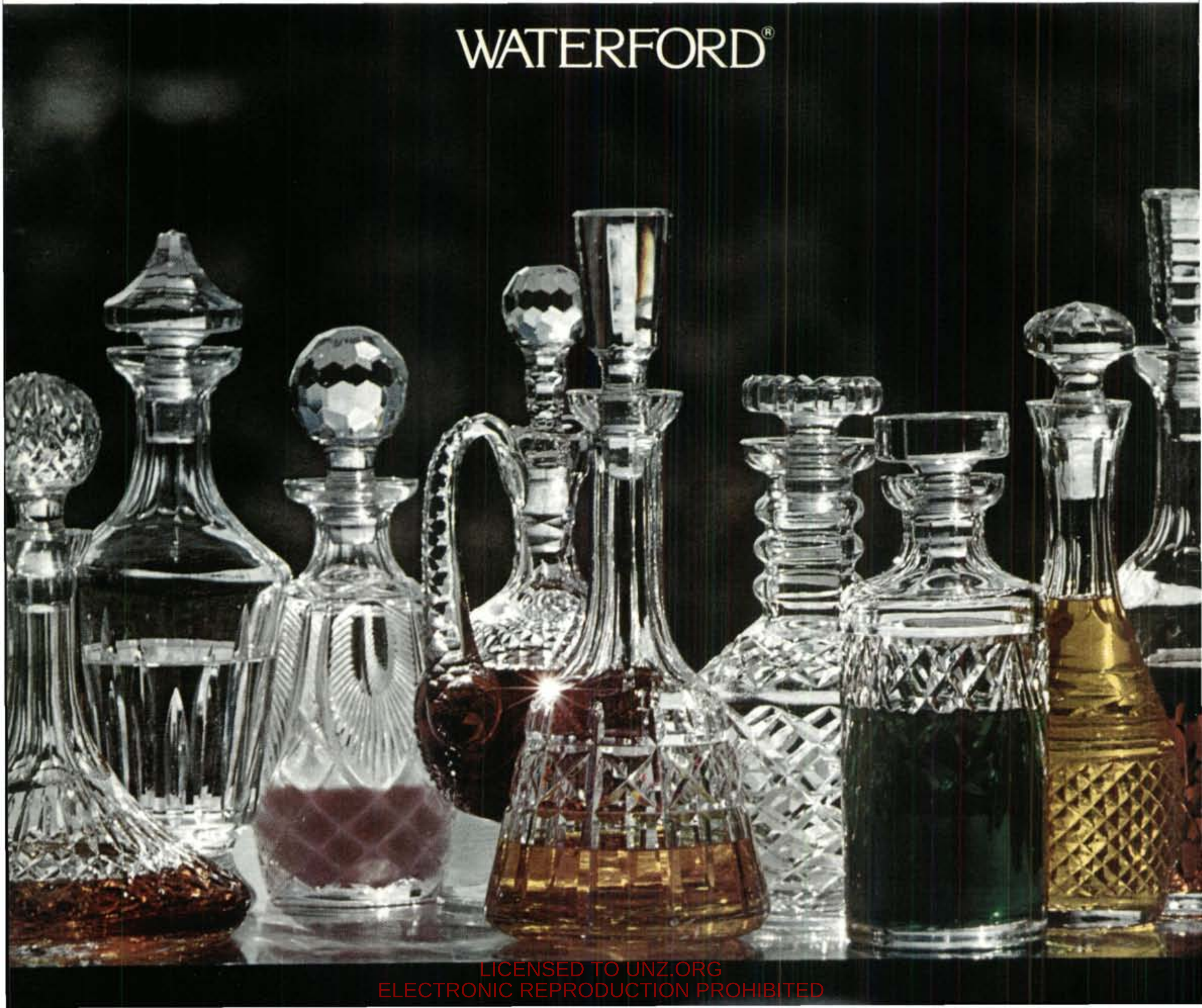

optional attachments

Ah, those all-important extras! Herewith, the best of them for the man who makes it his business to consider all the possibilities. From the left: **The belt** in stretchable cotton with leather tabs, comes in navy, khaki or navy with red stripe, navy/yellow or khaki/navy. From Dooney and Bourke, **9.50. Longchamp hunt bag,** made in France with removable shoulder strap, Longchamp insignia. Navy with wine leather trim, **80.00. The Ascot,** comes nattily blue or brown checked, from Elliot Gant, **8.50. The Umbrella,** in light blue or cream herringbone cotton with solid wood handle, from Liberty Umbrella, **23.00. Shades of Givenchy.** Classic sunglasses that can easily be adapted to prescription lenses, **35.00. ID bracelets** designed by Penny Preville, with sterling plaque and 12 karat gold-filled chain. His, **39.00.** Hers, **38.00.** Also available in solid sterling silver. the Men's Store, Street Floor and all fashion branches.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Act—Liza Minnelli in a vehicle that, though designed to accommodate her youthful talents, creaks like a one-hoss shay. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/7/77.) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, May 14.)

Ain't Misbehavin'—A musical (first seen last February at the Manhattan Theatre Club) comprising songs written by or made famous by Fats Waller. With Nell Carter, Andre De Shields, Armelia McQueen, Ken Page, and Charlaine Woodard. Directed by Richard Maltby, Jr. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, May 11, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Angel—Fred Gwynne and Frances Sternhagen in a musical based on Ketti Frings' play and the Thomas Wolfe novel "Look Homeward, Angel," with music by Gary Geld, lyrics by Peter Udell, and a book by Miss Frings and Mr. Udell. Directed by Philip Rose. Preview Wednesday matinée, May 10. Opens officially on Wednesday, May 10, at 6:15. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas—A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch, and about the political and sexual mores of our Super-State. Tommy Tune, as bright and inventive as ever, was the choreographer; Carol Hall wrote the melodic score and agreeable lyrics; and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the entertaining libretto. The company, under the direction of Mr. Masterson and Mr. Tune, is as proficient as it is high-spirited. With Henderson Forsythe, Delores Hall, Jay Garner, Susan Mansur, and Carlin Glynn. (5/1/78) (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Bistro Car on the CNR—A chipper little revue from Canada, set aboard a train running between Toronto and Montreal. The score, by Patrick Rose, is tuneful and varied, and he himself is the most able of the four able performers who comprise the cast. The others are Marcia McClain, Tom Wopat, and Henrietta Valor. Lyrics by Merv Campone and Richard Ouzounian, and scenery and costumes by John Falabella. Mr. Ouzounian directed. (4/3/78) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Bleacher Bums—We are in the presence of eight raffish Chicago Cub fans, in a corner of Wrigley Field during all nine innings of a game against the Cardinals. The action—a matter of small bits—is sometimes funny, sometimes not, and almost always earsplitting. The actors, members of the Organic Theatre of Chicago, do quite well; Michael Saad, as a blind man, does very well. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and at midnight; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Broadway—A revival of a 1926 play by Philip Dunning and George Abbott, with a cast headed by William Atherton, Teri Garr, and Chris Sarandon. Directed by Robert Allan Ackerman. Previews Friday and Saturday, May 12-13. Opens officially on Monday, May 15. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Chapter Two—A writer lacerated by memories of a beloved dead wife and by the presence of a beloved new wife, intensely alive. The author, Neil Simon, makes a lot of jokes in the course of telling this sad story. The four-person cast is admirable. (12/12/77) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cold Storage—Two men are dying of cancer in a New York hospital. In spite of the subject matter, the play is often humorous as well as enthralling, thanks in part to the fact that it was written by Ronald Ribman and in part to the performances given by Martin Balsam and Len Cariou. (1/16/78) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Da—In this entertaining play by Hugh Leonard, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. Brian Murray is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da, and both are in top form. Richard Seer, Lester Rawlins, and Sylvia O'Brien are among the other good actors in this excellent production under Melvin Bernhardt's direction. (3/27/78) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dancin'—Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (4/10/78) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Deathtrap—A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With John Wood, Marian Seldes, Victor Garber, Marian Winters, and Richard Woods. Directed by Robert Moore. (3/13/78) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dracula—Frank Langella and a splendid company in a charming adaptation of the Bram Stoker novel. With marvellous sets and costumes by Edward Gorey. (10/31/77) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—The final production of the season is a revival of the musical COMPANY, with a score and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, and a book by George Furth. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 28. For information

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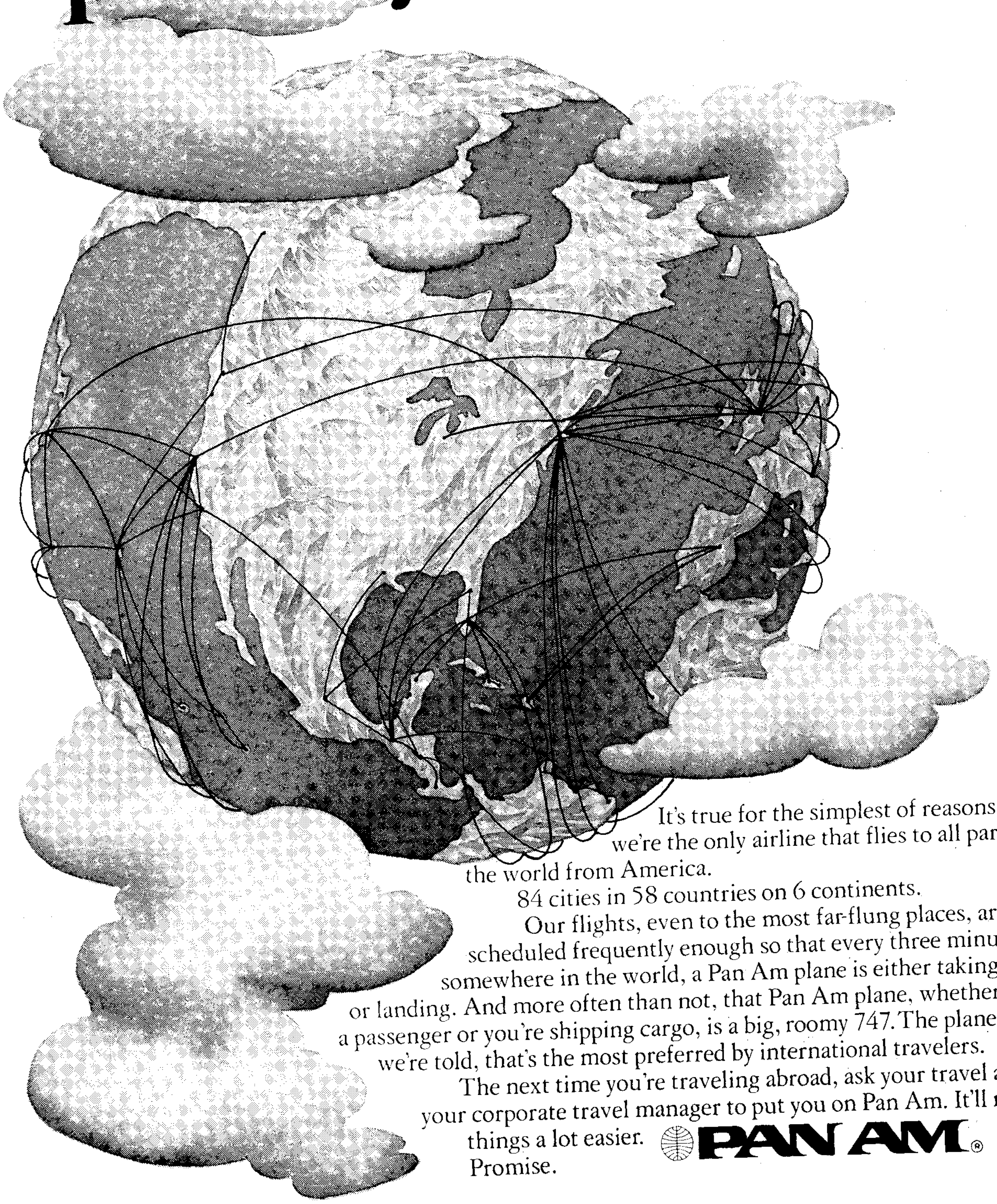

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Family Business—A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. The results are depressing, but there are hints throughout that the script, by Dick Goldberg, is worthy of a livelier performance. (4/24/78) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The 5th of July—A number of former activists of the nineteen-sixties and their friends gather at a farm in Missouri in 1977 and talk your ear off, to no discernible purpose. There are a few lively scenes here, but not enough. Lanford Wilson wrote the play, and Marshall W. Mason directed the competent performance. Very good settings by John Lee Beatty. (5/8/78) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Gin Game—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in a new comedy about the horrors of old age. Harsh, but at the same time extremely funny. The playwright is D. L. Coburn. (10/17/77) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Hello, Dolly!—Carol Channing once more on Broadway, in the show she starred in back in 1964. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Life in the Theatre—David Mamet's loving tribute to the theatre in the form of a collage of the offstage conversations between a seasoned actor and a younger one, and of their onstage dialogues in brief parodies of every conceivable kind of scene. The play is very funny and subtly haunting as well. With José Ferrer and James McDonnell as the actors. Gerald Gutierrez was the estimable director, and John Lee Beatty the estimable scenic designer. (10/31/77) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Molière in Spite of Himself—A play adapted (and directed) by Michael Lessac from a play by Mikhail Bulgakov. (3/20/78) (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

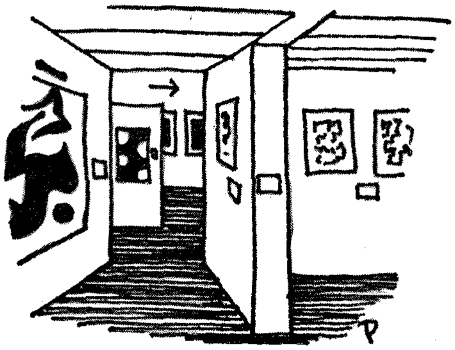
My Mother Was a Fortune-Teller—Phyllis Newman's one-woman show of songs (by various lyricists, including herself), with connective words (presumably by herself), becomes an indirect autobiography of this clever, gifted performer. Arthur Laurents directed. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 21.)

On the Twentieth Century—A musical comedy (book and lyrics by Comden and Green, music by Cy Coleman) based on the old Hecht-MacArthur play "Twentieth Century" and showing its age. John Cullum, Imogene Coca, and Judy Kaye are its stars. (3/6/78) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Passion of Dracula—An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters, Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (10/10/77) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Proposition—A brisk and merry evening of improvisation, with four bright young players and a nimble pianist. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 21.)

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead!—A (rewritten) revival of a play by James Kirkwood. (4/3/78) (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



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Runaways—Elizabeth Swados' musical is moving from Off Broadway to Broadway. It is about the plight of runaway children in this city and is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties, but their proficiency at singing, dancing, and acting is unlimited. (3/20/78) Previews through Saturday matinée, May 13. Opens officially on Saturday evening, May 13. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

13 Rue de l'Amour—A fumbling Feydeau farce that fitfully finds a farthing's worth of finesse. With Louis Jourdan and Patricia Elliott. (3/27/78) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 21.)

Timbuktu!—Eartha Kitt, Melba Moore, Gilbert Price, and Ira Hawkins in a silly reworking of the musical "Kismet." (3/13/78) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Twilight Dinner—Two middle-aged black men, one American, the other West Indian, and both in comfortable circumstances, meet after seventeen years and recall their radical past with mixed emotions. Lennox Brown's somewhat sketchy play could be considered an elegy for the nineteen-sixties. The characters and what they say and feel are believable, and the performance, under the direction of Douglas Turner Ward, goes well. With Reuben Green, Leon Morenzie, and Karen Bernhard. This is the Negro Ensemble Company's final offering of the season. (5/1/78) (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3:30 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 14.)

Working—A musical adaptation by Stephen Schwartz of Studs Terkel's book of the same title. The music and lyrics are by Craig Carnelia, Micki Grant, Mary Rodgers, Susan Birkenhead, James Taylor, and Mr. Schwartz (who also directed). Previews through Saturday, May 13. Opens officially on Sunday, May 14. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—annie: An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the club:** Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 21.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 7,496 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **for colored girls who have considered suicide:** The marvellous poems and prose of the American writer Ntozake Shange are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **gemini:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo and Jonathan Hadary, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **grease:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **i love my wife:** A rather simple-minded little study of attempted wife-swapping in Trenton, New Jersey. Some lively songs by Cy Coleman, and some lively performances, especially by Lenny Baker. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the king and i:** The Rodgers and Hammerstein success of twenty-six years ago. Yul Brynner is better than ever as the King—and what songs! (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the magic show:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **mummenschanz:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **same time, next year:** A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Moves on Tuesday, May 16, to the Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St., 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, May 11, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **vanities:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the wiz:** A black musical version of that well-re-

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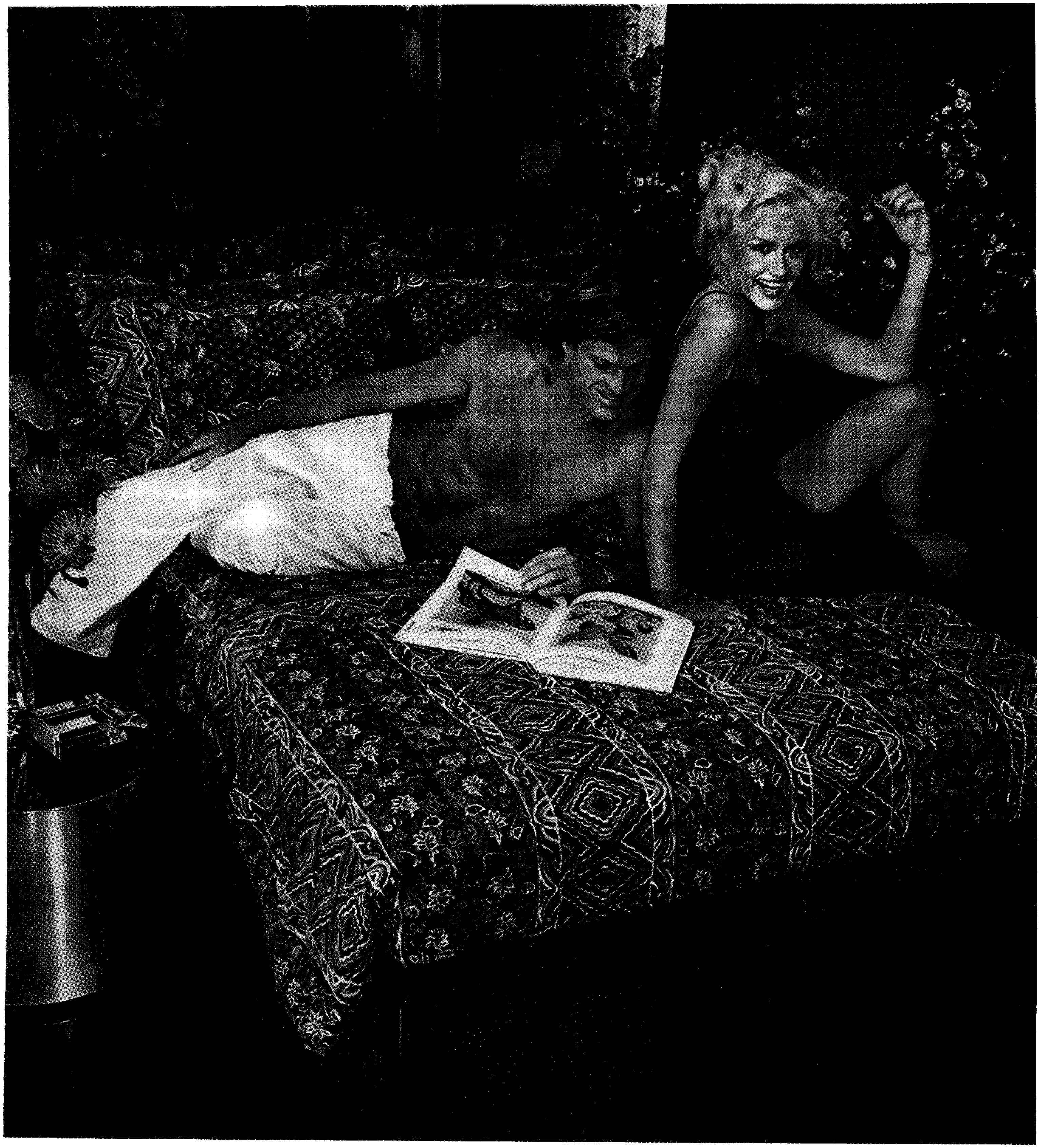

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Fort Wayne, IN	Heider, Ltd.
Fresno, CA	Hodge & Sons
Grand Rapids, MI	MacKenzie-Bostock-Monroe
Greenwich, CT	Van Driver
Grosse Pointe Farms, MI	Carl Sterr
Hackensack, NJ	Roots
Harrisburg, PA	C.J. Crego & Son
Hickory, NC	Hunter & Coggins Clothing Co.
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Lincoln, NB	Sir Winston, Ltd.
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Milwaukee, WI	MacNeil and Moore
Minneapolis, MN	Sims, Ltd.
Morganton, NC	Lazarus
Morristown, NJ	Roots
Nashville, TN	The Oxford Shop
Newport, RI	Narragansett Clothing Co.
Newport Beach, CA	Atkinson's
Newport Beach, CA	Garys & Co.
Newport News, VA	Beecroft & Bull, Ltd.
New Haven, CT	White, Inc.
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Peoria, IL	Howard A. Heller
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Pittsburg, PA	Hughes & Hatcher
Pittsfield, MA	1888 Shop
Portland, ME	Benoit's
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Reading, PA	John Mazzo
Red Bank, NJ	Roots
Richmond, VA	Nelson & Gwatkin
Roanoke, VA	Davidson's
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San Francisco, CA	Cable Car/Robert Kirk, Ltd.
St. Louis, MO	Boyd's
San Marino, CA	Bill Winn
Santa Barbara, CA	W. A. King
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Seattle, WA	Albert, Ltd.
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Summit, NJ	Roots
Swampscott, MA	Judd, Inc.
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Tucson, AZ	Mills-Touche
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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membered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey, back in town with their hundred-and-eighth edition. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. *between 31st and 33rd Sts.* 564-4400. Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; Sundays at 1 and 5:30; *and Tuesday, May 16, at 10:30 and* 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 4.)

Ondeko-Za Demon Drums—A program of music, ritual, and dance, from the Japanese island of Sado. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 3. Closes Saturday, May 13.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, May 10, at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Chaconne," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto."...¶ Thursday, May 11, at 8: "Raymonda Variations," "Prodigal Son," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto."...¶ Friday, May 12, at 8: "Chaconne," "Prodigal Son," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."...¶ Saturday, May 13, at 2: "Ballo della Regina," "Pas de Deux," and "Vienna Waltzes."...¶ Saturday, May 13, at 8: "Allegro Brillante," "Prodigal Son," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto."...¶ Sunday, May 14, at 1: "The Concert," "Who Cares?," and "Stars and Stripes."...¶ Sunday, May 14, at 7: "Fanfare," "The Cage," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "The Concert."...¶ Tuesday, May 16, at 8: "Four *Temperaments*," "Pas de Deux," and "Vienna Waltzes."...¶ Wednesday, May 17, at 8: "In G Major," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Tricolore" *(preview). (A benefit performance; for tick*ets, call TR 7-4700, Ext. 345.)...¶ Thursday, May 18, at 8: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Tricolore" (première), and "Symphony in C."...¶ Friday, May 19, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Irish Fantasy," and "Dances at a Gathering."...¶ Saturday, May 20, at 2: "Fanfare," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in C."...¶ Saturday, May 20, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Allegro Brillante," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," and "An Evening's Waltzes." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, July 2.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 10-11: "La Bayadère," "At Midnight," "Other Dances," and "Graduation Ball."...¶ Friday evening, May 12; Saturday matinée and evening, May 13; and Monday and Tuesday evenings, May 15-16: "The Nutcracker."...¶ Wednesday evening, May 17: "Les Sylphides," "Romeo and Juliet Pas de Deux," "Theme and Variations," and "Firebird."...¶ Thursday evening, May 18: "Les Sylphides," "Pas de Deux," "At Midnight," and "Graduation Ball."...¶ Friday evening, May 19: "Petrouchka," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Le Sacre du Printemps."...¶ Saturday matinée, May 20: "Petrouchka," "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Voluntaries."...¶ Saturday evening, May 20: "Petrouchka," "Diane and Acteon Pas de Deux," "At Midnight," and "Voluntaries." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 10.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Wednesday, May 10, at 8: "Streams," "Icarus," "Passage," and "Revelations."...¶ Thursday, May 11, at 8: "Night Creature," "Hermit Songs," "Masekela Langage," and "Caravan."...¶ Friday, May 12, at 8: "Butterfly," "Facets," "Choral Dances," and "Suite Otis."...¶ Saturday, May 13, at 2: "Streams," "The Time Before the Time After," "Gazelle," and "Suite Otis."...¶ Saturday, May 13, at 8: "Night Creature," "Icarus," "Blood-Burning Moon," and "Revelations."...¶ Sunday, May 14, at 2: "The Lark Ascending," "Hermit Songs," "Butterfly," "Pas de Duke," and "Night Creature."...¶ Sunday, May 14, at 7:30: "Butterfly," "Facets," "Choral Dances," and "Caravan."...¶ Tuesday, May 16, at 8: "The Lark Ascending," "Hermit Songs," "Blood-Burning Moon," "Journey," and "Night Creature."...¶ Wednesday, May 17, at 8: "Streams," "Countdown," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations."...¶ Thursday, May 18, at 8: "Hidden Rites," "Passage," "Blood-Burning Moon," and "Suite Otis."...¶ Friday, May 19, at 8: "Night Creature," "Facets," "Masekela Langage," and "Caravan."...¶ Saturday, May 20, at 2: "Hidden Rites," "Suite Otis," and "Revelations."...¶ Saturday, May 20, at 8: "The Lark Ascending," "Icarus," "Gazelle," "Journey," and "Night Creature." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, May 21.)

Ballet on Broadway—Alfonso Catá and his troupe, performing four of his own works: "The Seasons," "Pas de Deux," "Sweet Carmen," and "Dance! Dance! Dance!" (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Monday, May 15, at 8.)

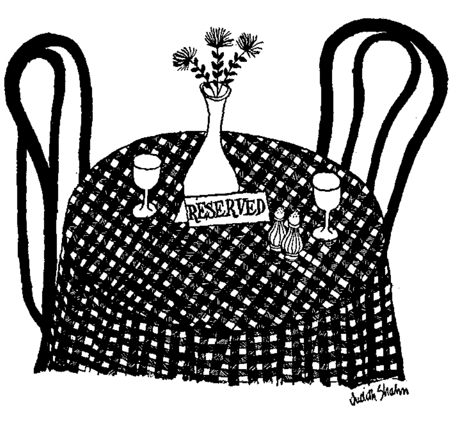
Pennsylvania Ballet—A one-week engagement—Tuesday, May 16, at 7:30; Saturday, May 20, at 8; and Sunday, May 21, at 2: "Grosse Fugue," "Symphony in C," and "Signatures" (New York première)....¶ Wednesday, May 17, at 7:30, and Thursday and Friday, May 18-19, at 8: "Carmina Burana" and "Divertimento No. 15."...¶ Saturday, May 20, at 2: "Symphony in C" and "Signatures." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town....¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and *Broome Sts. (226-9042)*—A musician-owned night-club loft on a stretch of Greene Street that hasn't changed much since the neighborhood—the desolate and gray Factory District—turned into SoHo. Free trombonist **GRACHAN MONCUR III** leads a quartet through Saturday, May 13; on Tuesday, May 16, alto saxophonist **RENE MCLEAN**, who is the son of altoist Jackie McLean, will bring in a sextet. On Mondays, trumpeter and flugelhornist Ted Daniel directs Energy, an occasionally gangly, often free-form, and nearly always accessible fourteen-or-so-piece band. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—**MARTHA SCHLAMME** is, unlike so many contemporary cabaret singers, a totally convincing performer. Even her charmingly Viennese-accented between-song patter is relaxed, reassuring, and non-melodramatic. A longtime interpreter of Kurt Weill, Miss Schlamme is now presenting a musical and literary pastiche—tunes by Melissa Manchester, Sondheim, and Brel, and poetry by Nikki Giovanni, Millay, and Cummings (the last recited, she explains, in lower case)—and her program does move right along. When she sings Brecht and Weill—especially "The Bilbao Song"—however, she seems to project and beam more than a little bit extra, and her audience may at this point wish she had confined herself to this consummate cabaret material. Tuesdays through Saturdays, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dinner.



Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—A pleasantly relaxed cocktail lounge, with good musicians performing in a picture-window music corner. Pianist **STEVE KUHN**, bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ**, saxophonist **STEVE SLAGLE**, and drummer **BOB MOSES** work together through Saturday, May 13; Wednesday through Saturday, May 17-20, pianist **HAL GALPER** will be aided by bassist **CECIL MCBEE** and drummer **JOE LA BARBARA**. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Except for a few artfully got-up punk-rock groupies, the patrons here resemble the clean-cut, Pepsi generation that makes up the studio audiences on "Saturday Night Live." Rock-and-roll *auteur* **TODD RUNDGREN** and his musical colleagues perform through Sunday, May 14. All his shows have been sold out for two weeks. On Monday and Tuesday, May 15-16, rock singer and songwriter Garland Jeffreys will trade sets with singer Dirk Hamilton, and *their* shows are sold out. On Wednesday, May 17, **LOU REED**, the beshaded father figure to punk musicians, will move in for five nights, and Reed's shows will more than likely be sold out in advance, too. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—An attractive little bar where business *always* seems to be booming. Pianist **BEN ARONOV** works with bassist **HERB BUSHLER** through Saturday, May 13; Sunday, May 14, will be turned over to pianist **FRED HERSCH**; and on Monday, May 15, **JIMMY ROWLES** will be at the keyboard, accompanied by bassist **BOB CRANSHAW**. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Café Pierre, *in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave.* at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BERNIE LEIGHTON** is an expert cocktail pianist of the old school and a dazzling, high-velocity jazz pianist who works in the single-note vineyards of Art Tatum and Nat Cole. **HOWARD COLLINS** is on guitar and **RON MARKOWITZ** on bass. Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one. Dinner and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** and his aides, **BEVERLY PEER** and **GENE GAMMAGE**, on bass and drums, respectively, have moved back into their old homestead, the Café Carlyle. They go on Tuesdays through Saturdays at *nine-forty*-five and eleven-thirty. Singer-pianist Michael Carney appears Mondays after nine-thirty. Dinner and supper....¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, pianist **MARIAN MCPARTLAND** *is playing* from a set list that includes tunes by Evelyn Danzig, Alberta Nichols, Ann Ronell, Kay Swift, Carole King, and Carol Sager. Mondays through Saturdays, *starting* at nine-forty-five.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (PL 7-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** is here, playing the great August Förster piano with driving serenity. He does everything in his power to stay out of the listener's way, and he does everything in his power to swing. Weeknights from eight until midnight. Dinner.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Punk-rock bands on the bandstand; punk-rock-band entourages *in the audi*ence—an interesting jumble of torn T-shirts, dirty sneakers, rearguard platform shoes, jeans, feathered boas, slicked-down hair, leather, *and a wholesome flannel* shirt or two. Monday is showcase night. The music usually begins after nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The legendary blues singer **ALBERTA HUNTER**, who is funny, rocking, and altogether charming, is singing "Downhearted Blues,"

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which she wrote in 1922, and "I Want a Two-Fisted, Double-Jointed, Rough-and-Ready Man," which she wrote in 1976. She works Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. On Sundays from eight to one, **ROSE MURPHY** is at the piano, singing her thirty-odd-year-old hits "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button Up Your Chichi-chi," with support from bassist Morris Edwards. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—**WARREN VACHÉ** is present with a trio, playing smooth trumpet in a style that's nearly twice as old as he is (he's twenty-six). Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty to eleven-thirty. The room flanks 45th Street and has ceiling fans, a tile floor, high-backed Windsor chairs, and food with a New Orleans *tinge. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.*

DAVID K'S, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON,** the international café-society singer and pianist, holds forth Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to two.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band, which begins weeknights after nine-thirty, is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist-proprietor Red Balaban. On Tuesday, May 16, trumpeter **JIMMY MAXWELL** and friends will sit in with the regulars. On Sunday, May 14, tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON,** a *young musician influenced by the* swing era, will lead a quintet that will feature tenor saxophonist **BUDD JOHNSON,** a musician who influenced the swing era. From eight-thirty. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** guitarist **JOE PUMA,** and the sparkling bassist **FRANK LUTHER** play standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They're here Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten to three, and on Sundays from seven to three. Mondays from ten belong to pianist **AL HAIG,** guitarist **AL GAFA,** and bassist **MORRIS EDWARDS.** Tuesdays from ten are claimed by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE,** bassist Gene Taylor, and pianist Bill Triglia. Weeknights, Loumell Morgan and Morris Edwards hold sessions from seven to ten.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—A nice place to visit right now if you're a Basie alumnus or an admirer of a Basie alumnus: singer **JOE WILLIAMS,** who spent six stunning, bluesy years with the Count in the late fifties and early sixties, and who has settled down in Las Vegas and become an exciting popular singer, is here through Saturday, May 13. Beginning Monday, May 15, trombonist **AL GREY** and tenor saxophonist **JIMMY FORREST,** who were both in recent Basie starting lineups, will co-pilot a quintet. Music Mondays through Thursdays, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by drummer Eddie Locke, pianist Johnny Morris, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A taste of Austin, Texas: slick young lawyer types, cosmic cowboys, and pecan pie (but where are the chicken-fried steaks?). Singer and Grand Ole Opry star **ERNEST TUBB** and his **TEXAS TROUBADORS** add the final touch of bluebonnet authenticity on Wednesday, May 10. Country singer and songwriter Townes Van Zandt will perform on Monday and Tuesday, May 15-16; and on Wednesday and Thursday, May 17-18, **JOHN LEE HOOKER,** whose urbane country blues was an inspiration to rock musicians in the sixties, will be present. Weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The tribute of the month honors Ethel Waters and is carried out by singer and actress Claudia McNeil and a solid quartet. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Guitarist Barry Finnerty and his combo are present on Wednesday, May 10; hard-bop drummer **IDRIS MUHAMMAD** heads up a sextet Thursday through Saturday, May 11-13; and Wednesday through Saturday, May 17-20, Noel Pointer, a jazz-and-rhythm-and-blues violinist who plays upbeat interpretations of "Wayfaring Stranger" and "Fiddler on the Roof," will lead a quintet. Music from ten to three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A reformed coffeehouse: tables and chairs instead of benches; Perrier and even headier stuff instead of ice cream and tea. Robert Hunter, who has been writing lyrics for the Grateful Dead for years, is here leading his own band Thursday through Saturday, May 11-13; Wednesday through Saturday, May 17-20, will belong to approximately one-half of the Woodstock Mountain Revue—folkies **ARTIE TRAUM, JOHN HERALD,** and **PAT ALGER.** Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine and midnight.

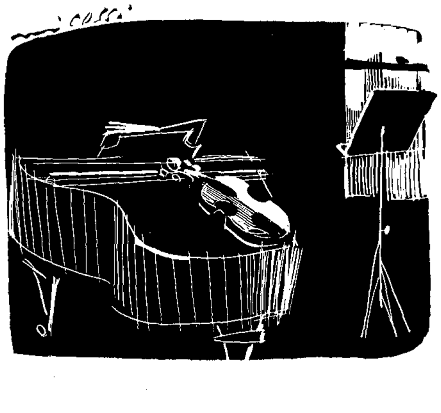
RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is in charge of a bouncy dance septet that is firmly rooted in the thirties (except for the Fender bass) and forties—even when it attempts the Watusi—and this is just fine here in Art Deco-land. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to mid*night. Dining.*

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—S*R*O*, a comedy and singing trio, performs through Sunday, May 14; on Tuesday, May 16, Holly Woodlawn, a torch-singing female impersonator, will move in for a month. Shows at nine and midnight. Dinner.

SIBI, 151 E. 50th St. (753-3429)—This jazz *spot, like a poor relation, has been relegated* to an out-of-the-way but elegant second-story room above the night club Ibis and its Vegas-style floor show. Pianist Ahmad Jamal, who once estimated that he has played "Poinciana" about a hundred thousand times, leads a trio through Saturday, May 13. On Monday, May 15, singer and pianist Bobby Cole and his quartet will take over. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten, twelve, and one-thirty.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Hard-bop tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** heads a quintet here through Saturday, May 13; Sunday and Monday, May 14-15, belong to pianist **WALTER DAVIS, JR.,** and his quartet; and on Tuesday, May 16, pianist **WARREN BERNHARDT** will arrive with a quartet. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A record-industry hangout and rock-and-roll showcase for up-and-coming rock bands that nearly always try harder. Why do they try harder? Because they're trying to land a recording contract. Shows nightly, except Sundays, at midnight and two, usually. Dinner.



VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the sprawling, concert-sized, rough-hewn downstairs room, the master **DIZZY GILLESPIE** leads his current sextet on Friday and Saturday, May 12-13; on Friday and Saturday, May 19-20, South African pianist **DOLLAR BRAND** will alternate with Chicago bluesman **SON SEALS** and his band. Shows at ten. Meanwhile, in the Top of the Gate, upstairs, Bob January leads a fifteen-piece dance band on Sundays from seven to eleven, and jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** works with a trio on Thursdays from nine to midnight. Dinner in this large L-shaped room, which has been outfitted to look like a dark Victorian dining room.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (AL 5-4037)—**RED GARLAND,** Miles Davis's pianist twenty years ago, showed up in New York in March after a long absence—he has been playing local gigs in Dallas for some time. He drew large crowds, who lined up patiently on the stairs, happily pretending it was 1957 again, and Garland's playing—his unmistakable locked chords and swinging, punching comping—certainly made it seem so. Through Sunday, May 14. On Tuesday, May 16, trumpeter **WOODY SHAW,** an important contemporary composer and soloist, will bring in a quintet. Mondays have been reclaimed by the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** band. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Mondays through Wednesdays are assigned to pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy" (see Village Vanguard, above, for the original version), and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. Harris Simon has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift at the keyboard. Music begins *at eight.*

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A hamburger retreat for students and aging swing musicians who can still swing. On Wednesday, May 10, trumpeter Franc Williams leads a quintet; Thursday through Sunday, May 11-14, pianist Ram Ramirez works with a combo; and on Tuesday, May 16, tenor saxophonist George Kelly will arrive with his Jazz Sultans. Music from nine. Student food at student prices.

W.P.A., 152 Spring St., near West Broadway. (226-3444)—Striking black-and-white murals, painted in the heroic style of the twenties and thirties, portraying workers of the world—farmers, stevedores, chorus girls (they're workers, too). Tuesdays through Saturdays, **JILL MCMANUS** plays clean articulate, well-lighted piano, in which harmony is implied more than stated and excitement is the result of logic rather than adventurousness. Music from nine to one. Closed Mondays. No music Sundays.

DISCOTHÈQUES

IPANEMA, 240 W. 52nd St. (765-8025)—A Plexiglas dance floor over colored lights. Live Latin music on Tuesdays; recorded disco music Thursdays through Saturdays, and recorded disco and Brazilian music on Sundays. Music from nine most nights; from six on Thursdays. Closed Mondays and Wednesdays.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK, 33 W. 52nd St. (245-2400)—A lighting man and a licensed laser officer are in charge of the special effects: laser beams projected onto a screen; moving, spinning colored spotlights; and a fog machine. From ten nightly.

RÉGINE'S, 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (826-0990)—An Art Deco interior carried out in tones of aubergine and silver. Dancing from ten-thirty. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

STUDIO 54, 254 W. 54th St. (489-7667)—This place was built in 1927 as the Fortune Opera House; now it accommodates large numbers of dancers. From ten. Closed Mondays. (Many private parties are held here; therefore, the nights on which the facilities are open to the public may vary.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wednesday, May 10, at 5:45: **MARILYN MICHAELS.** . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 17, at 5:45: **HILDEGARDE.**

Mikis Theodorakis—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, May 10, at 8.

Charles Aznavour—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Thursday, May 11, at 8.

Jorma Kaukonen, the James Cotton Blues Band, and **Charley Ainley**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, May 12, at 7:30 and at midnight. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Archie Shepp and **Muhal Richard Abrams**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday and Saturday, May 12-13, at 8:30 and 11.

Eddie Kendricks—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, May 13, at 7 and 11.

Herbie Mann, Eric Gale, and **John Handy**—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 13, at 8.

National Jazz Ensemble—Chuck Israels conducting, with Slide Hampton. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Saturday, May 13, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Lyrics and Lyricists—A program in which special-material and parody writers of yesteryear Eli Bass and Dan Shapiro will reminisce and sing some of their classics. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, May 14, at 8.)

Monique Van Vooren—Town Hall. Friday, May 19, at 8.

Oliver Lake Quartet and **Steve Lacy and Michael Smith**—Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, May 19-20, at 8:30 and 11.

Maya Angelou—McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, May 20, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Patti Smith Group—Palladium. Saturday and Sunday, May 20-21, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Carol Anthony—A new set of life-size linen-mâché figures, and paintings. Through June 10. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Peter Bardazzi—Abstract paintings into which occasional Asiatic dragons and occasional exuberant vegetation can be read. Through Saturday, May 13. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Camille Bombois (1883-1970)—Thirty-one paintings by this French naïf. Through Saturday, May 13. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Leonora Carrington—Surrealist paintings with a touch of humor. Through May 27. (Brewster, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

A. M. Cassandre (1901-68)—Posters from the twenties and thirties, including his famous one of the little man drinking Dubonnet and a couple of travel advertisements for Wagons-Lits and the Normandie. Through May 27. (Reinhold-Brown, 26 E. 78th St.)

Jean-Michel Folon—Man trying to get his bearings in the urban maze is the theme of many of these watercolors, done in incongruously soft tones. Through May 27. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Sidney Geist—Bands of pure, bright acrylic colors painted on narrow panels of wood. Through May 24. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Morris Graves—Still-lifes of fruits and flowers, done in tempera, dominate this show of recent works, but a couple of his more familiar predatory birds are also on hand. Through May 24. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

George Grosz (1893-1959)—Paintings and drawings from throughout his career. Through June 10. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Robert Harvey—Paintings that have the quality of faded photographs; the subjects are the artist's family and the residents of the Spanish village where he now lives. Through Saturday, May 20. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Barkley L. Hendricks—Life-size, superrealist portraits, including two of the artist himself, one clothed and one not. Through Saturday, May 20. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

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Budd Hopkins—A new series of wooden constructions inspired by Grecian temples; the group is called "Hera's Wall." Through May 31. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Paul Jenkins—Recent abstract paintings and sculptures. Through Saturday, May 13. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Reuben Kadish—This sculptor is said to have encouraged de Kooning to start modelling in clay, so it is interesting to note that some of his own figurative bronze and terra-cotta works in this exhibit have a pronounced de Kooning flavor. Through Thursday, May 18. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Muriel Kalish—Paintings by a self-taught artist: flower still-lifes, figures, and animals in idyllic settings. Through May 27. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Robert Motherwell—Along with the large, sombre abstracts done over the last couple of years there are new collages made of foreign cigarette cartons, wrappings from exotically stamped overseas packages, and so on. Through May 27. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Meret Oppenheim—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by the Surrealist credited with the "Fur-Lined Teacup" (1936); first solo show in New York. Through May 27. (Cucalón, 145 E. 72nd St. Opens at noon.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—A circus scene, done partly in gouache and partly in an ink wash, showing a demure nude riding bareback around the ring, is one of the highlights in this variety show of his oils and works on paper. Through June 3. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

John Safer—Abstract sculptures in smooth acrylics and metals. Through May 27. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Helen Soreff / Julian B. Hyman—New works in a variety of mediums. Through May 23./ Color photographs of New York City firemen on the job, Cape Cod sand dunes, and other subjects. Through May 27. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Sahl Swarz—The subject of these forty new sculptures is fellow-sculptor Katie Ohe, and the representations of her range from lifelike portraits to abstractions. Through Saturday, May 20. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Yvonne Thomas—A three-dimensional grid system underlies these folded-paper constructions, in which the various exposed surfaces are scrubbed with colored crayons. Through Saturday, May 20. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Richard Estes, Hans Hofmann, Anthony Caro, and others. Through June 9. (Open Mondays.) . . . **CARUS,** 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Works from the twenties by Constructivists, including Moholy-Nagy, Lozowick, and El Lissitzky. Through Saturday, May 20. . . . **DAVIS & LONG,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: A benefit exhibit of the Serge Lifar Collection of ballet sets and costumes (executed by a host of artists, including Braque, Cocteau, Matisse), on loan from the Wadsworth Atheneum. Through June 2. . . . **ELKON,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Twentieth-century artists Dubuffet, Matta, Reinhardt, and others. Through June 7. . . . **FOURCADE,** 36 E. 75th St.: Sculptures—several pieces by d Kooning, Michael Heizer, and Tony Smit and a single work each by Bourgeois, Raymond Duchamp-Villon, Lichtenstein, an Henry Moore. Through June 3. . . . **HUTTON,** i a new location at 33 E. 74th St.: Early-twentieth-century paintings by Russian and German artists, among them Alexandra Exter Lyonel Feininger, and Max Pechstein Through June 2. (Open Mondays; closes at on Saturdays.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Peggy Bacon and Kar Schrag are among the artists showing both paintings and prints. Through May 27. . . **MC KEE,** 140 E. 63rd St.: Philip Guston's 197 "Wharf" and a Stuart Diamond triptych ar among the paintings on view. Through Ma 31. . . . **NICHOLLS,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons, magazine covers, and illustrations on the subject of food and drink by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, Georg Booth, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, Richard Taylor, and Barney Tobey. Through July 14 . . . **STONE,** 48 E. 86th St.: Landscapes by Pete Dean, detailed paintings of urban scenes by John Parks, and abstract sculptures by Vladimir Salamun. Through May 31. . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: The Chrysler Museum at Norfolk, Virginia, will benefit from a showing of highlights from its collections among them Veronese's altarpiece "The Virgin and Child with Angels," Degas's "Danseuse aux Bouquets," and Kline's "Bleecker Street Bar." Through Saturday, May 13.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Arman—Rows of such items as mechanic's gloves and ten-gallon hats, forming what the artist terms tapestries. Also assemblages consisting of gas tanks, tools, whisks. Through May 27. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays 10:30 to 5:30.)

Elena Borstein—Village houses in Rhodes in two mediums: sprayed acrylic on canvas, and pastels on paper. Through Saturday, May 13 (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Daniel Brustlein—Paintings of figures and landscapes. Through June 1. (Sachs, 29 W 57th St.)

Burgoyne Diller (1906-65)—Small drawings by this leading American Constructivist. Through Saturday, May 20. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Jim Dine—New works, most of them studies of sparkling arrays of glassware—bottles, stem glasses, jars, pitchers—occasionally interspersed with red peppers, squashes, sliced oranges. Through June 9. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Jean Dubuffet—Paintings from the forties and fifties. Through June 3. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Madeleine Gekiere—Abstract paintings and drawings. Through Thursday, May 18. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

Cleve Gray and Lee Hall—Small abstract paintings. Through May 27. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Stephen Greene—Recent abstract oils. Through Thursday, May 18. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

John Groth—Drawings, watercolors, and oils done over the past forty years by this well-known illustrator. Through May 24. (Sande, 61 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

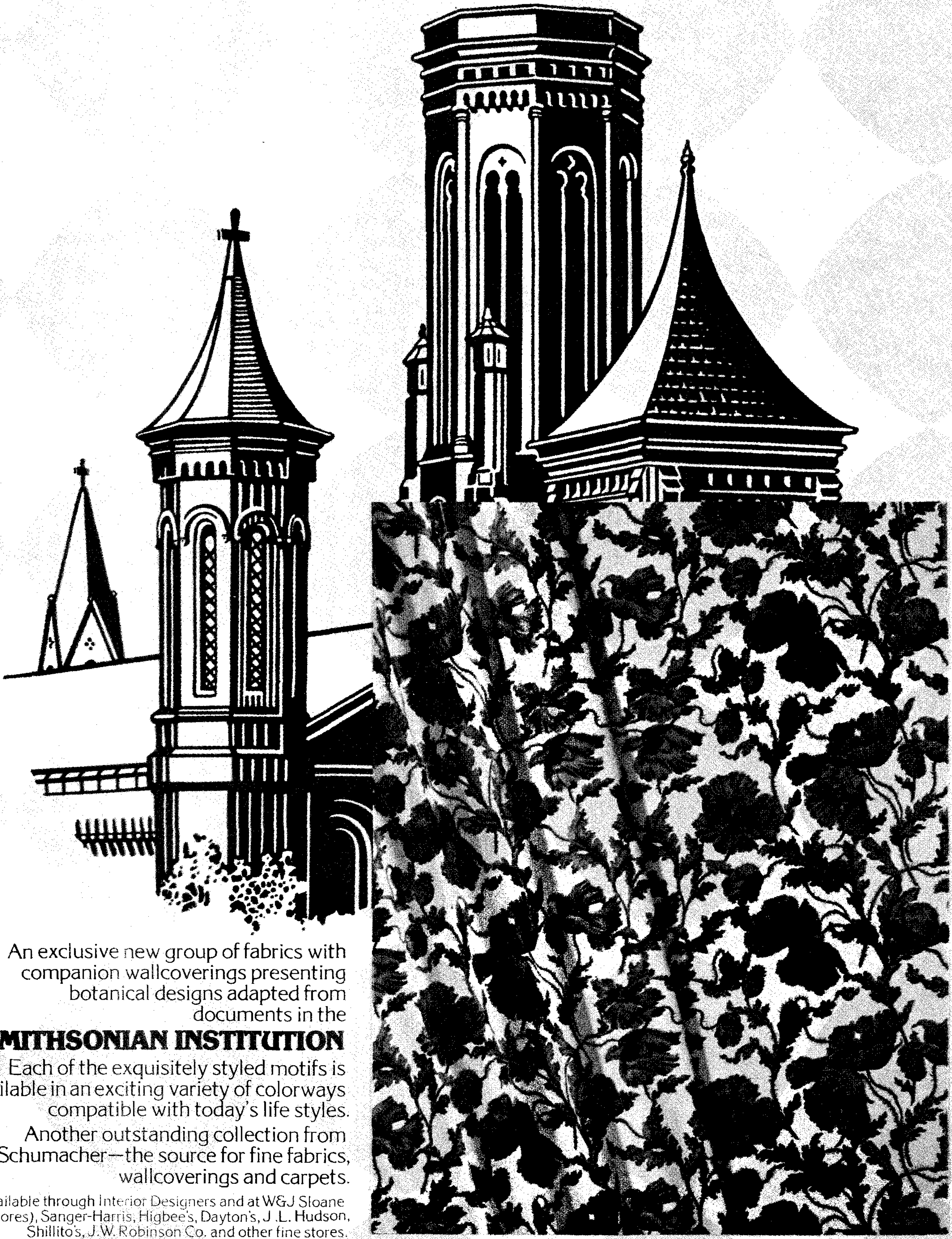
Al Held—Huge black-and-white abstractions made up of geometric figures. Through Wednesday, May 17. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Joseph Hirsch—Realist paintings of Biblical themes in modern guise—Belshazzar's feast and Susanna and the Elders, for instance—plus other works by a noted figure painter. Through Saturday, May 13. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Eleanore Lockspeiser—Abstract paintings. Through Thursday, May 18. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Ann McCoy—Colored-pencil drawings of underwater scenes by an artist who is an experienced diver. Through Saturday, May 20. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Fred Meyer—Small terra-cotta figures, plus a couple of large bronze figures, by a sculptor whose heart is in the twenties. Through Sat-



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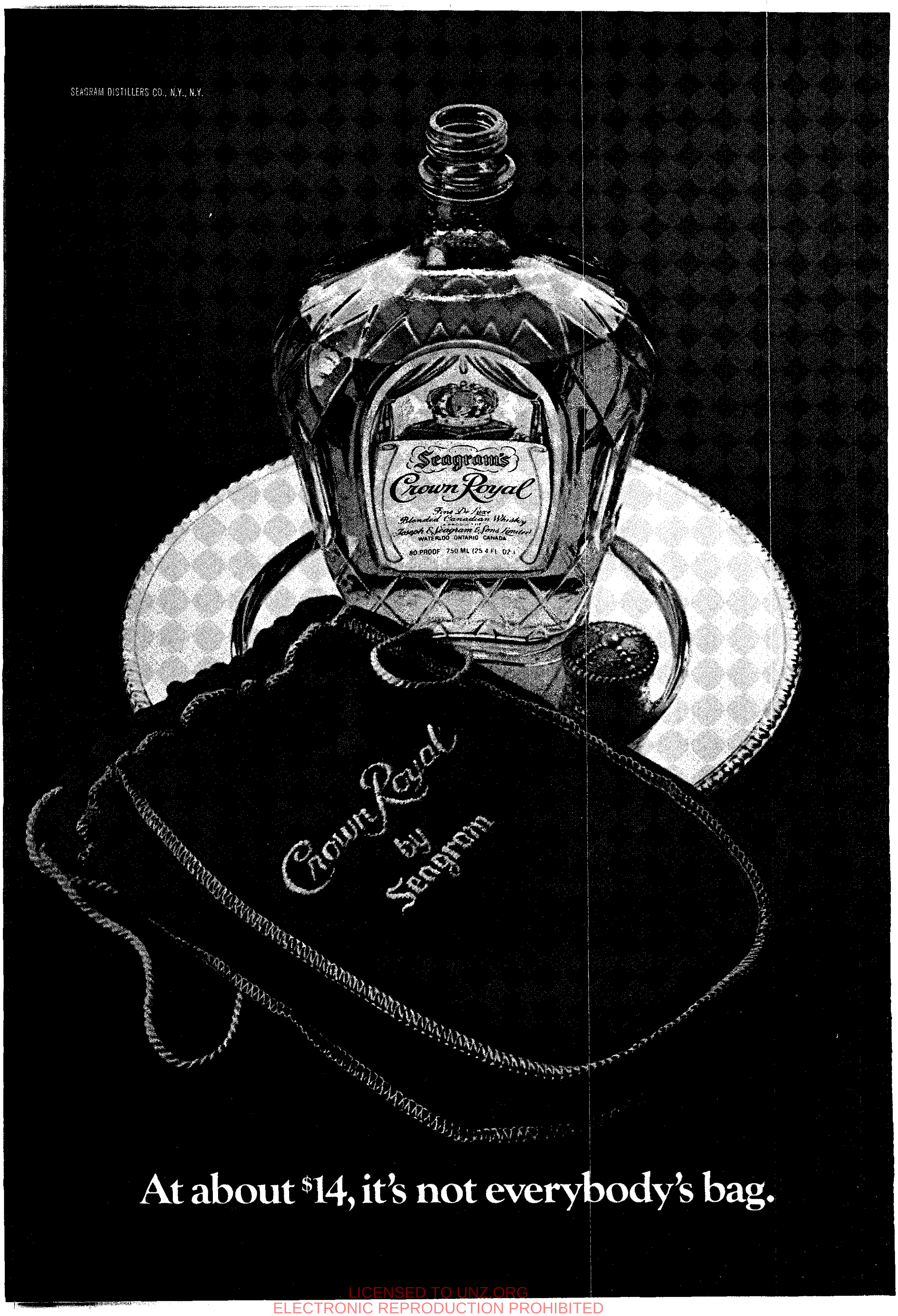
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

urday, May 20. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Bridget Riley—New works in acrylic and gouache by this Optical artist. Through June 2. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Bruce Robbins—Thirty-one small-scale seesaws set on prismatic fulcrums, strewn around the gallery floor. Through June 3. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Judith Shahn—Paintings, drawings, and prints of interiors and landscapes. Through May 27. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 12:30.)

Alejandro Siña—Kinetic light sculptures, whirling and flickering in a darkened gallery. The artist, Chilean-born, is a fellow at M.I.T. and knows his way among the xenon, krypton, argon, and neon gases he uses. Through May 26. (Portnoy, 56 W. 57th St.)

Wallace H. Smith—Still-lifes, landscapes, and a self-portrait he calls "A Mediocre Specimen." Through Saturday, May 13. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Antoni Tàpies—Works from the last three years by a leading Spanish abstract artist. Through Friday, May 19. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St.)

Jane Wilson—New paintings. Through May 27. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

International Children's Art—Works from sixty-six nations by children from six to fifteen years old. Among the surprises are the depiction of an airplane crash (firemen using foam; stretcher bearers; bright flames) by ten-year-old Yap Yoon Chyl, of Malaysia, and a collage of a dancing girl, dressed in glittering nylon, by thirteen-year-old Chin Suk Fan, of Hong Kong. Through Friday, May 12. (Equitable Gallery, 1285 Sixth Ave., at 51st St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30.)

Group Shows—At the **HEIDENBERG**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and graphics by Karel Appel, Henry Moore, Saul Steinberg, and others. Through June 17. . . . **MARLBOROUGH**, 40 W. 57th St.: Two shows here. "Masters of Modern Sculpture" includes pieces by Rodin, Lipchitz, and David Smith; "John Marin, New York Drawings" has forty-one works. Through June 17.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Ed Baynard—Large watercolors of blooming plants and cut flowers. Through June 8. (Milliken, third floor, 141 Prince St.)

Don Celender / Richard McLean—Results of two polls taken by this art-world prankster, both available in paperback form: "Observations, Protestations, and Lamentations of Museum Guards Throughout the World," and "Destiny of a Name," the latter consisting of interviews with people whose names seem to indicate their professions (Ronald J. Haddock, professional fisherman; Lacy Toothman, dentist). / Photo-Realist paintings of a race horse, a work horse, a show horse, a circus horse, and two rodeo horses. Through Saturday, May 20. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Joseph Cornell (1903-72)—Collages. Through June 3. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Sideo Fromboluti—Figure drawings. Through Thursday, May 18. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

Max Gimblett—Two-color abstract paintings. Through Thursday, May 18. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St.)

Juan Gonzalez / Terence La Noue—Still-lifes./ Semi-circular wall constructions of tobacco cloth, rubber, Rhoplex, and other materials. Through June 1. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Diane Kaiser—Short brushstrokes of ink wash applied to paper in abstract patterns, and ceramic reliefs. Through May 24. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Diane Karol / Cynthia Gallagher—Canvas-and-wash wall hangings. / Painted jigsaw-puzzle pieces in abstract collages. Through Saturday, May 13. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Anatol Kovarsky—Colorful sequential paintings depicting stripteases, prizefights, parades, and so on, in a manner reminiscent of Greek-vase decorations. Through May 31. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

David Novros—Massive color-field paintings. Through June 3. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

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Blinky Palermo (1943-77)—Times of the day depicted in six works, each consisting of four aluminum panels painted in a simple abstract pattern with primary acrylic colors. Through Saturday, May 13. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Angelo Savelli—A triple show. Three huge white constructions, one eighteen feet tall, on the gallery's first floor, and, in the basement, a vast dazzling, snowy environment, studded with eighty-four frosted tree stumps. Through May 27. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.) . . . ¶ White-on-white paintings. Through Saturday, May 20. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.) . . . ¶ More white-on-white paintings, plus prints. Through Saturday, May 13. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Martin Schreiber / Esther Gilman—Paintings of what appear to be bright neon-tube constructions. / Nostalgic watercolors of dolls, old photographs, song covers, greeting cards, and apple cores. Through Wednesday, May 17. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Alan Shields—Mixed-medium drawings on paper and table-size sculptures in wire, hemp, and other materials. Through June 3. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Drawings for Animated Films—A survey of this genre which includes drawings and cels from films done by studio artists (from Disney, Warner Brothers, Hubley) as well as by independent artists. Of special note are the very first Mickey Mouse and ten pen-and-ink drawings from Winsor McCay's 1914 "Gertie the Dinosaur." Through June 10. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Group Show—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Dorothea Rockburne, Robert Ryman, Stephen Rosenthal, Sol LeWitt, and others. Through May 23. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

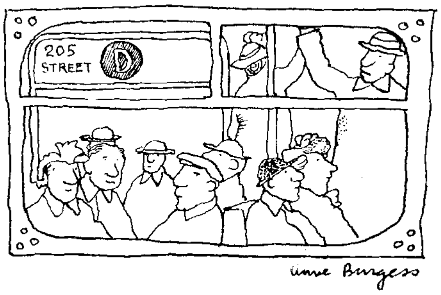
William Fares—Abstractions done in acrylics on canvas and in watercolor on blotting paper. Through Saturday, May 20. (Sragow, 43 Fifth Ave., at 11th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Ann Freilich—A retrospective of works on paper and constructions spanning a fifty-year period. Through May 27. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

Dale Henry / Bernard Joubert—A single monochromatic interior painted in the style of Matisse and placed behind an actual table and chair. Also, an installation made entirely of materials found in the gallery. / Strips of painted cloth tape applied to the floors and walls. Through Saturday, May 13. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. Opens at 1.)

Caspar Henselmann—This sculptor rents pieces of metal scaffolding, bolts them together the way he wants them, and *voilà!* For this exhibit, he will change the construction three times. Through May 25. (Pretto, 176 Franklin St., near Hudson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 3 to 6.)

David Rabinowitch—A two-gallery showing of pencil drawings, all of circles. (Pretto, 176 Franklin St., near Hudson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 3 to 6. Through May 25. . . . ¶ Bellamy, 333 Park Ave. S., at 25th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5. Through June 1.)



Constructions—The Organization of Independent Artists has mounted an exhibit devoted entirely to three-dimensional wall pieces in a variety of styles and mediums. More than fifty artists have contributed one work apiece. Through May 30. (The Bleecker Renaissance, 644 Broadway, at Bleecker St. Opens at noon.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Edouard Denis Baldus (1815-82)—This architectural photographer recorded Paris sites (St. Sulpice, the Louvre, the Tuileries palace before its destruction during the Commune), as well as the viaducts and cast-iron stations along the original Paris-to-Marseilles railway. Through Saturday, May 13. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

John G. Bullock (1854-1939)—Platinum prints of landscapes and people in Pennsylvania by a founding Photo-Secessionist. Through Saturday, May 20. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Jerry Dantzic—Color landscapes of mesas, buttes, bridges, each about six feet across and made with a Victorian rotating view camera, in a show now current at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Frank Gohlke / Alex Jameson—This artist, born in Wichita Falls, Texas, photographs expansive Midwestern landscapes of trailers, billboards, empty parking lots, and endless telephone lines. / Abstractions and an accompanying text. Through Saturday, May 20. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Peter Mauss—Palladium contact prints of covered bridges, barns, a smokehouse, and a still-life of a bowl of berries resting on a lawn chair on a porch. Through May 27. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

Linda McCartney—Fourteen silk-screen prints of mostly rock-music personalities (including her husband, Paul) plus ten landscapes and still-lifes in black-and-white. Through June 3. (Bayard, a new gallery at 456 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Martin Munkacsi (1896-1963) / **Peter Magubane**—A retrospective of works by this Hungarian photographer. / Photographs by a black South African photojournalist spanning the last twenty years and centering on social unrest in his home country. (Many of the photographs are of riots.) Through May 28. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open daily, except Mondays, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Walter Rosenblum / Tim Gidal—Documentary photographs of, among other places, Haiti, the Gaspé, New York City, taken over the past forty years. / Photographs of Europe in the thirties. Through Saturday, May 13. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jean-Pierre Sudre—Still-lifes; first one-man show in New York. Through June 9. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Tad Yamashiro—Silver-emulsion prints of lower Manhattan, mostly. Through Sunday, May 14. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Group Show—Thirty-five silver prints by Alfred Stieglitz (including his cloud studies and pictures made at Lake George) dominate a show of photographs and paintings by Strand, Adams, Marin, O'Keeffe, and others who showed at Stieglitz's last gallery, An American Place, between the years 1929 and 1946. Through May 27. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of eighty-one paintings that Claude Monet did of his surroundings at Giverny. Through July 9. . . . ¶ "The Arts Under Napoleon" is an exhibit that outlines the influence of Napoleon on French craftsmen of the period, with objects ranging from furniture and firearms to silk and silver. Through July 30. . . . ¶ Fifteenth-century Italian drawings, many of them shown in sixteenth-century frames, from the Robert Lehman Collection. Through June 18. . . . ¶ An exhibit of about five hundred fancies and frivolities from the costume collection. (Open daily ex-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cept Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; *Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)*

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of a hundred and eighty twentieth-century American and European drawings (School of Paris to Abstract Expressionism) recently acquired by the museum from the Joan and Lester Avnet Collection. Through July 4....¶ *A survey of Mexican art.* Through June 29.... **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Color landscapes by Jerry Dantzic. Through July 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Forty-five paintings and sculptures, chiefly by Europeans (Calder and Archipenko are the exceptions; Léger, Bombois, and Matisse are some of the painters), from the Evelyn Sharp Collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A Saul Steinberg retrospective of watercolors, drawings, collages, and other works. Through July 9. As a complement to this exhibition, Poster Originals (924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St., and 386 West Broadway) is showing more than fifteen Steinberg posters done between 1965 (for the Betty Parsons Gallery) and last year (for the Galerie Maeght). Through May 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Works by John Baldessari, Michael Snow, Hollis Frampton, and others, some of them included in hour-long film programs presented at 12:30 every day. Through May 24. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Paintings of indigenous American subjects—the Everglades, New York City playgrounds, Indian reservations—by contemporary artists commissioned by the Department of the Interior during the Bicentennial year. The painters include Richard Estes, Ellen Lanyon, and Neil Welliver. Through May 21....¶ *More than a hundred prints (by Nevelson, Tanguy, Dali, Calder, others) made at Stanley William Hayter's Atelier 17, now observing its fiftieth anniversary.* Through Sunday, May 14. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Wood carvings predominate in a show of artifacts from Nigeria that date from the eighteenth century to the twentieth. Through May 31. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Paintings, commissioned from Indian artists primarily by British and other European colonists, that portray the landscape and customs of India between 1760 and 1880. Through June 4. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Album leaves, hanging scrolls, rank badges, and three dragon robes from the Sung, Ming, and Ch'ing dynasties constitute an exhibit entitled "Embroidery of Imperial China." Through May 28. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit of decorative objects (a Breuer chair, a Desfosse wallpaper series, Japanese screen samples) from the museum's vast permanent collection. Through Sunday, May 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—New York in literature is the theme of an exhibit that brings together books and manuscripts by such authors as Washington Irving, Henry James, Edith Wharton, Edmund Wilson, Ralph Ellison, and Ruth McKenney. Through June 3. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—French and English flower books and drawings, most of them executed by seventeenth- and eighteenth-century naturalists. Through Sunday, May 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Paintings, quilts, weathervanes, furniture, and other articles either recently acquired or from the permanent collection. Through June 11. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—An encyclopedic accounting of footwear (chopines, high-button shoes, Indian moccasins, Japanese clogs, sneakers); *representations of shoes and of feet by* Robert Arneson, Andy Warhol, Ann Slavit (one of her contributions is the pair of thirty-foot inflated legs that dangle from the museum's roof); shoes worn by dancers, sports figures, space explorers. Through June 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A retrospective of the oils and drawings of Beauford Delaney, a Tennessee-born artist who worked in Paris between 1953 and 1971. Through July 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Bronx Opera Company—Two performances of Ralph Vaughan Williams' "Sir John in Love," staged by R. Sebastian Russ, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra conducted by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, May 12-13, at 8. Tickets at the box office at performance times.)

New Opera Theatre—A double bill of Offenbach operettas, "Pomme d'Api" (in English) and "Ba Ta Clan," staged by Ian Strasfogel, and performed by the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble conducted by Richard Dufallo. With, among others, Noelle Rogers, soprano; Jack Harrold, tenor; and Michael Wager, narrator. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, May 18, at 8, and Sunday, May 21, at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

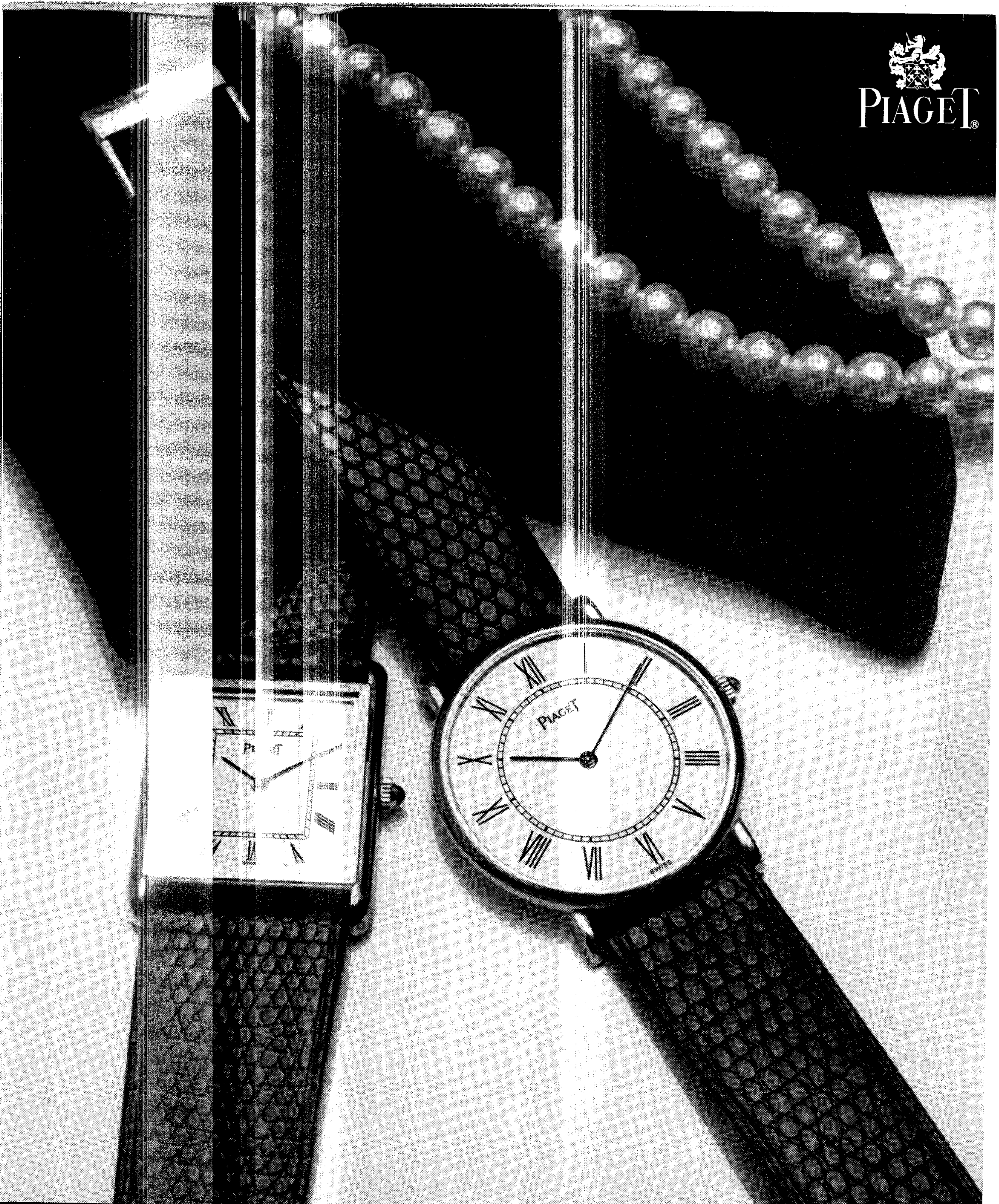
New York Philharmonic Promenades—At Avery Fisher Hall—Andre Kostelanetz conducting the opening concerts of a three-week season that will run through Saturday, May 27. "Gala Promenade" on Wednesday and Thursday, May 10-11, and Saturday, May 13, at 8:30 (with Earl Wild, piano); and "Springtime Promenade" on Friday, May 12, and Tuesday, May 16, at 8:30 (with Angel Romero, guitarist)....¶ Gunther Schuller conducting a program entitled "Country Fiddle, 20's Jazz, and Other Nostalgia" Wednesday through Saturday, May 17-20, at 8:30.

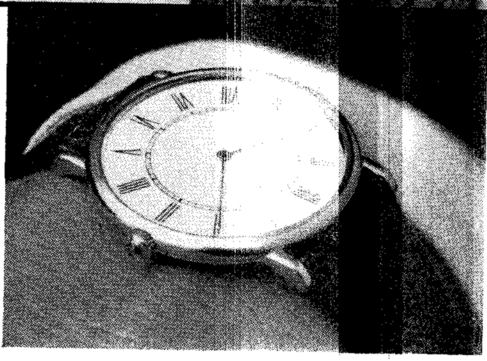
Chicago Symphony Orchestra—Georg Solti conducting the last two in a series of all-Brahms concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 10, at 8, with Alfred Brendel, piano; and Friday, May 12, at 8, with Kiri Te Kanawa, soprano, and Bernd Weikl, baritone, as well as the Chicago Symphony Chorus.)

Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam—Bernard Haitink conducting the first three in a series of six concerts presenting all the Beethoven symphonies and piano concertos, with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 17, and Friday and Saturday, May 19-20, at 8.)

Chicago Symphony Brass—Fifteen members of the brass section of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 11, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss directing a performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Esther Hinds, soprano; Joy Blackett, mezzo-soprano; Renato Francesconi, tenor; Simon Estes, bass; the Collegiate Chorale; and the Brooklyn Philharmonia Chorus. The final program of the season. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Fri-





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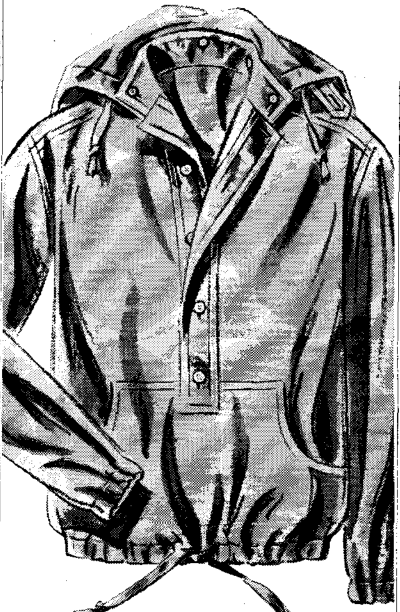

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day and Saturday, May 12-13, at 8, and Sunday, May 14, at 3.)

MEMORIAL CONCERT HONORING WITOLD MALCUZYNSKI—Jacek Kasprzyk conducting the American Symphony Orchestra in a benefit concert, with Piotr Janowski, violin, and Piotr Paleczny, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 18, at 8.)

FEDERAL MUSIC SOCIETY—John Baldon conducting an orchestra of twenty-six in excerpts from two early American operas ("The Indian Princess," by John Bray, and "The Ethiope," by Raynor Taylor) performed on antique musical instruments of the period. The second of two concerts. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, May 18, at 8.)

DOCTORS' ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY OF NEW YORK—Robert Kogan directing, with the Brooklyn College Chorus. (Stuyvesant High School Auditorium, First Ave. at 15th St. Thursday, May 18, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Y CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Gerard Schwarz conducting the final concert of the season, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, May 20, at 8.)

GREGG SMITH SINGERS—Gregg Smith directing the final concert of the season, this one a program of works of the American musical theatre. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 20, at 8.)

RECITALS

LAURA FLAX—Clarinet, with the Schoenberg String Quartet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 10, at 8.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—The last two in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, May 10, and Wednesday, May 17, at 8.)

JORGE MOREL—Classical guitarist. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, May 12, at 8.)

MALCOLM FRAGER—Piano, in a benefit recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 13, at 3.)

MICHAEL HABERMANN—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 13, at 5:30.)

IVAN NUNEZ—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 13, at 8.)

TOKYO STRING QUARTET—With Paula Robison, flute. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, May 13, at 8:30, and Sunday, May 14, at 2.)

AMADEUS STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, May 14, at 2:30.)

ANDREW BOLOTOWSKY—Flute, with assisting artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 14, at 3.)

BEETHOVEN SOCIETY—The Cleveland Quartet in the fourth in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Sunday, May 14, at 3. For information about tickets, call 682-3900.)

CARLES SANTOS—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, May 14, at 5:30.)

MUSIC PROJECT—The fourth in a series of five spring concerts. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Sunday, May 14, at 7:30. For tickets, call 222-9190.)

ROBERT SILVERMAN—Piano, in the second of two recitals. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 14, at 8.)

MICHAEL RUDIAKOV AND EVELYNE CROCHET—Cello and piano, in the second of two recitals, this one a program of music of the romantic era. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, May 15, at 8.)

MANUEL BARRUECO—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, May 16, at 8.)

EVA JASLAR—Harp. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, May 16, at 8.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—The second of two all-Schubert recitals, this one with Emanuel Ax, piano, and Julius Levine, bass. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, May 16, at 8.)

YUVAL WALDMAN—Violin, in the second of two recitals in the romantic tradition, with Laraine Goldstein, bassoon; Cathy Waldman, piano; and others. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, May 18, at 8.)

SPECULUM MUSICAE—The last in a series of concerts of twentieth-century music, this one with Rolf Schulte, violin, and Ursula Oppens, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 18, at 8.)

LEAGUE-ISCM—A festival of new American music; final concerts of the season. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 19, at 8, with the New York New Music Ensemble; Beverly Morgan, mezzo-soprano; Jayn Rosenfeld, flute; and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 20, at 8, with the Manhattan String Quartet; Christine Whittlesey, soprano; Gordon Gottlieb, percussion; and others.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At Shea Stadium—Mets vs. Houston, Friday, May 12, at 8:05; Saturday, May 13, at 2:05; and Sunday, May 14, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Mets vs. Atlanta, Tuesday through Thursday, May 16-18, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Philadelphia, Friday, May 19, at 8:05, and Saturday, May 20, at 2:05.

CREW—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester. Sunday, May 14.)

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Monday, May 22. The Withers, Sunday, May 14, and the Roseben Handicap, Saturday, May 20. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Thursday, May 11, through Monday, Sept. 4. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:35.) . . . PIMLICO, Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 20.

PRO TENNIS—World Team Tennis—Apples vs. Boston, Friday, May 12. . . . ¶ Apples vs. San Diego, Tuesday, May 16. . . . ¶ Apples vs. New Orleans, Thursday, May 18. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Matches begin at 7:30.)

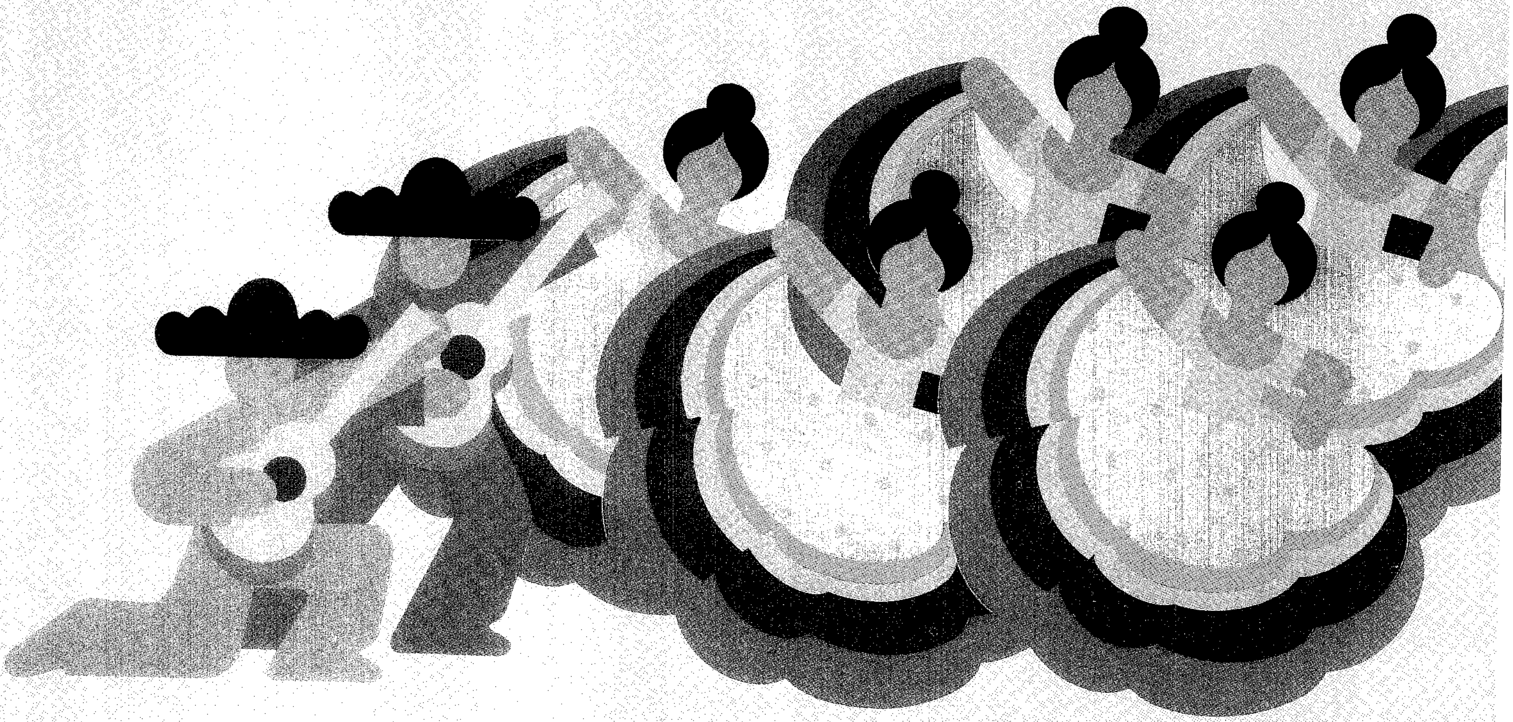
TROTTING—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 8. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 18. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 5.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—Erica Jong reading from her own works. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, May 11, at 8.) . . . ¶ "A Tribute to H. D.," a program including readings of Hilda Doolittle's poems by Marilyn Hacker, Adrienne Rich, Charlotte Mandel, and Avra Petrides; a recording of H. D. reading "Helen in Egypt;" and a screening of the silent film "Borderline," with H. D. and Paul Robeson. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Tuesday, May 16, at 8.)

AUCTIONS—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, May 10, at 10:15 and 2, and Thursday, May 11, at 10:15: Japanese and other Asian works of art, from a number of collectors. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 11, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese works of art and furniture, from various owners. . . . ¶ Friday, May 12, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings, from many sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 17, at 8: "Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures, from several owners. Admission by card only; for information, call 472-3617. Exhibition starts Friday, May 12. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 18, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and watercolors, from many collectors. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 13. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 18, at 8: Contemporary art, collected by Peter Brandt and others. Admission by card only; for information, call 472-3617. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 13. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Saturday, May 13, at 10:30 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings, belonging to several collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 17, at 10:30: Art Nouveau and Art Deco objects, and animalier bronzes and other sculptures; from many owners.



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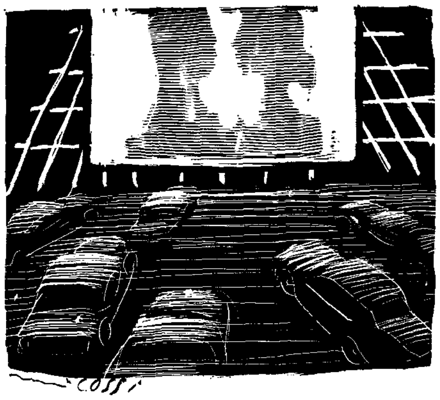
THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through May 16: "Padre Padrone."
From May 17: "The Man Who Loved Women."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through May 13: "That Obscure Object of Desire." (The theatre will be closed all day on Thursday, May 11.)
May 14-16: "The Seduction of Mimi" and "All Screwed Up."
From May 17: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 16: "The Goodbye Girl."
From May 17: "Julia."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"An Unmarried Woman."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through May 11: "The Manitou."
From May 12: "The Greek Tycoon."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"F.I.S.T."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Dear Detective."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Coming Home."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Madame Rosa." (No evening performances on Thursday, May 11.)

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The End."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Pretty Baby."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through May 16: "Annie Hall."
From May 17: "Saturday Night Fever."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Cat and Mouse."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through May 13: "Saturday Night Fever."
From May 14: "Nunzio."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"We Will All Meet in Paradise."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"An Unmarried Woman."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Last Supper."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"House Calls."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 16: "That Obscure Object of Desire."
From May 17: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Coming Home."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through May 11: "Annie Hall."
From May 12: "It Lives Again."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Manitou."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through May 11: "The Fury."
From May 12: "The Greek Tycoon."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"F.I.S.T."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"High Anxiety."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Joseph Andrews."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Coming Home."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "High Anxiety."
Theatre 2: "Word Is Out."
Theatre 3: "Annie Hall."
Theatre 4: Through May 16: "Allegro Non Troppo" and "The Betty Boop Scandals."
From May 17 (tentative): "Dersu Uzala."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through May 11: "High Anxiety."
From May 12: "For the Love of Benji."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through May 17: "The Sea Gypsies."
From May 18: "Fantasia."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Last Waltz."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Coming Home."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through May 16: "Coma."
From May 17: "Straight Time."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through May 16: "Joseph Andrews."
From May 17: "The Chess Players."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"An Unmarried Woman."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"An Unmarried Woman."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"A Woman of Paris."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through May 16: "The Goodbye Girl."
From May 17 (tentative): "Julia."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Coming Home."
Theatre 2: "The Turning Point."
Theatre 3: "High Anxiety."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through May 16: "Allegro Non Troppo."
From May 17: "Joseph Andrews."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 16: "Julia" and "Harry & Tonto."
From May 17: "Straight Time" and "Cross of Iron."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
May 10: "The Good Soldier Schweik" (1957), a Czech film, directed by Jaroslav Hasek; and "The Threepenny Opera" (1931), in German, directed by G. W. Pabst, with Lotte Lenya.
May 11: "The Ladykillers" (1956), directed by Alexander Mackendrick, with Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker, Peter Sellers, and Herbert Lom; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets" (1950), directed by Robert Hamer, with Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson, and Dennis Price.
May 12-13: "Children of Paradise" (1945), in French, directed by Marcel Carné, with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Pierre Renoir.
May 14: "Persona" (1967), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; and "Hour of the Wolf" (1968), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann.
May 15: "Shame" (1968), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Max von Sydow, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "The Ritual" (1969), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ingrid Thulin, Anders Ek, and Gunnar Björnstrand.
May 16: "The Birds" (†) and "Psycho." (†)
May 17: "Rules of the Game" (1939), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "L'Atalante." (†)
May 18: "Sylvia Scarlett" (1936), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Edmund Gwenn, and Brian Aherne; and "Holiday" (1938), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
May 10: "Contempt" (1964), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance, Fritz Lang, and Michel Piccoli; and "A Woman Is a Woman" (1961), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Jean-Claude Brialy.
May 11: "The Rise of Louis XIV" (1966), in French, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Philippe Erlanger; and "La Marseillaise" (1938), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Pierre Renoir and Louis Jouvet.
May 12: "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes" (1970), directed by Billy Wilder, with Robert Stephens, Colin Blakely, and Geneviève Page; and "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" (1939), the second in the Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce Sherlock Holmes-Dr. Watson series.
May 13 through the afternoon of May 14: "Fellini's Casanova" (1977), directed by Federico Fellini, with Donald Sutherland.
May 15-17: A program of Yugoslavian films. For information about film titles and time schedules, our best advice is to phone the theatre.
May 18: "Song of Freedom" (1936), an English musical, directed by James Elder Wills, with Paul Robeson and Elisabeth Welch; and "Big Fella" (1937), an English musical, set in Marseilles and directed by James Elder Wills, with Paul Robeson and Elisabeth Welch.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 11: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais and Josette Day; and "Orpheus" (1949), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer.
May 12-13: "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" (1977), directed by Richard Brooks, with Diane Keaton, Tuesday Weld, Alan Feinstein, Richard Gere, and Richard Kiley; and "Taxi Driver" (1976), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro.
May 14-15: "Rebecca" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "Notorious" (1946), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern.
May 16: "The Killing of Sister George" (†); and "Kansas City Bomber" (1972), directed by Jerrold Freedman, with Raquel Welch and Kevin McCarthy.
May 17-18: "Murmur of the Heart" (1971), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Lea Massari; and "Lacombe, Lucien." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
May 10: "A Thousand Clowns" (1965), directed by Fred Coe, with Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, William Daniels, Gene Saks, and Barry Gordon; and "Marty" (1955), directed by Delbert Mann, with Ernest Borgnine, Betsy Blair, Esther Minciotti, and Augusta Ciolli.
May 11-13: "Separate Tables" (1958), directed by Delbert Mann, with Rita Hayworth, Deborah Kerr, David Niven, Burt Lancaster, and Wendy Hiller; and "Sweet Smell of Success" (1957), directed by Al-

exander Mackendrick, with Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis, Barbara Nichols, and Sam Levene.

May 14-15: "The Miracle Worker" (†) and "The Night of the Hunter." (†)

May 16-17: "Kiss Me Deadly" (†) and "The Killing." (†)

From May 18: "I Could Go on Singing" (†); and "A Child Is Waiting" (1963), directed by John Cassavetes, with Burt Lancaster and Judy Garland.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through May 11: "The Asphalt Jungle" (1950), directed by John Huston, with Sterling Hayden, Jean Hagen, Louis Calhern, Sam Jaffee, James Whitmore, and Marilyn Monroe; and "The Lineup" (1958), directed by Donald Siegel, with Eli Wallach, Robert Keith, and Warner Anderson.

May 12-13: "King Kong" (1932), directed by Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack, with Fay Wray, Robert Armstrong, and Bruce Cabot; and "White Zombie." (†)

May 14-15: "My Night at Maud's" (1970), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "Claire's Knee" (1970), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Jean-Claude Brialy and Beatrice Romand.

May 16: "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" (†) and "Blockade." (†)

May 17-18: "Murder, My Sweet" (1945), directed by Edward Dmytryk, with Claire Trevor, Dick Powell, Mike Mazurki, and Anne Shirley; and "Kiss Me Deadly." (†)

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 10: "The Mask of Fu Manchu" (1932), directed by Charles Brabin and Charles Vidor, with Boris Karloff, Lewis Stone, Myrna Loy, Karen Morley, Jean Hersholt, and Charles Starrett; and "Mr. Moto Takes a Vacation" (1939), directed by Norman Foster, with Peter Lorre, Joseph Schildkraut, Lionel Atwill, and Virginia Field.

May 11: "A Free Soul" (1931), directed by Clarence Brown, with Lionel Barrymore, Clark Gable, Norma Shearer, and Leslie Howard; and "Riptide" (1934), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery, Herbert Marshall, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Ralph Forbes, and Lilyan Tashman.

May 12-13: "Breakfast at Tiffany's (†) and "Roman Holiday." (†)

May 14: "Trouble in Paradise" (†); and "Design for Living" (1933), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Gary Cooper.

May 15: "Smilin' Through" (†) and "Broadway Serenade." (†)

May 16: "Chained" (†) and "Dance Fools Dance." (†)

May 17: "The Third Man" (1950), directed by Carol Reed, with Orson Welles, Trevor Howard, and Joseph Cotten; and "The Trial" (1963), directed by Orson Welles, with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, and Welles himself.

May 18: "Ben-Hur" (†); and "King of Kings" (1927), directed by Cecil B. De Mille, with H. B. Warner.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

ROY AND NIUTA TITUS AUDITORIUM, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—May 11 at 2:30: "The Lodger" (1944), directed by John Brahm, with Merle Oberon, George Sanders, and Laird Cregar. . . . ¶ May 11 at 6: A program of early films by Steve Dwoskin. . . . ¶ May 11 at 8:30: "The Silent Cry" (1977), directed by Steve Dwoskin. . . . ¶ May 12 at 2:30: A program of early films by Steve Dwoskin. . . . ¶ May 13 at noon: "The Mystery of the Wax Museum" (1933), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Lionel Atwill, Fay Wray, and Glenda Farrell. . . . ¶ May 13 at 2:30 and 5: Two programs of films by Steve Dwoskin. . . . ¶ May 14 at noon: "The Mystery of the Wax Museum." . . . ¶ May 14 at 2:30: A program of films by Steve Dwoskin. . . . ¶ May 14 at 5: "The Grapes of Wrath" (1940), directed by John Ford, with Henry Fonda, Jane Darwell, and John Carradine. . . . ¶ May 15 at noon: "Island" (1976-77), directed by Neville Presho; and "To Fly" (1976), directed by Jim Freeman and Greg McGillivray. . . . ¶ May 15 at 2:30 and 6: Two programs of films by Steve Dwoskin. . . . ¶ May 16 at noon: "Island" and "To Fly." . . . ¶ May 16 at 2:30: "Just Imagine" (1930), directed by David Butler, with El Brendel, John Garrick, and Maureen O'Sullivan. . . . ¶ May 16 at 6: "Toronto Ethnic Reflections—The Indo-Pakistani" (1977), directed by George Geddeon and Ron Kolumbus; "A Personal Experience—The Peace Corps in Ecuador" (1977), directed by Don Weaks; and "September-December" (1978), directed by David Eubank. . . . ¶ May 18 at 2:30: A program of films by Steve Dwoskin. . . . ¶ May 18 at 6: "Dyn Amo" (1972), directed by Steve Dwoskin. . . . ¶ May 18 at 8:30: "Times For" (1970), directed by Steve Dwoskin. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through May 17: "Caught in the Act" (1973) and "The Little Match Girl Ballet" (1975), both videotapes by Eleanor Antin. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evening). . . . ¶ Starting May 19: An installation by Alfons Schilling. Continuous showings from noon to 5:45. Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Riefenstahl, Smith, Guttenplan, Gorewitz, Ball, Snow, Vertov, Vigo, and others. Showings May 10 at 7 and 9; May 11 at 7; May 12 at 7 and 9; May 13 at 2:30, 7, and 8:30; May 14 at 8; May 16-17 at 7 and 8:30; and May 18 at 7 and 9.

FILM FORUM, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—May 11-14: A program of seven films by Maya Deren. . . . ¶ Starting May 18: "How Much Wood Would a Woodchuck Chuck: Observations on a New Language" (1978) and "La Soufrière" (1977), both films directed by Werner Herzog. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350)—"The White Dawn" (1974), directed by Philip Kaufman, with Warren Oates, Timothy Bottoms, and Lou Gossett. Showings Fridays at 8 and 10; Saturdays at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:15; and Sundays at 3, 6, and 8.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, American Cinémathèque, Junior Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (879-5674)—A series of films directed by Ernst Lubitsch. May 11: "Monte Carlo" (1930), with Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Buchanan. . . . ¶ May 16: "The Shop Around the Corner" (1940), with James Stewart and Margaret Sullavan. . . . ¶ May 18: "Design for Living" (1933), with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Gary Cooper. Showings Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8.

BEACON THEATRE, B'way at 74th St. (874-1717)—A series of films from Cuba, in Spanish, with English subtitles, on May 14 and May 16-21. For information about film titles and time schedules, our best advice is to phone the theatre.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ALLEGRO NON TROPPO—An animated film by Bruno Bozzetto. In Italian. (Quad Cinema, and New Yorker; through May 16.)

ALL SCREWED UP (1974)—Lina Wertmüller finished this film early in 1974, just before starting "Swept Away." It's a noisy, sprawling, incident-filled, slice-of-life comedy-melodrama about the corruption of the Sicilians who go to Milan. Several aspects of the film, such as its poignant hero, Carletto (Nino Bignamini), and the scenes showing the monotonous dehumanization of labor, are reminiscent of René Clair's "A Nous la Liberté" (which also influenced Chaplin's "Modern Times"). But Wertmüller's point of view is chaotic. The women workers are shown to be acquisitive schemers who manipulate and exploit their men, and there's a ballet in a slaughterhouse, which has comic bravura but is so ambiguous that we seem to be asked to laugh at the dead animals. Lina Polito, who was the dark Tripolina in "Love and Anarchy," is here thin and blond as the lovely Mariuccia, who has quintuplets; Isa Danieli is the dark, soft-faced Elizabeth Taylor type who turns prostitute. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; May 14-16.)

ANNIE HALL (1977)—Woody Allen's film is very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/25/77.) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ U.A. East; through May 11. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; through May 16.)

L'ATALANTE (1934)—Jean Vigo's sensuous, poetic love story about a young barge captain on the Seine who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. Jean Dasté and Dita Parlo are the lovers, Michel Simon is a tattooed barge hand. A wonderfully spontaneous, unarranged-looking film, photographed by Boris Kaufman, and with a lovely score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 17.)

BEN-HUR (1925)—The Ramon Novarro-Francis X. Bushman version; it was a remake even then, but M-G-M put five million dollars into it, and so much Amazing, Gargantuan, Stupendous, and Mighty Biblical Pageantry that vast numbers of viewers were swept off their feet. There's the galley manned by a thousand slaves, the sea battle between Romans and ancient pirates, the Valley of the Lepers, and the chariot race staged in a mammoth stadium, with every L.A. man, woman, and child lying about as a super. Novarro has his adolescent charm and beauty, and Bushman's nose is majestically Roman. With Betty Bronson, May McAvoy, Carmel Myers, and Claire McDowell; directed by Fred Niblo. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 18.)

THE BETTY BOOP SCANDALS (1973)—A cross-section of the animated films of the Max Fleischer studio, including excerpts from such series as Out of the Inkwell, Talkartoons, the Bouncing Ball shorts, and Betty Boop. (Quad Cinema; through May 16.)

THE BIRDS (1963)—Some of the special effects are amusing, and a few are perverse and frightening, but the effects take over in this Hitchcock scare picture, and he fails to make the plot situations convincing. The script (by Evan Hunter) is weak, and the acting is so awkward that often one doesn't know how to take the characters. With Rod Taylor, Tippi Hedren, Suzanne Pleshette, and Jessica Tandy. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 16.)

BLOCKADE (1938)—"Where is the conscience of the world?" Henry Fonda cries here. In Hollywood, obviously. This film represents Hollywood's treatment of the war in Spain; it's a war in some other Spain, with hats by John-Frederics. Madeleine Carroll is the virtuous young woman who is compelled to spy for the nameless "wrong" side; she attempts to destroy the ship that is bringing food to the starving people of a besieged town. The wear and tear of espionage add a deeper throb to her voice, and as her love for the very man who is her enemy—Fonda, the fine fellow on the nameless "right" side—becomes more excitingly disturbing to her, she grows radiantly, glossily beautiful. The mixture here—of studio sets, hokum, romance, a stirring sequence or two featuring the faces of the hungry people as they watch the ship, and declamations against war—doesn't work in any terms. With John Halliday as the suave mastermind of the spy ring; Vladimir Sokoloff; and Leo Carrillo. Walter Wanger produced; William Dieterle directed; the script is by John Howard Lawson. Hazy and unspecific though the film is, it was protested by Catholic groups. (Thalia; May 16.)

BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S (1961)—Audrey Hepburn's Holly Golightly is a bit refined, and the movie goes soft and romantic, but there's some very funny stuff along the way, especially the cocktail party. With Patricia Neal, George Peppard, and Martin Balsam, and with Mickey Rooney in a wild caricature of a Japanese. Blake Edwards directed George Axelrod's adaptation of the Capote novella. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 12-13.)

BROADWAY SERENADE (1939)—A low point, even for Jeanette MacDonald. Lew Ayres, Ian Hunter, and Frank Morgan are among those

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flailing about desperately, trying to think of something to do while she sings and sings. Robert Z. Leonard directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 15.)

Cat and Mouse—With Michèle Morgan, Serge Reggiani, and Jean-Pierre Aumont; directed by Claude Lelouch. In French. (Cinema I.)

Chained (1934)—Joan Crawford and Clark Gable and a superabundance of M-G-M's big, turgid, melodramatic emotions. It's all somewhere between camp and plod. Clarence Brown directed; the cast includes Otto Kruger, Stuart Erwin, Akim Tamiroff, Una O'Connor, and Mickey Rooney. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 16.)

The Chess Players—With Richard Attenborough and Saeed Jaffrey, directed by Satyajit Ray. In English and Urdu. (Little Carnegie; starting May 17.)

Close Encounters of the Third Kind—This celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of all technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic, along with a love of surprises and a skeptical, let's-try-it-on spirit. Written and directed by Steven Spielberg. (11/28/77) (Bay Cinema, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Coma—Geneviève Bujold as a surgical resident in a Boston hospital. She discovers that large numbers of young healthy patients have gone into irreversible comas while undergoing minor surgery, and then—vegetablized—have been packed off to a facility that provides long-term life-support systems. The story glides along smoothly, as if computer-operated, but it doesn't give you a lift. Michael Crichton directed. With Michael Douglas, Richard Widmark, Rip Torn, and Elizabeth Ashley. (2/6/78) (Playboy; through May 16.)

Coming Home—The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to melodramatic cross-cutting. (2/20/78) (Trans-Lux East, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Cross of Iron (1977)—Sam Peckinpah dealing with Second World War Germans, played by James Mason, James Coburn, David Warner, and Maximilian Schell. All are *good* Germans, because they are played by Americans and Englishmen, except Maximilian Schell, who is Swiss and therefore a rotter. The goodest guy escapes the beastly Russian enemies because, after all, there is going to have to be a Cold War and a Common Market. (5/23/77) (Olympia; starting May 17.)

Dance Fools Dance (1931)—Rich playgirl Joan Crawford goes to work as a reporter after her father is wiped out in the stock-market crash; her weak brother (William Bakewell) gets involved with gangsters. Turgid, forgettable melodrama, with heavy-breathing Crawford proving what a great girl she is and winning a millionaire (Lester Vail). Redeeming features: Clark Gable, before his starring days, as a wicked gangland boss, and Cliff Edwards as a reporter. Harry Beaumont directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 16.)

Dear Detective—Philippe de Broca's film, silly in the Comédie Française tradition of friskiness. Philippe Noiret plays an eager eater and oratorio singer; the admirable Annie Girardot is a detective who is made to scurry about endlessly and to ask men anxiously what they think of her hairdo. In French. (5/1/78) (Sutton.)

Dersu Uzala—A Soviet-Japanese co-production, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Russian. (Quad Cinema; starting May 17, tentative.)

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands—Directed by Bruno Barreto. In Portuguese. (Paris.)

The End—With Burt Reynolds, Dom DeLuise, and Sally Field; directed by Mr. Reynolds. (Baronet.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others), and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Music Hall; starting May 18.)

F.I.S.T.—A long-winded film set between the thirties and the fifties, directed by Norman Jewison, about a fictional union called the Federation of Interstate Truckers, presumably based on the Teamsters. The man who rises to its head, called Johnny Kovak, is played by Sylvester Stallone, a sleepy presence with moments of primitive power. Johnny Kovak's corruption grows with his power, and he is eventually brought to trial by Rod Steiger, as a senator whose social concerns seem preening. There is a charming performance by Elena Karam as Johnny's Lithuanian mother-in-law-to-be. We should be grateful, heaven knows, for any Hollywood film that takes us into the public domain, but this one seems unwittingly right-wing. (5/8/78) (Eastside Cinema, and 86th St. East.)

For the Love of Benji—Directed by Joe Camp. (Guild; starting May 12.)

The Fury—Brian De Palma's visionary science-fiction thriller. The script (John Farris's adaptation of his novel) is cheap gothic espionage occultism involving two superior beings—spiritual twins (Andrew Stevens and Amy Irving) who have met only telepathically. But the film is so visually compelling that a viewer seems to have entered a mythic night world; no Hitchcock thriller was ever so intense, went so far, or had so many "classic" sequences. With Kirk Douglas, Carrie Snodgress, and John Cassavetes. (3/20/78) (Loews Ciné; through May 11.)

The Goodbye Girl—The prolific Neil Simon's tearful comedy with Marsha Mason and Richard Dreyfuss. She says gratuitously abrasive things to him, and he prisses his lips and tells her off. Herbert Ross directed. (1/16/78) (Gramercy, and Embassy 72nd St.; through May 16.)

The Greek Tycoon—With Anthony Quinn and Jacqueline Bisset, directed by J. Lee Thompson. (34th St. East, and Loews Ciné; starting May 12.)

Harry & Tonto (1974)—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, and after visiting them he decides that they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. (Olympia; through May 16.)

High Anxiety—Mel Brooks' rehash of some of Hitchcock's most famous thriller effects. This is a child's idea of satire—imitations, with a funny hat and a leer. There isn't a whisper of suspense, and there are few earned laughs: all Brooks does is let us know he has seen some of the same movies we have. With Madeline Kahn, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, and Ron Carey. (1/9/78) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Guild; through May 11.)

House Calls—Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson in a carefree pairing of splendid comic talents and of equally matched intelligences. Miss Jackson's first view of her future lover, a doctor, looking lugubrious in mustache and beard, is from a hospital bed; she's been clamped into a football-helmet sort of brace by a testily inept old doctor (Art Carney) to mend a broken jaw. (4/3/78) (Loews Tower East.)

I Could Go on Singing (1963)—Dreadful, but often fascinating: Judy Garland in the sort of movie that is usually made about a performer long after the events, and with someone else playing the lead. Her face puffy, her manner distressed, she goes through a sort of "Madame X" version of a selfish singer's life, in which she belts out numbers at the Palladium. Made in England and directed by Ronald Neame. With Dirk Bogarde, Jack Klugman, and Aline MacMahon. (Regency; starting May 18.)

Joseph Andrews—Tony Richardson, who made a fine and lively film of Fielding's "Tom Jones" fifteen years ago, has directed an equally spirited version of Fielding's "Joseph Andrews." It is spring in England; this is a very English film—lyric and debonair and cheeky and wild. Ann-Margret plays Lady Booby, a luscious upstart whose dress and manner are copied by her splendidly slipshod maid, Mrs. Slipslop (Beryl Reid). John Gielgud plays a doctor who makes no distinction between the well and the dead in his search for a patient. Michael Hordern, in a wig that makes him look like a King Charles spaniel who has just come out of the wet, plays a parson. Everything is blithe, exact, and eager, floating along without weight, as in Fielding's novel. (4/24/78) (Waverly. . . . ¶ Little Carnegie; through May 16. . . . ¶ New Yorker; starting May 17.)

Julia—Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman, Jason Robards as Dashiell Hammett, and Vanessa Redgrave as Julia in the film version of Hellman's story about her smuggling bribe money into Nazi Germany, from her book of memoirs "Pentimento." Directed by Fred Zinnemann, from a script by Alvin Sargent, it has been made in conservative—classical humanist—style. The film's constraint is frustrating, because Jane Fonda has the power and invention to go further in the character. (10/10/77) (Olympia; through May 16. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting May 17. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting May 17, tentative.)

The Killing (1956)—Stanley Kubrick was still only twenty-seven (his early career was with *Look* as a photographer) when he made this film, and he used Lucien Ballard to photograph the story. It is a very skillful suspense film, full of nervy style and the sidelong wit about character that expanded in Kubrick's later work. Fine to see, and fun. With Sterling Hayden. (Regency; May 16-17.)

The Killing of Sister George (1968)—An English comedy about lesbianism, starring Beryl Reid, playing a jolly, butch woman in music-hall style, and Susannah York, as her beautiful, lyric chum, acting in another style altogether. The play was good, slithering skillfully between the mockery of television sweetness and bitchy humor, but the specious seriousness of the picture wrecks the comedy, and its attack on conventionality seems pretty hollow. (Cinema Village; May 16.)

Kiss Me Deadly (1955)—Robert Aldrich adapted this film from Mickey Spillane, with Ralph Meeker and Albert Dekker in a cast that well illustrates Aldrich's lunging style of direction. The entertainment is crass and reeling, very indicative of the mid-fifties here, with a lot of signs that it was made by the man who was later to make "The Dirty Dozen." Brutish stuff, sometimes funny if you are in a rough mood, much admired by French *cinéastes* who confuse American power with American strength. (Regency; May 16-17. . . . ¶ Thalia; May 17-18.)

Lacombe, Lucien (1974)—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctual are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, casts as Lucien a teenage country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, and animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the cameras will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a deeper level than any other movie. With Aurore Clément as a Parisian Jewish girl, Holger Löwenadler as her meticulously cultivated father. In French. (Cinema Village; May 17-18.)

The Last Supper—A Cuban film, directed by Tomás Gutiérrez Alea. In Spanish. (Reviewed in this issue.) (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Last Waltz—Martin Scorsese's film commemorating a performance by the rock-and-roll group named The Band. Scorsese has proved himself a most interesting director, but this movie is a failed exercise in melancholy over times past. The lingering attention to the aging of the musicians—who are actually still youngish but regarded by themselves and the film as latter-day—is apt to seem maudlin and spoiled-child. The sound system itself is an overloud nightmare that makes one feel like a fly caught in a twenty-four-track-stereo biscuit box. (5/1/78) (Ziegfeld.)

Madame Rosa—Simone Signoret giving a mag-

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nificent performance as a Jewish ex-whore of the Belleville *quartier* of Paris. Now too old and puffy to practice her job, she makes a meagre living by taking in the abandoned children of younger prostitutes. Her favorite foster child is the offspring of an Arab father, and she has faithfully brought the boy up as an Arab. The film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi, himself a Jew, who was brought up in Alexandria. A firm, astute picture. In French. (3/27/78) (Plaza. No evening performances on Thursday, May 11.)

The Manitou—With Tony Curtis, Michael Ansara, and Susan Strasberg; directed by William Girdler. (Loews Orpheum. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through May 11.)

The Man Who Loved Women—The dedicated skirt-chaser of Truffaut's film is meant to be irresistibly charming, but his compulsion looks to be about as exciting as building a two-foot replica of the Pentagon with toothpicks. In its gross flippancy, this film resembles Truffaut's "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me"—it may be even worse, because of the mixture of evasiveness and obviousness. With Charles Denner, Nelly Borgeaud, Brigitte Fossey, and Leslie Caron. In French. (12/5/77) (Art; starting May 17.)

The Miracle Worker (1962)—Arthur Penn, who had directed the Broadway version of William Gibson's play about Annie Sullivan and her pupil, Helen Keller, brought his two chief players with him—Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke. The play has some weaknesses, and they come through all too glaringly in the performances of Victor Jory and Inga Swenson as Helen's parents, but the dramatic force of the pitched battle between the strong-willed Annie and the equally strong, animal-willed Helen carries everything before it. Truffaut's "The Wild Child" is a more beautifully conceived picture on the same theme, but even with its imperfections and staginess this early Penn film is extraordinary. Anne Bancroft won the Academy Award as best actress, Patty Duke as best supporting actress. (Regency; May 14-15.)

The Night of the Hunter (1955)—This adaptation of Davis Grubb's novel was James Agee's last film work and the only movie Charles Laughton ever directed (because it was a total financial disaster). Though overly "artistic," it's a fascinating horror fable about a murderous, sex-obsessed, hymn-singing madman (Robert Mitchum) and the children who try to escape from him. With Shelley Winters, Lillian Gish, James Gleason, and Evelyn Varden. (Regency; May 14-15.)

Nunzio—With David Proval, directed by Paul Williams. (Cinema II; starting May 14.)

Padre Padrone—The Taviani brothers' film version of Gavino Ledda's 1974 autobiography fuses political commitment and artistic commitment into stylized passion. Ledda's story is about how he was enslaved as a child, imprisoned in a sheepfold, and forced to tend the family flock, and of how he fought his way out of the isolation and silence. The spirit of the film isn't naturalistic—it's animistic—and the Tavianis' technique is deliberately barbaric. The grotesquely natural cruelty is mythological—almost rhapsodic. In Italian. (10/3/77) (Art; through May 16.)

Pretty Baby—Louis Malle's beautifully intelligent picture is set in a brothel in Storyville, New Orleans, in 1917. The notorious red-light district of America is about to be shut down. An exquisite little girl of twelve (Brooke Shields), first shown upstairs in the room where she was born to her prostitute mother (Susan Sarandon), has her virginity auctioned off to the rich clientele. The photographer-hero is based on the legendary E. J. Bellocq (Keith Carradine). Malle's cinematographer is the incomparable Sven Nykvist. (4/10/78) (Coronet.)

Psycho (1960)—The Hitchcock thriller with Janet Leigh getting stabbed in the shower and Anthony Perkins with a fly on his nose. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 16.)

Roman Holiday (1953)—Charming. This is the picture that made Audrey Hepburn a movie star. Probably no one could have brought out her skinny, long-necked gamine magic as winningly as the director William Wyler did; his calm, elegant style prepares the scenes and builds the characters until this neophyte actress has the audience by the throat, and when she smiles we're all goners. She plays a Central European princess on an official tour of Rome; she flies the royal coop and has her first experiences of freedom with an American reporter (Gregory Peck) and his photographer-sidekick (Eddie Albert). The plot is banal, and the movie is no more than a Cinderella-style romantic comedy, but it is enough. Children adore this movie about a modern fairy-tale princess. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 12-13.)

Saturday Night Fever—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. John Badham directed. (12/26/77) (Cinema II; through May 13. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; starting May 17.)

The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

The Sea Gypsies—With Robert Logan and Mikki Jamison-Olsen, directed by Stewart Raffill. (Music Hall; through May 17.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; May 14-16.)

Smilin' Through (1941)—Jeanette MacDonald, smilin' mostly through the 1914-18 war, sings "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" and "A Little Love, a Little Kiss." There is something of the sergeant-major about Miss MacDonald, and she holds the flag high with "A Little Kiss"—emotion is rampant, and you feel she would curse the lower ranks if she could. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 15.)

Straight Time—Dustin Hoffman as a newly released convict with six years of San Quentin behind him, a long history of juvenile delinquency, and a strong wish to get back into jail. The wish is abetted by the unbearable complacency of a parole officer, admirably played by M. Emmet Walsh. Under Ul Grosbard's direction, Hoffman's performanc is as sharp as a diamond cutter. (4/3/78 (Playboy, and Olympia; starting May 17.)

JACK DELANEY
SUBWAY
R. MacMillan

That Obscure Object of Desire—Luis Buñuel' style here is peerlessly urbane, but the film i a little monotonous. Fernando Rey plays rich, worldly French widower of perhap fifty, who loves a young Spanish girl; sh alternates between promises and postponement—she teases him, fleeces him, enrage him. She is played by two actresses—Carol Bouquet, a tall French girl, and Angel Molina, a shorter, more rounded Spanis girl. This doubling-up stunt doesn't add an meaning: perhaps there's less than if ther were a single actress who could capture ou imaginations. In French. (12/19/77) (St Marks Cinema; through May 13. The theatr will be closed all day on Thursday, May 11 . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through May 16.)

They Shoot Horses, Don't They? (1969)—Horac McCoy's nineteen-thirties novel about th Hollywood extras who enter a maratho dance, here turned into another savage nightmare of American life. Jane Fonda gives good, strong performance, and Sydney Pollack's direction keeps the nightmare lively (Thalia; May 16.)

Trouble in Paradise (1932)—Ernst Lubitsch' favorite among his own pictures. Herber Marshall is a polished crook, and his belove is Miriam Hopkins, as a sweet-faced international pickpocket; both are trying to fleec a beautiful widow (Kay Francis). There i a lot of comedy in the moonstruck but practical style of Lubitsch's lovers, and in th cryptic way Edward Everett Horton suddenly remembers Marshall's identity, saying "*Tonsils! Positively tonsils!*" (Theatre 80 St Marks; May 14.)

The Turning Point—A backstage-ballet milieu with Anne Bancroft as a gallant, aging ballerina and Shirley MacLaine as her friend an rival, who quit to raise a family. The script i by Arthur Laurents, who writes sodden expository dialogue in which these two are forever revealing truths to each other. We get glimpse of something great in the movie—Mikhail Baryshnikov dancing—and these tw harpies out of the soaps block the view. Herbert Ross directed, unassertively and unexcitedly. With Leslie Browne, Tom Skerritt Alexandra Danilova, Anthony Zerbe, an Martha Scott, and Suzanne Farrell, Pete Martins, and other dancers. (11/21/77 (Loews 83rd Triplex.)

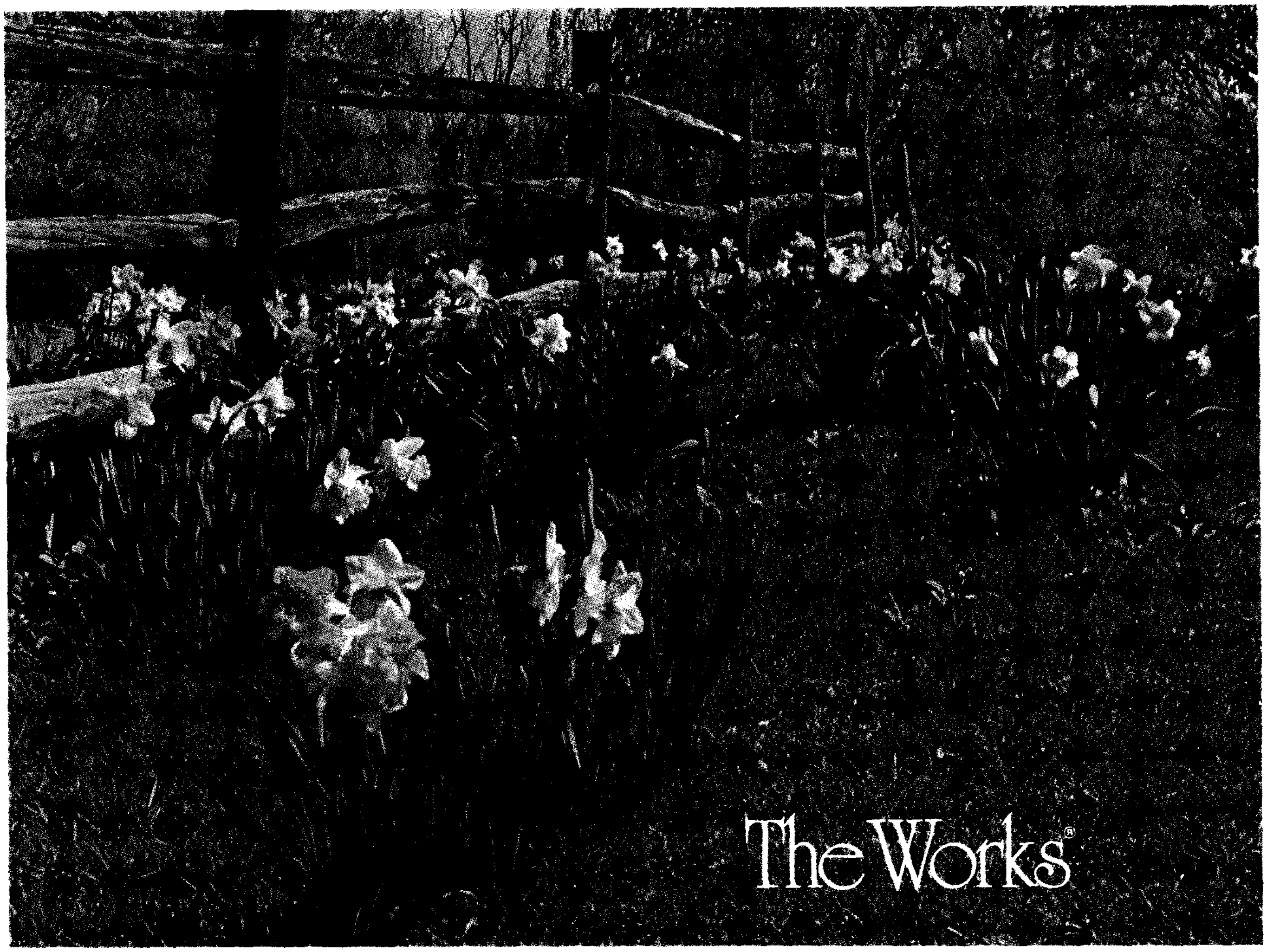
An Unmarried Woman—Paul Mazursky wrot and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) an her attempt to get back into "the stream o life" after her marriage of sixteen year breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pa Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Clif Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Ala Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. (3/6/78) (Murray Hill Beekman, Cinema 3, and Paramount.)

We Will All Meet in Paradise—With Jean Rochefort, Claude Brasseur, Guy Bedos, and Victor Lanoux; directed by Yves Robert (Columbia I.)

White Zombie (1932)—Madge Bellamy arrives in Haiti to get married but is abducted by a satanic zombie master (Bela Lugosi) who has taken a fancy to her. She becomes, as they used to say, "a slave to his will." For those absolutely dedicated to gothic silliness. Victor Halperin directed. (Thalia; May 12-13.)

A Woman of Paris (1923)—Chaplin's legendary "serious" film, written and directed by him, with a spot appearance by him as a porter. It has all his wit and none of his whimsy. Edna Purviance plays a French countrywoman parted by disapproving parents from her love (a glazed-eyed, very silent-film figure played by Carl Miller). She goes to Paris and gets involved with a handsome dandy (Adolphe Menjou). The film has a sense of comedy that is debonair, elegant, bitterly close to truth. Chaplin withdrew it from circulation in the late twenties, and restored it to us—with a new musical score, composed by himself—only in 1976. (4/17/78) (Cinema Studio.)

Word Is Out—A documentary based on conversations with twenty-six homosexual men and women. (Quad Cinema.)



The Daffodil Mixture That Is Really a Mixture. The Price? Dinner for two plus jug wine.

'The Works' is unique because it is made up *only* of fine named Daffodil varieties of recent origin, not a seedling in the lot. Each of these top-grade, double-nosed bulbs will bloom the first year. The picture shows a planting, taken by an enthusiastic customer. It is in mid-season bloom, earlier varieties are spent, the later ones yet to come. 'The Works' has this long season of bloom because it contains all classes of Daffodils, except miniatures. And these classes are carefully balanced among Trumpets, which have yellow, golden, bi-color, or pink blossoms; Flatcups, in great variety, with flaring petals and heavily-ruffled flat cups; members of the Poetaz group, some of them doubles; Cyclamineus Hybrids having shorter stems holding smaller flowers; and Triandrus Hybrids with clusters of bloom on each stalk. This is a delightfully informal way to naturalize Daffodils and it may amaze you to see so many kinds you've never seen in bloom — unless you've been to Holland in the spring.

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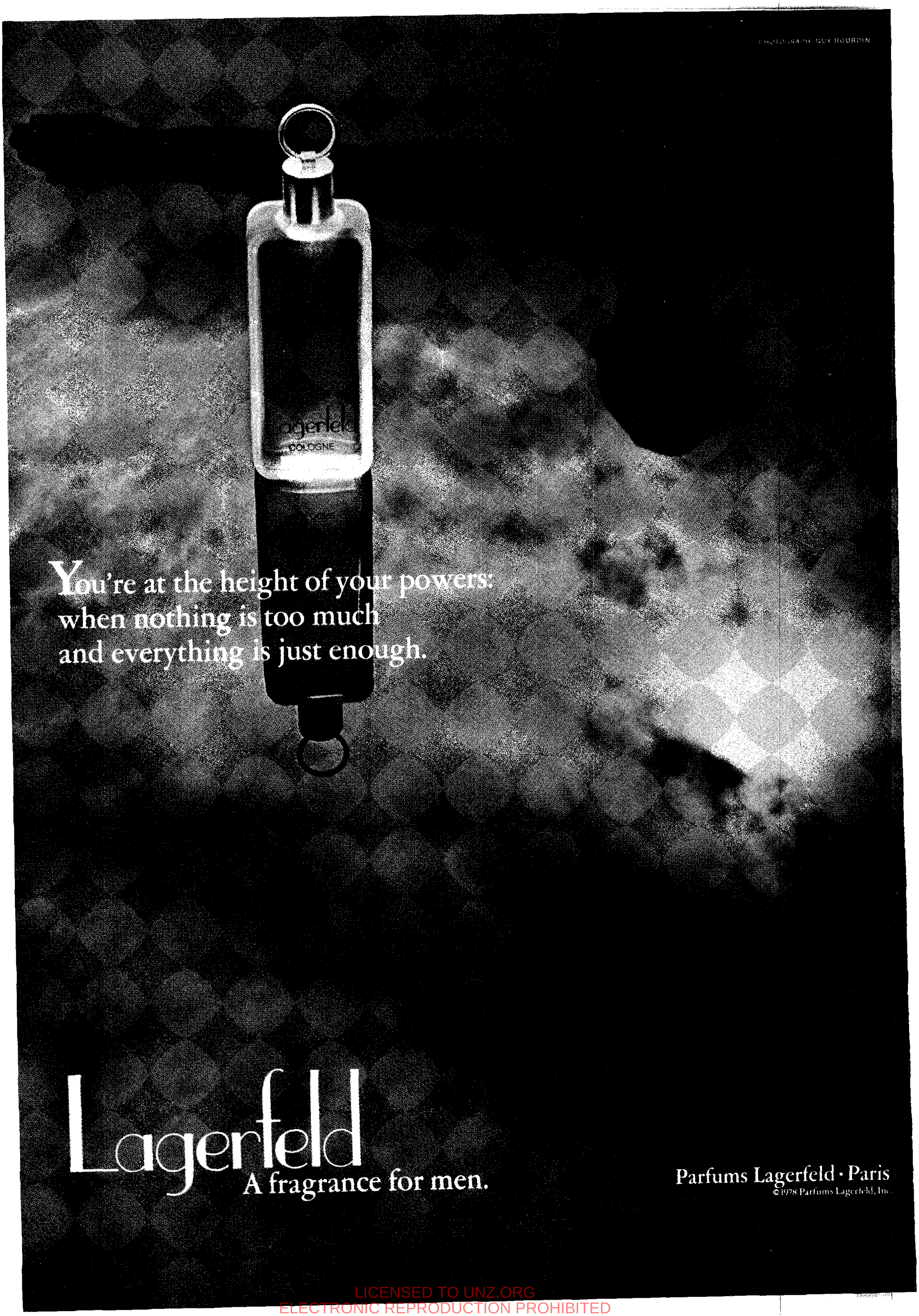
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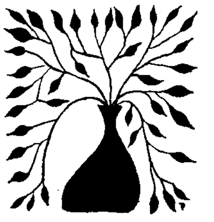
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FOR readers of the *Times*, at least, last week was a discouraging one from the point of view of human beings. Offhand, it might seem that there could be no point of view other than that of human beings, but a few statements that were made or quoted in an article in the *Times Magazine* called “Moving On—Reaping the Rewards of the Women’s Movement,” by Stephen Singular, suggest that for some minds this may not be the case. To begin with, one young woman who had just had a baby was quoted as saying that she and her husband had unexpectedly found the child to be a “cash drain” and also a “time drain.” The idea that the arrival of a new person in the world was siphoning off time and money from other, presumably more urgent purposes summoned up a vision of the world as a smoothly functioning system of jobs and salaries in which the appearance of human beings was to be regarded as a regrettable disruption. If this vision seemed paradoxical—inasmuch as it is hard to imagine what uses time and cash can be put to apart from the aid and support of human life—it nevertheless flowed naturally from the other findings of the article. Among these was that women were discovering men to be increasingly unsatisfactory as partners in life. For example, one woman remarked, “There are lots of interesting women around, but where are the three-dimensional men?” Another woman admitted that she was “friends with a number of men,” but added that “they’re probably a lot more sensitive than most men you would run across.” The men themselves were portrayed as demoralized. The author, citing himself as an example of young, white men, noted that women and blacks had often severely criticized white men in recent years for their many failings. “To innumerable groups,” he wrote, “people like me are apparently the enemy: We (and our fathers) made the world what it is and it is wrong.” The author found it hard to see how anyone could attribute this much influence over the world to men. “It has long seemed to me a paradox,” he went on, “that young men like myself, who are supposed to control things, know in our bones how little of anything we can ever control, least of all our own lives.” And he continued, somewhat abjectly, “*We* know that our lives are comic and often pathetic in a way that the people who are judging us will never know.” As for the relations between the disappointed women and the “comic,” “pathetic” men, one woman seemed to sum up the general opinion of those interviewed by saying, “When you cut through all of it, men don’t like women very much, and women don’t like men very much.” Her view was supported by a story in the next day’s *Times* which reported that more and more people were apparently becoming asexual, and that many were finding the condition to be a positive deliverance. “It’s like I no longer drink. I no longer smoke. I no longer take dope,” a woman told the reporter. All this raised anew a question that was asked in passing by Socrates more than two thousand years ago. Can there be human activities without human beings? For the record, his answer was no.



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8530-0

THE spring term is ending at the New School for Social Research, and any day now Course 8530-0 will go to its resting place in the annals of creative pedagogy. We wish it a safe journey. Course 8530-0, otherwise known as Beyond Crossword Puzzles, was a noble experiment in which a dozen putative adults (age range: 24-70, or about par for the New School) paid a hundred and fifteen dollars each to gather in a small classroom on fourteen consecutive Thursday evenings and absorb information dispensed by a disarmingly modest putative fifteen-year-old named Michael Miller. At the outset, Beyond Crossword Puzzles hopscotched past the questions posed by the quotidian newspaper puzzle (e.g., starchy rootstock, four letters; kin of cavatinas, five letters), advancing directly to puns and anagrams, diagramless puzzles, and, ultimately, awe-inspiring stumpers from the London *Sunday Times* involving chain words, hidden words, and double meanings. Michael’s teaching manner resembled that of the artful mathematics instructor who stands at the chalkboard, feigns befuddlement, and coaxes his students toward a solution by seeming to discover the answer along with them. “Do we see that now?” Michael would often ask. “Do we see that?”

In a couple of years, after satisfying the gym requirements and doing a few other things insisted upon by the curriculum planners at the Collegiate School, Michael will receive a high-school diploma and can branch out into comparative literature or molecular biophysics or anything he damn well pleases. Until then—until his schedule fills up—the New School would be wise to rehire him to arbitrate disputes of the kind that regularly arose in Beyond Crossword Puzzles: whether the proper noun “Ler,” for instance, which is a Brythonic sea god, is too obscure to include in a puzzle under construction (Michael’s answer was “Probably”); whether the verb “to tute,” which is what a tutor might do to a tutee, should exist at all, even in the licentious world of puzzledom (“Probably not”). Before the course began, Michael invited some puzzle experts to guest-tute: Will Weng and Margaret Farrar, former puzzle editors at the New York *Times;* Mel Taub, puns-and-anagrams man at the New York Sunday *Times;* Richard Maltby, Jr., who constructs London *Sunday Times*-type puzzles for *Harper's;* and Stephen Sondheim, the composer, who also happens to be a puzzlesmith. Only Sondheim refused the invitation. "He sent me a letter explaining that puzzles are just a hobby for him," Michael told us. "Then he wished me good luck with, quote, a venture that must certainly be unique, not to mention bizarre. Unquote. I thought that was an interesting choice of words."

During several weekly meetings we attended, we tried to concentrate upon the business at hand but kept getting distracted by the nagging feeling that the classroom reminded us of someplace else. Finally, the simile dawned: one of those progressive pre-schools where positive reinforcement counts for everything and where the students can say or do whatever comes to mind. *That's* what it was like.

"A pen. Look, he's using a ballpoint pen. The height of arrogance."

"Seven down? You really can't get seven down? God, that's easy."

"Easy, huh? Well, try to keep it to yourself."

"Is 'nap' a kipper? I'm not up on my kippers."

"Guesses are absolutely fundamental."

" 'Muslim divines'? Oh, how I hate those Muslim plurals."

"Go ahead. Let me just hear you use 'noising' in a sentence in a way that doesn't sound stupid."

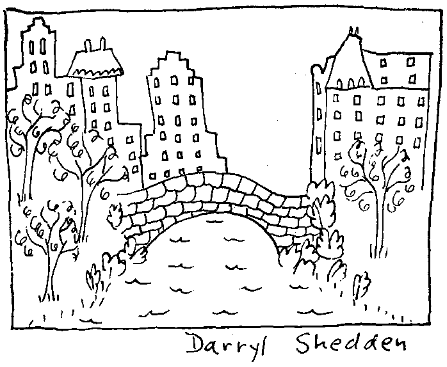
"Stop looking over my shoulder."

Over all this, Michael Miller presided with true grace—particularly on the occasion when he came to class with a sprained wrist. He wore an elastic bandage and a splint on his left forearm, and six different people in the class felt compelled to ask whether it was a crossword-puzzle injury. Six times, he politely answered no, and he didn't make a single impertinent student go stand out in the hall.

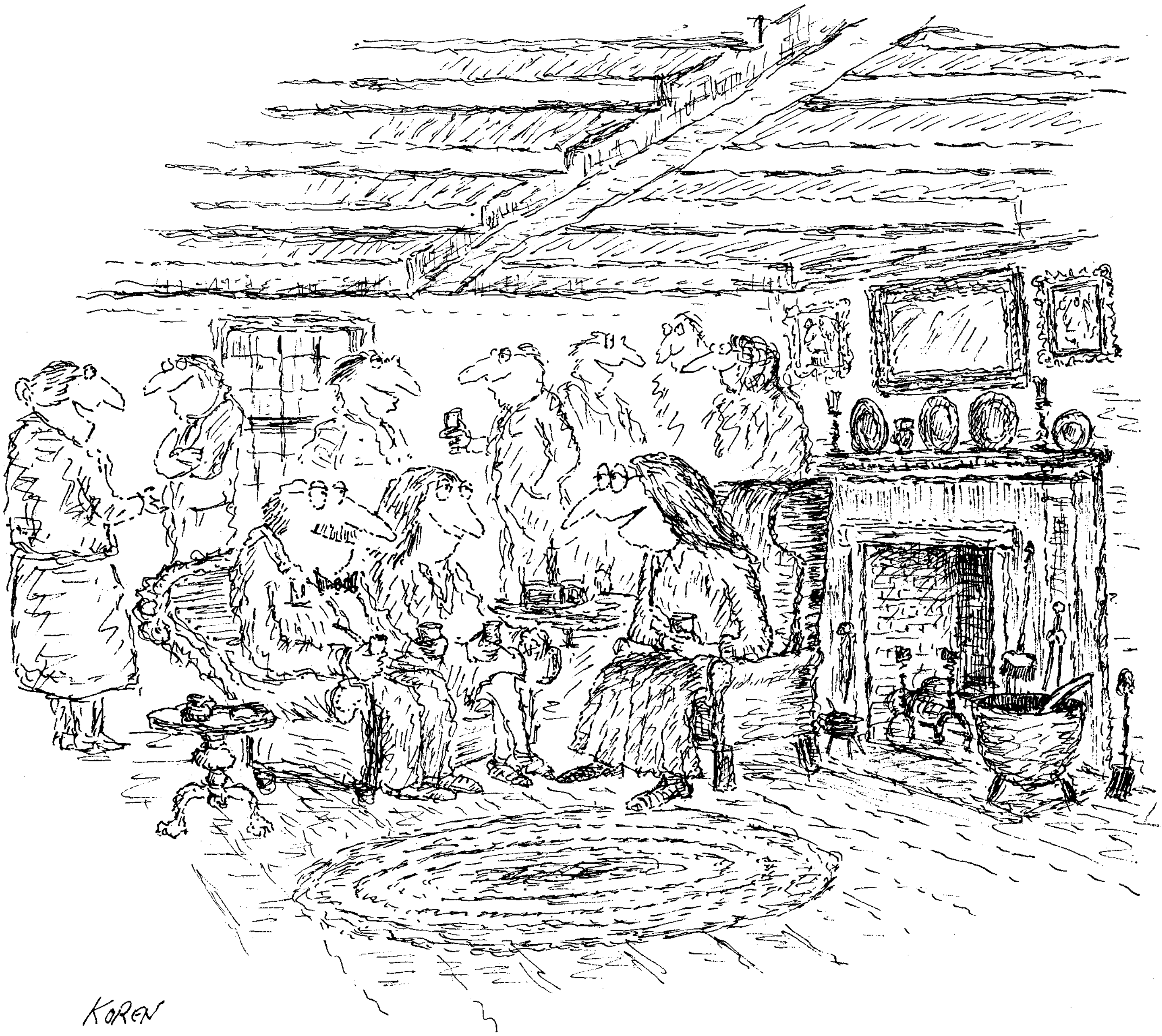
Name of the Game

THE North American Soccer League has six new teams this year—the New England Tea Men, the Houston Hurricane, the Caribous of Colorado, the Philadelphia Fury, the Detroit Express, and the Memphis Rogues. It also has four new team names as a result of franchise shifts—the Tulsa Roughnecks (ex-Team Hawaii), the California Surf (ex-St. Louis Stars), the Oakland Stompers (ex-Connecticut Bicentennials), and the San Diego Sockers (ex-Las Vegas Quicksilvers, ex-ex-San Diego Jaws). Each of the six new teams put up a million dollars to get into the league, which is a million dollars more than it cost the Rochester Lancers to join in 1970, three years after the league was formed; and soccer writers say that 1978, the N.A.S.L.'s first post-Pelé season, will determine whether pro soccer is going to make it as a big-time sport in North America. The guessing is that it will, because pro soccer already has its first big-time rumor—that Henry Kissinger will be appointed the league's chairman. But tradition-minded sports observers want to know whether the N.A.S.L.'s offbeat team names have a future. A few years ago, you could win bar bets with the question: What are the three major-league teams whose names don't end in "s"? (Answer: the Boston Red Sox, the Chicago White Sox, and the New Orleans Jazz.) And what's happened to ferocious-animal names (Bears) and names implying human invincibility (Giants)? Where are these new names coming from? This department has been in touch with each of the new teams. Here's our exclusive roundup.

NEW ENGLAND TEA MEN—First off, they're New England, and not Boston, because they play their games in Foxboro, Massachusetts, thirty miles from Boston, in a football stadium built for the New England Patriots, who were the Boston Patriots before they moved in. The name Tea Men is not supposed to evoke either the United States Treasury or the Boston Tea Party; it's a direct reference to the owner of the new team—Thomas J. Lipton, Inc., the tea company—which has its headquarters in Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey. The name was chosen in a contest run in Boston, and the Tea Men front office likes to tell callers, among other things, that both the board chairman and the president of Lipton were born in New England; that New England is both a good soccer market and a good tea market; that the yachts of Thomas J. Lipton, the company's founder, competed in the America's Cup races for many years, and that the company has a strong sports history; that the company wanted to give its employees a team of their own to root for as a rival of the Cosmos, who play in East Rutherford, New Jersey (the company ran buses up from Englewood Cliffs to Foxboro for the first game); that many Lipton executives are Harvard graduates; and that Lipton wants New Englanders to know that they have a strong team with a strong company behind it. (Previous pro soccer teams in the Boston area have had money problems.) Vince Casey, the Tea Men P.R. director, says names are hard to find these days; twenty-five years ago there were, for example, only ten major-league basketball teams and six major-league hockey teams, while today the N.B.A. has twenty-two teams, the N.H.L. eighteen. Casey says that Tea Men is not a team name that will attract fans immediately, the way the N.A.S.L.'s Rowdies have in Tampa Bay—with their Wowdies (cheerleaders), Fannies (fan club), and official T-shirts, bearing the official team slogan, "Soccer Is a Kick in the Grass." (The Rowdies recently threatened to sue a Texas company that was making unofficial "Kick in the Grass" T-shirts.) "Eventually," Casey says, "you don't even hear a team's name—you forget the name and are a fan of the team. Of course, there's always some kid in New York City who's a Pittsburgh Penguins fan just because he likes the name."



PHILADELPHIA FURY—A team spokesman says that the name has "a couple of derivations." He continues, "Most prominent, it kind of denotes or connotes the game itself, which is fast-paced and furious, though also controlled and precise. Besides, phonetically it fits in. Philadelphia already has the Phillies and the Flyers. At first, we thought of Furies, but the singular fits our purposes better. It was the World Football League that popularized these singular names—the Portland Storm, the Chicago Fire, the Shreveport Steamer." The owners of the Fury include Peter Frampton, Paul Simon, and Rick Wakeman (of Yes), and, of course, the whole idea of singular names originated in the rock world. Thom Meredith, the director of the Fury P.R. staff, thinks that some team names work, some don't make it:



"We live a few miles from here in an architecturally significant former gas station."

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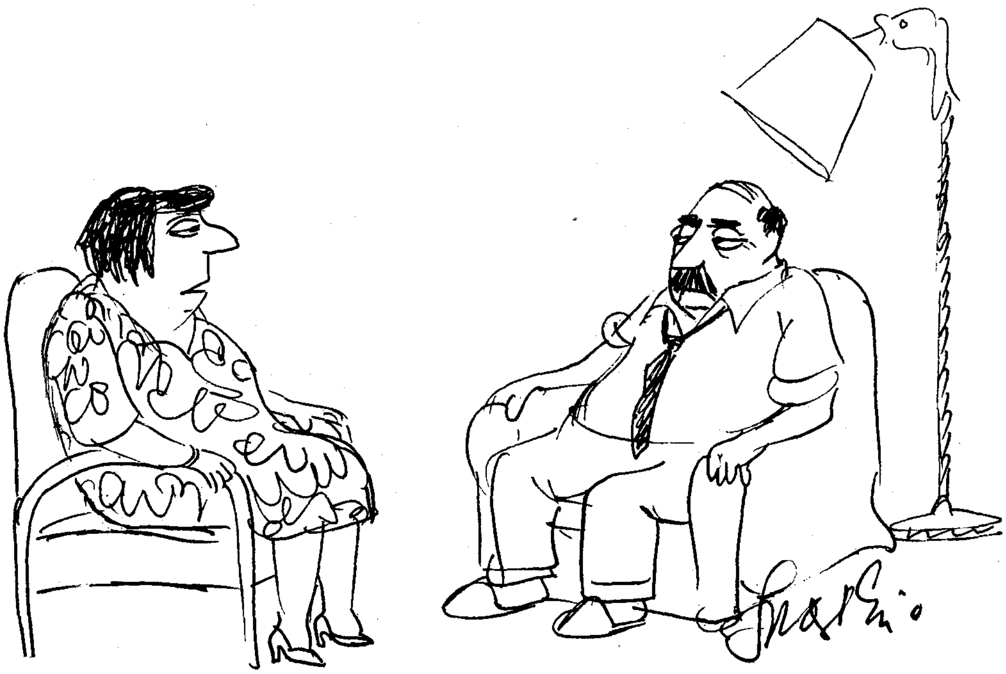
"Cosmos—good name. Gives you an air of worldliness, of compatibility with a universal game. There are a hundred and forty-four nations in the international governing body of soccer. But Los Angeles Dodgers—what does that do for you?"

HOUSTON HURRICANE—A name-the-team contest in Houston papers and on Houston radio stations drew nine thousand entries. A Hurricane spokesman explained the judges' decision this way: "In terms of weather down here, the name is rather appropriate. We had a hurricane last year—well, actually we didn't. We had a *warning*—there was a hurricane watch last August, so people had just one hurricane on their mind. There is also the matter of Texas nationalism. The N.A.S.L. team in Dallas is the Tornado, and that rivalry can't be overemphasized. Meteorologically, I suppose Dallas is more likely to get tornadoes, and Houston, which is near the Gulf, hurricanes."

MEMPHIS ROGUES—The name means elephants, not rascals. Rudi Schiffer, publicity director of the Rogues: "We've had to move very quickly—we had no staff here until January. We looked at what the Rowdies did in Tampa Bay to become a great hit there, and that cut our learning curve down. The name is how we want to position ourselves in the market—as a rollicking team. We worked with a graphic designer and came up with a very stylized, humanized elephant kicking a soccer ball that everyone likes. We took a hard look at our demographics—nine hundred thousand people in the Memphis area, sixty per cent white, forty per cent black, a lot of blue-collar workers, no other major-league teams but a big sports town. We came here after looking at Birmingham and Atlanta. This is virgin territory. The Midsouth is just waiting for soccer. Such receptivity! One paper has been running a ten-part series on soccer. Four columns, fifteen inches deep, every night! We've gone in very tight with McDonald's here, and that's critical, because McDonald's is talking to the kids. McDonald's just distributed a hundred thousand bumper stickers for us. We have a professional choreographer working with our cheerleaders—the Vogues. Three hundred girls applied. We've got low ticket prices, free parking, a grass facility (the Liberty Bowl), a superb lease, and one hundred per cent of the beer concession. We've got an established market—ten thousand kids here are already



"I guess ours is the old story—too much of a good thing."

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playing soccer—and a great summer student population. We'll open the gates at five and have a rock band in the end zone until six-thirty. You tell me that won't sell beer!"

DETROIT EXPRESS—Residents of a hundred and twenty-six cities in Michigan, Ohio, some other states, and Canada offered team names after a local d.j. asked for suggestions. One man, James C. Warrantes, sent in fifteen entries, among them Winos, Razors, Scorchers, Lizards, and Radials. Other suggestions: Bullets, Spark Plugs, Silver Streak, Dynamo, Hot Shots, Sprockets, Tin Lizzies, Gremlins, Swallows, Doves, Thunderbolts, and Thunderfoots. The director of operations, Gordon Preston, who used to be a soccer player in England, liked Dynamo, because the city is known locally as Dynamic Detroit, but a lot of area fans are Rumanian, Estonian, and Ukrainian, and there's a famous Russian soccer team called Dynamo. Then he thought of the name Detroit's Silver Express, but the team's management said that that was too long. "Well, we couldn't drop Detroit, and we couldn't very well drop Express," says Preston. "Some people think our name is a train, some think it's a newspaper. But in the dictionary 'express' means 'non-stop.' It's very hard to name a team, but there's never been a team named the Express. I like it a lot better than the name of one of the teams I used to play against—the Belfast Cock and Hens."

CARIBOUS OF COLORADO—There are no caribous in Colorado. The team is named for a ranch-turned-recording-studio owned by one of the team's co-owners, Jim Guercio, who decided he loved soccer even before he saw his first game; he has now seen six games. "We've been kidded about the name," says the P.R. director, Jack Farrar. "But it's a nice animal. And how many Tigers are there in Detroit?" Elton John and Stephen Stills, among others, have recorded at Caribou Ranch, and rock marketing has influenced the selling of the Caribous. Their marketing director, Gary Nichamin, who has designed rock-album covers, worked out the team logo—a caribou with a soccer ball in its antlers—and, together with a Los Angeles designer, is responsible for the Caribous' uniforms, which Nichamin himself calls "very intriguing." The Caribous have the only soccer uniforms in the world with a Western yoke on the shirt (brown and black) and simulated rawhide fringe hanging from it. Black satin shorts complete the outfit. Travelling uniforms have a rock-and-roll-style brown satin jacket with the Caribou logo embroidered on the back, and a realistic brown ten-gallon hat with a six-inch brim. Four other N.A.S.L. teams have expressed interest in the uniforms, including Vancouver, whose general manager swiped one of the hats.

Counterman

LEO RATNOFSKY had been a counterman at the B. & H. Dairy Luncheonette, on lower Second Avenue, since 1940, and on the day before he retired, a Saturday, he arrived, as usual, at 5:30 A.M., squeezed the juice of three cases of oranges, sliced and buttered several loaves of challah bread, replenished the vegetable trays, filled bins with salad ingredients, greeted two colleagues behind the counter, the cashier, and the cook, and then set about the business of serving breakfast to a clamorous and fast-moving clientele. The B. & H. seats only twenty-six—thirteen at the counter—but it registers, according to Mr. Ratnofsky, "over a thousand rings a day." The restaurant attracts this crowd not only because of its *heimish* cuisine but because of its five-man team of countermen, a couple of whom mainly provide countertalk entertainment and a couple of whom mainly provide food. Mr. Ratnofsky belonged in the second category, and he had a loyal following at the B. & H.

"People have been coming in since a quarter to six," Mr. Ratnofsky told us later that morning. We had stopped in for our breakfast, and he plonked down a knife-and-fork setting on a paper napkin in front of us. Mr. Ratnofsky is a tall, vigorous-looking man of sixty-two, with soft cheeks, silver-gray hair cropped in a modified Julius Caesar style, a healthy complexion, belying the time he spends indoors, and large, round brown eyes, which know no schemes. "Quarter to six today—that's right," he continued. "One of my regular customers shows up, all dressed up—he's been out all night, see—and he greets me, 'Leo, I hear you're leaving. Let's have a drink.' He hugged me like a soul brother. I don't know what he does, but I know he's very free with money, so how could I say no? All morning long, it's been like that. A girl came in with a plant. One of these kids from St. Marks Place came in with a flower. One man gave me a shirt. Another guy gave me a package of books. Most of the customers, men and women, kissed me. 'What'll we do without you, Leo?' they said."

Excusing himself for a moment, Mr. Ratnofsky said goodbye to a middle-aged man wearing a vinyl jacket and a plaid hat, cleared the man's plate from the counter, slid the tip—two quarters—off the counter, tossed the quarters into a glass by the coffee urns (tips being shared), and, before the man was out the door, announced to his colleagues, "Jumbo jockey!" This meant that the customer had left a tip of a quarter or more; Mr. Ratnofsky's call was followed by mumbled "Thank you"s from the other countermen. Mr. Ratnofsky then returned to us with what he described as "a something special"—a lox-laden omelette we won't forget, accompanied by two well-buttered slices of the B. & H.'s homemade challah, and coffee. He leaned on the counter. "I'll tell you truthfully—I don't feel bad about leaving the *place*. I've got bad feet, my fingernails are being eaten away from squeezing oranges. But to leave all these *people*—that makes me feel like crying. These actors and actresses, the hippies, the yippies, the beatniks, the bohemians, people who've run away from God knows where—I've always felt an attraction to them. Especially the starving ones."

A giant flame shot up from a frying pan in which Dave Schornstein, who had been Mr. Ratnofsky's partner on the counter for the last dozen years, was making one of *his* special omelettes. "You know, except for a little remodelling after a fire ten years ago, the place is pretty much the same as I remember it was when I first came to work here, in 1940," said Mr. Ratnofsky. "Even then, it was called the B. & H., and the initials stood for Bergson and Heller. Abie Bergson, one of the partners, was an aspiring actor, and in 1940 lower Second Avenue was the Yiddish Broadway. The streets were so crowded you had to walk in the gutter. Boris Tomashevsky used to come in here. Molly Picon. Maurice Schwartz, who ran the Yiddish Art Theatre. And they'd converse with Abie Bergson over a bowl of soup. I remember Schwartz used to complain that there were more people at the counter of the B. & H. than there were in his theatre. But I'll tell you, in those days most of the customers would jump on your head about money—how much profit you were making on a fifteen-cent bowl of soup! These kids who have come in over the last twelve to fifteen years, they're better. They're not looking for an argument—they want food."

Mr. Ratnofsky waved to an old man with a shopping bag who had just seated himself on a counter stool near the entrance.

"Hello, Chicago!" Mr. Ratnofsky called out.

"Leo!" the old man bellowed—loud enough to cause the cook, a meticulous Ukrainian named Ksenia Pylyp, to stick her scarf-covered head out of the tiny kitchen in the rear. "Leo! God bless you! Soup!"

In a moment, Mr. Ratnofsky set before him a bowl of soup and a paper plate piled with bread ends.

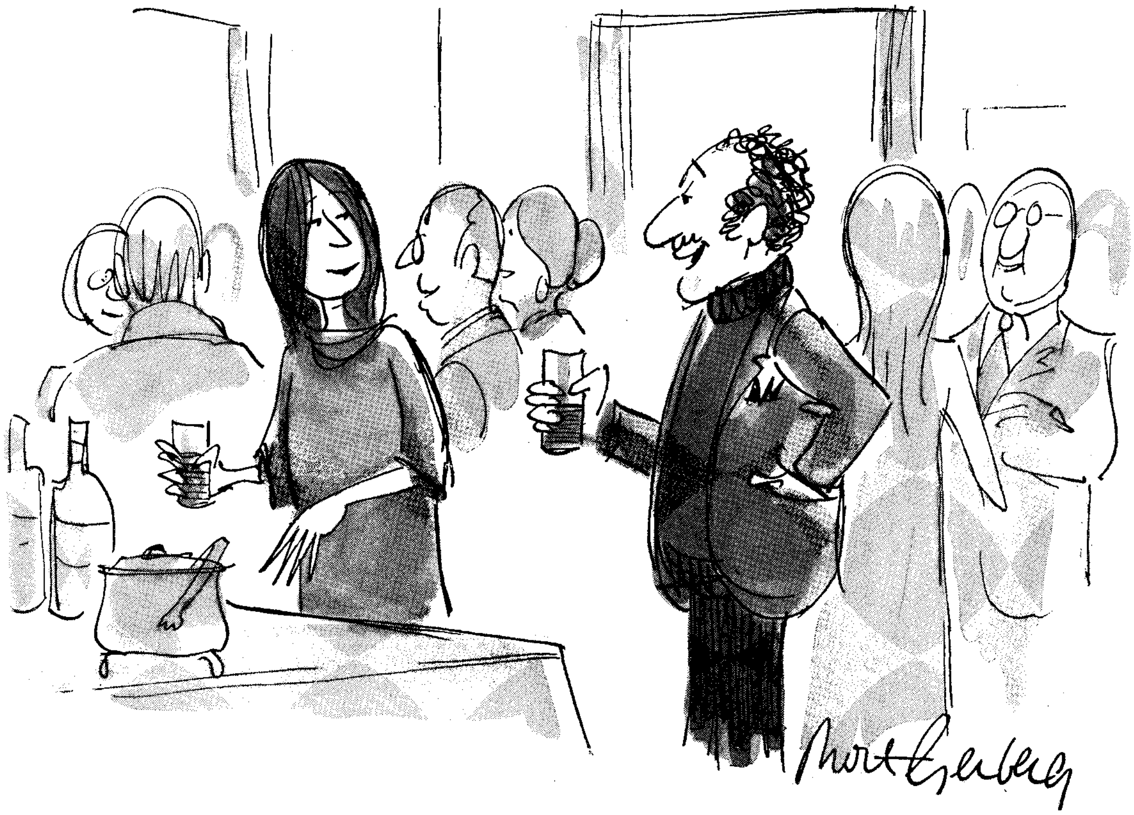
After taking a gulp of soda water and slicing some onions and green peppers, Mr. Ratnofsky turned back to us. "This place has always had a spirit," he said. "One time, in the early forties, there was nobody but gamblers in here. There was a guy called Zip who ran a Monte Carlo across the street, and he'd send all his customers over here; they'd snack, sign a tab, and at the end of the week Zip would come in here with a big roll of bills and cover the amount. The place was always busy then. You couldn't get in or out. People ate standing up. It's in the last fifteen years or so that the place has really come to mean something to me—seeing these poor kids come in here and leave a fifteen-cent or twenty-five-cent tip when they barely had enough for the meal. One fellow, maybe you've heard of him, Jesse Colin Young, he's a big rock singer now—he'd come in here quite a few years ago, always had a guitar on his shoulder. Sometimes I'd give him a little extra, or a few times I'd stake him fifty cents—no big thing—or he'd play out in front of the store and make meal money. Years later, when Warner Brothers wanted to give him a little promotional party, he insisted that the B. & H. cater it. My son went along as a busboy—Jesse Colin Young was a big favorite of his—and when he introduced himself as Leo's son, Jesse Colin Young told him that he hadn't thought of the B. & H., he'd thought of *me*, and he told my boy, 'Your pop's a fine man.' It made my son proud. That was very nice."

A stream of customers began arriving as the lunch hour drew near, and Mr. Ratnofsky excused himself to take the orders of two girls with ink-blue hair and then of a middle-aged couple. "Listen, it's going to get very crowded in here in a few minutes," he said to us. "Why don't you come back tonight? I'll be here until seven-thirty."

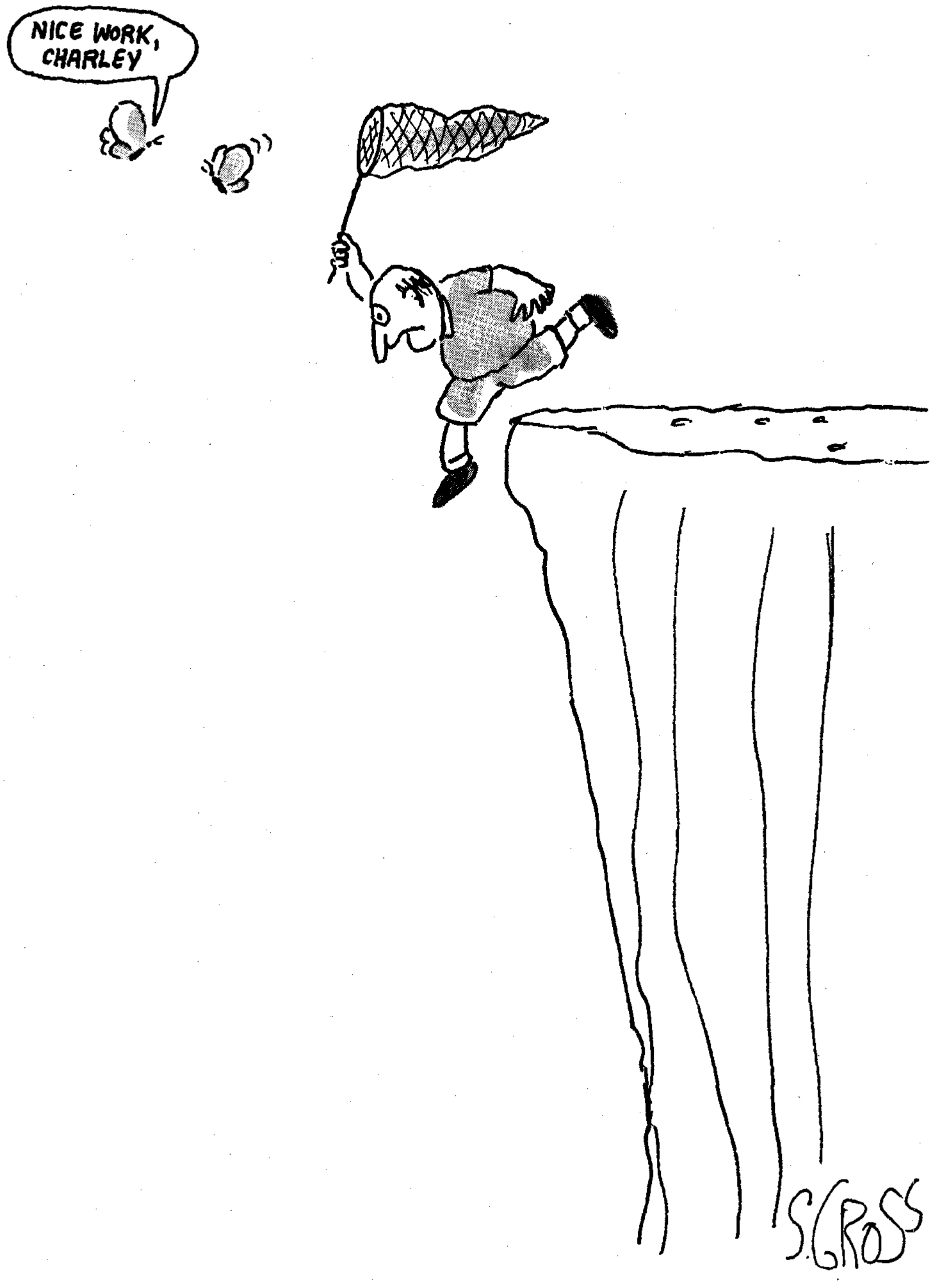
As it happened, at 7:30 P.M., when we returned, Mr. Ratnofsky was just folding his apron, and he invited us to sit with him in the back of the restaurant, at its only table for four.

We said we wondered why anyone would put in fourteen hours on the day before retirement.

"I was asked by the boss if I wanted to come in and work the last day, or part of it," Mr. Ratnofsky said, "and I said to him, 'Let's do it right down to the wire.' What can I say? I'm just an old-fashioned devoted worker, I



"Hi! I'm James Morton, and I do not intend to read Nixon's memoirs."



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suppose. I'm a *counterman.* Listen, can I get you a glass of juice, or something?"

Spring

A NEW ENGLAND correspondent writes:

The sap is rising in the merchants in our town. They aren't turning green in person, but their establishments are putting out new shoots and displaying goods in all sorts of enticing colors and shapes, like blossoms. Damon's Hardware was the first to catch my eye, with a row of garden carts—red and green—and big wicker baskets on the sidewalk. The Base Camp has a stack of canoes, and to me nothing is more exciting, more alluring than a canoe. This is a bouquet of canoes in beautiful colors. One is daffodil yellow. Two are deep-water green, to glide on a mountain lake shadowed by pines. Two are light blue, for clear, cold northern streams. One is red; it will look marvellous in dark water anywhere—perhaps idling among pickerelweed and water lilies—or overturned on a grassy shore at evening. In the window of our department store there are blue and white skirts and blouses suggesting tennis, and yellow espadrilles. Boy and girl mannequins are dressed for play on a lawn, so neat and clean that they may be going to a birthday party or to visit a fussy grandmother. In New York, summer clothes have doubtless been on display for months, but here we mostly go by the *real* season.

As I walk along Main Street, I discover one agreeable spring thing after another. Dove & Distaff Antiques has already filled its window box with pansies. Sherwin Williams is having a terrific paint sale. Handmade posters tucked into the corners of store windows offer invitations. There will be a May Breakfast at the Elks Hall, $3 for adults, $1.50 for children, and a Country Dance at the Westerly Center for the Arts, admission $3. The Baha'i Coffee House offers a Free Evening of Music and Refreshments, All Welcome. The Snug Harbor Volunteer Fire Department is also having a May Breakfast, and, unlike the Elks, the firemen disclose their menu: Ham, Eggs, Coffee, Toast, Donuts, Johnnycakes, Cereal, Homefries, Milk, Juice. All this for $2.50. If I go to a May Breakfast, I'll go to theirs. There will be a Rummage Sale at the Grange and an auction of dahlia tubers at which the Dahlia Society will serve free refreshments. The Peace Dale Congregational Church is having a Handbell Concert. I am not sure how this is connected with spring, but it adds to the profusion of possibilities.

On my way home, I step into the hardware store. Here I find the true pulse of spring, and it is throbbing. There is an electronic device that dings each time a customer walks through the door; the dings come in rapid succession. I contemplate a display of roots and dormant plants—begonia, clematis, and so on—all portrayed on their packages flowering in vivid colors. A rack of seed packets offers ravishing possibilities—from ageratum to zinnia. Here before me is the heart of the matter of spring. Ranged around the plants and seeds are a multitude of implements designed for nurture, for defense, or for aggressive action. Spring in the country is not, as some suppose, calm and gentle. It is a time of competition and striving, with fierce struggles for possession taking place in and above every inch of ground. The tools displayed urge me to enter the fray. For nurture, there are lawn foods, tree foods, bags of peat moss and mulch, hoses coiled like benign green serpents. For defense, there is Rabbit Gard wire, labelled with a picture of a hungry, frustrated rabbit peering through it at luxuriant lettuce. For active warfare, there are bags and bottles of herbicides and insecticides, and ranks of hoes, rakes, snippers, clippers, weeders, and cutters. Mr. Damon, the proprietor, steps over for a word with me. The door dings constantly while we talk. He says that the rush of customers began a couple of weeks ago, with the first warm days. "It escalates every day," he says. "In spring, time is of the essence." He is right. I feel that everything I am about to do is urgent.

SUPREME COURT ROUNDUP

WASHINGTON, May 8—*The Supreme Court took the following actions today:*

FIRST AMENDMENT

IN a landmark decision, the Court ruled unanimously in favor of a twelve-year-old plaintiff who sought damages on account of being denied the chance to audition for the Clint Eastwood role in the motion picture "Maddened Rustlers." The Court's opinion, written by Chief Justice Happ, argued that exclusion of the little girl was "rotten, beastly, a crying shame—really makes the Court sick." The case was not decided, as had been expected, on the ground of sex discrimination; rather, the Justices invoked the First Amendment's guarantee of freedom of expression. The Court thus affirmed for the first time the constitutional right to a screen test.

SEARCH AND SEIZURE

OVERTURNING the "dog's breakfast" doctrine of search and seizure, the Court held unconstitutional the Drug Enforcement Administration's system of obtaining search warrants, under which a judge who issues a warrant receives the rest of the afternoon off, while a judge who refuses a warrant is reclassified as a Controlled Substance. Justice Happsberger, writing for the majority, said that such procedures "lean upon the delicately coiffed maiden of the Fourth Amendment with the great ugly brutish heavily muscled shoulder of procedural error," and cited Judge Cheerful Hand's famous dictum "I shall keep at it with these metaphors until I'm very old and it's unbecoming."

TAXES

WITHOUT hearing arguments on the issue, the Court ordered the Internal Revenue Service to desist at once from collecting personal income taxes—a practice that Justice Hapenny defined in his opinion as "inconsiderate" and "the product of diseased minds." He pointed out that the government could easily collect the same amount of money by manufacturing and selling wall plaques that say "UNCLE SAM LOVES YOUR FIRST NAME HERE."

CONTROVERSY

IN one of their occasional "piggyback" decisions, the Justices resolved some of the long-standing issues that clog the Court calendar. They ruled that nurture is more influential than nature, that men make history, that Iago is driven by motiveless malignancy, that one isn't too many and a thousand is enough, that there is an earthly paradise, and that Don Bucknell's nephew Ed doesn't look anything like John Travolta. Justice Hapworth dissented but was too polite to say so.

MORAL BLIGHT

CITING "want of attractiveness" as a reason, the Court declined, 7–2, to hear an appeal by the publisher of two so-called men's magazines, *Rude Practices* and *Men's Magazine.* In the majority opinion, Chief Justice Happ explained that appellant's arguments were "unprepossessing and—let's be frank about it—just incredibly disingenuous." Dissenting, Justices Happer and Happner said they wanted to pretend to hear the case and then rule against appellant for "putting out such a clumsily edited and typographically unappetizing publication."

In a related decision, the Justices unanimously refused to hear a song written by a Kleagle of the Ku Klux Klan.

CRIMINAL

BY a 9–0 vote, the Court held unconstitutional a New York City statute that would have mandated criminal convictions for suspects who fail to take policemen aside and "read them their duties." The statute had required that suspects deliver these "Caliban warnings" to policemen in order to remind them of their power of life and death, their obligation to attend to personal hygiene, etc. The Court, in an opinion by Justice Happell, contended, "Who can doubt that this would be the first step toward compelling suspects to serve their arresting officers creamed chicken on toast points?"

GREED

SPLITTING 8–1, the Court upheld the constitutionality of a federal program for the redistribution of wealth. Under the program, which is known as "horizontal divestiture," rich people are asked to lie down, and poor people then divest them of their money. Justice Happold, dissenting, said that the program would diminish the impact of a standing Court order requiring that income in excess of $8,000 a year be bused across state lines to achieve bank-account balances.

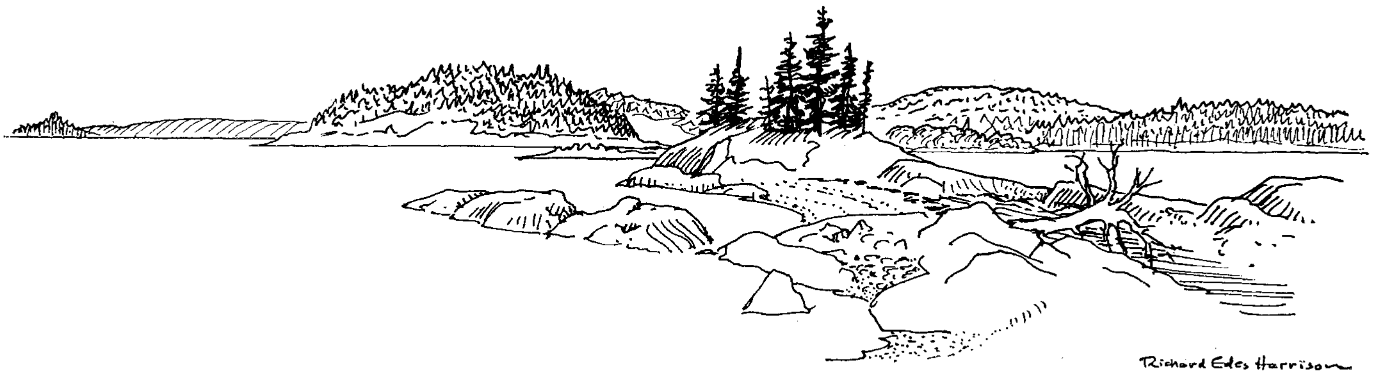
GIBBERISH

THE Court voted unanimously not to review a case in which a court of appeals struck down a lower federal court's decision to vacate an even lower court's refusal to uphold a ruling that it is not unconstitutional to practice "reverse discrimination." Chief Justice Happ, who wrote the opinion, said that the Court "is not, nor will it consent to be, a body of foolosophers easily drawn into jive baloney-shooting." A brief was filed by the Modern Language Association as *amicus curiæ* ("curiosity about Don Ameche").

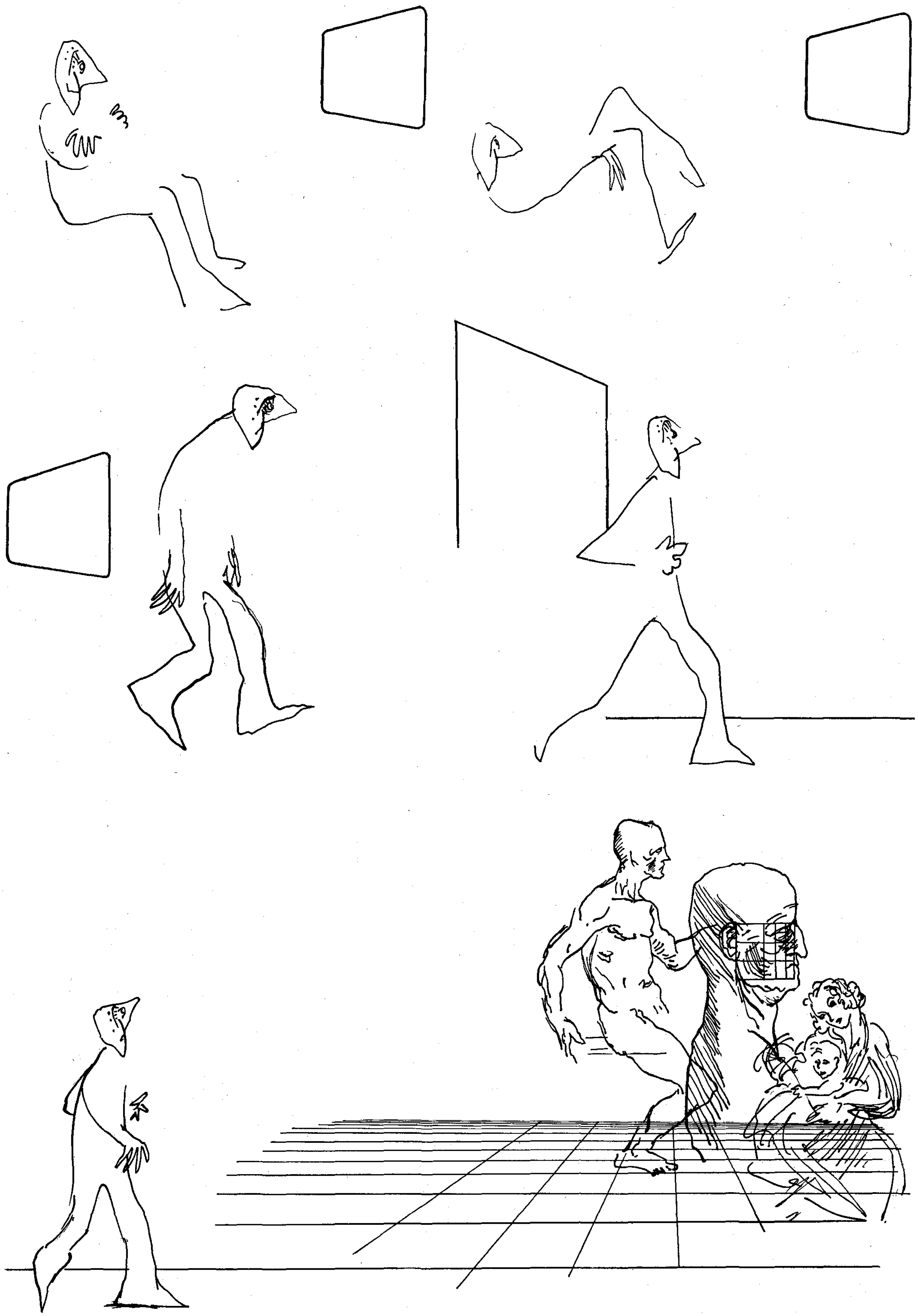
●

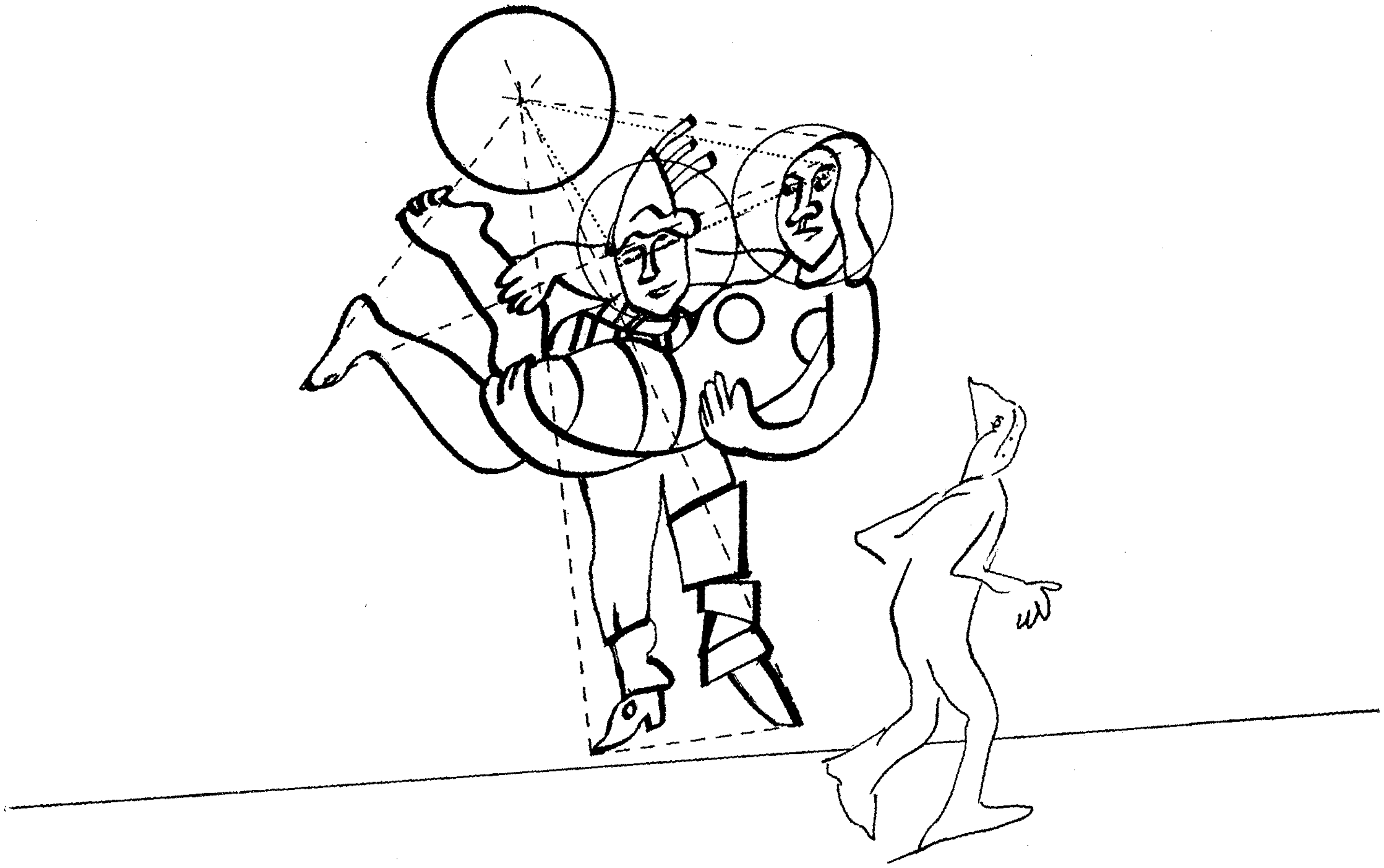
AS is their custom, the Justices closed the session with an informal musicale, playing a Corelli *gigg.* Justices Hapgood, Hapworth, Happner, and Happer performed on violin, Justice Happell on bassoon, Justice Happsberger on harpsichord, Justice Happold on oboe, Justice Hapenny on flute, and Chief Justice Happ on viola d'amore.

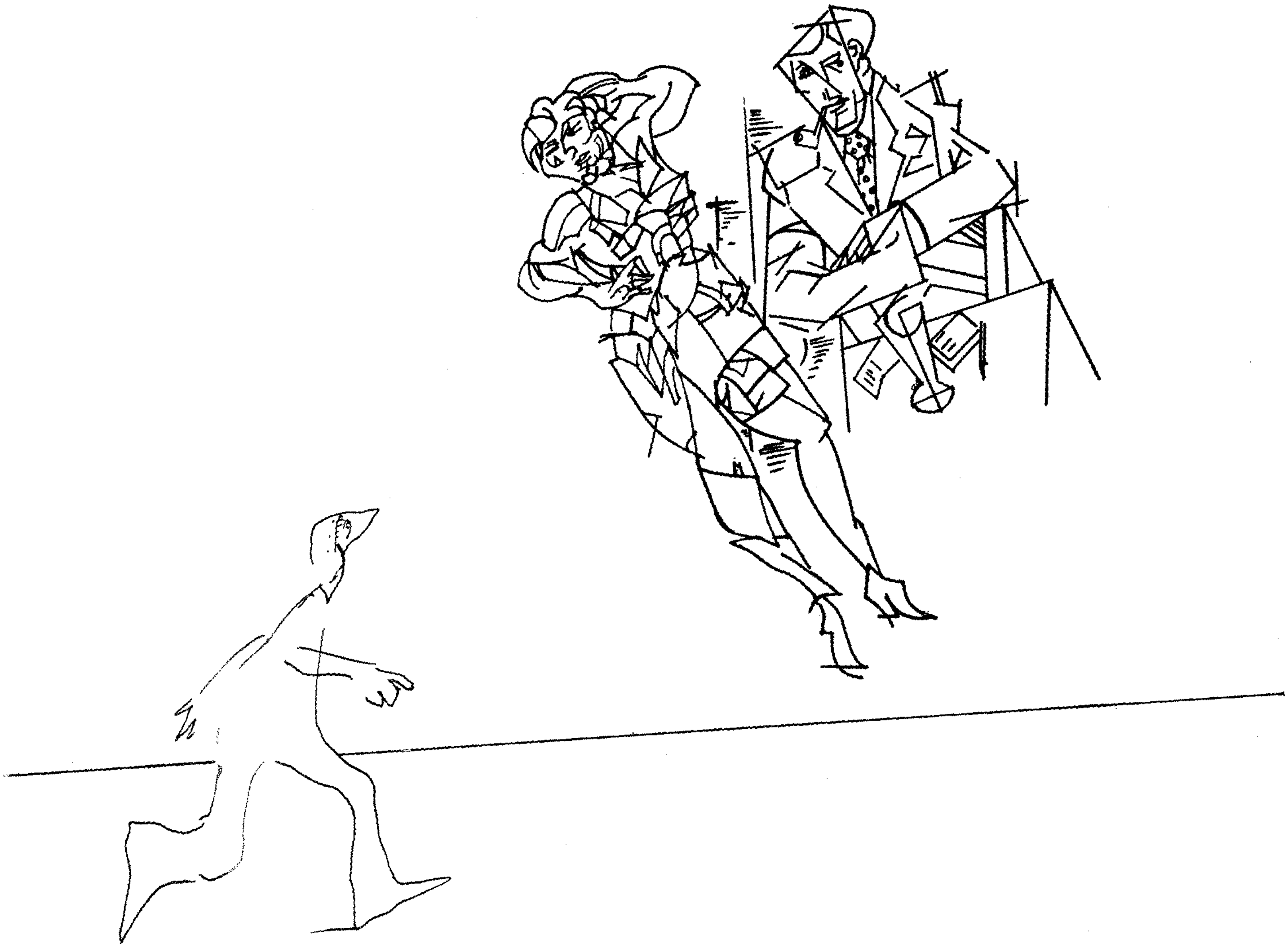
—VERONICA GENG

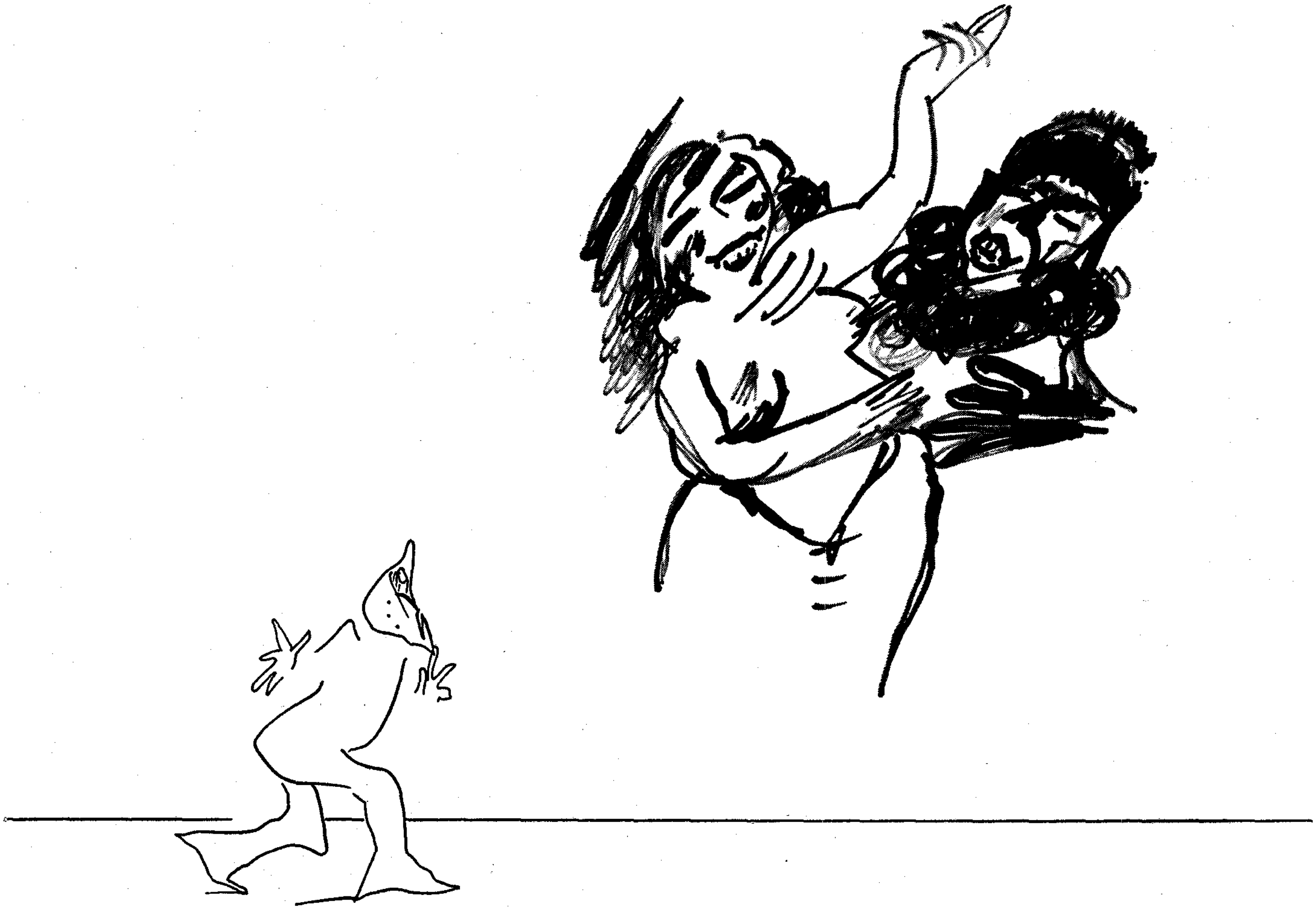


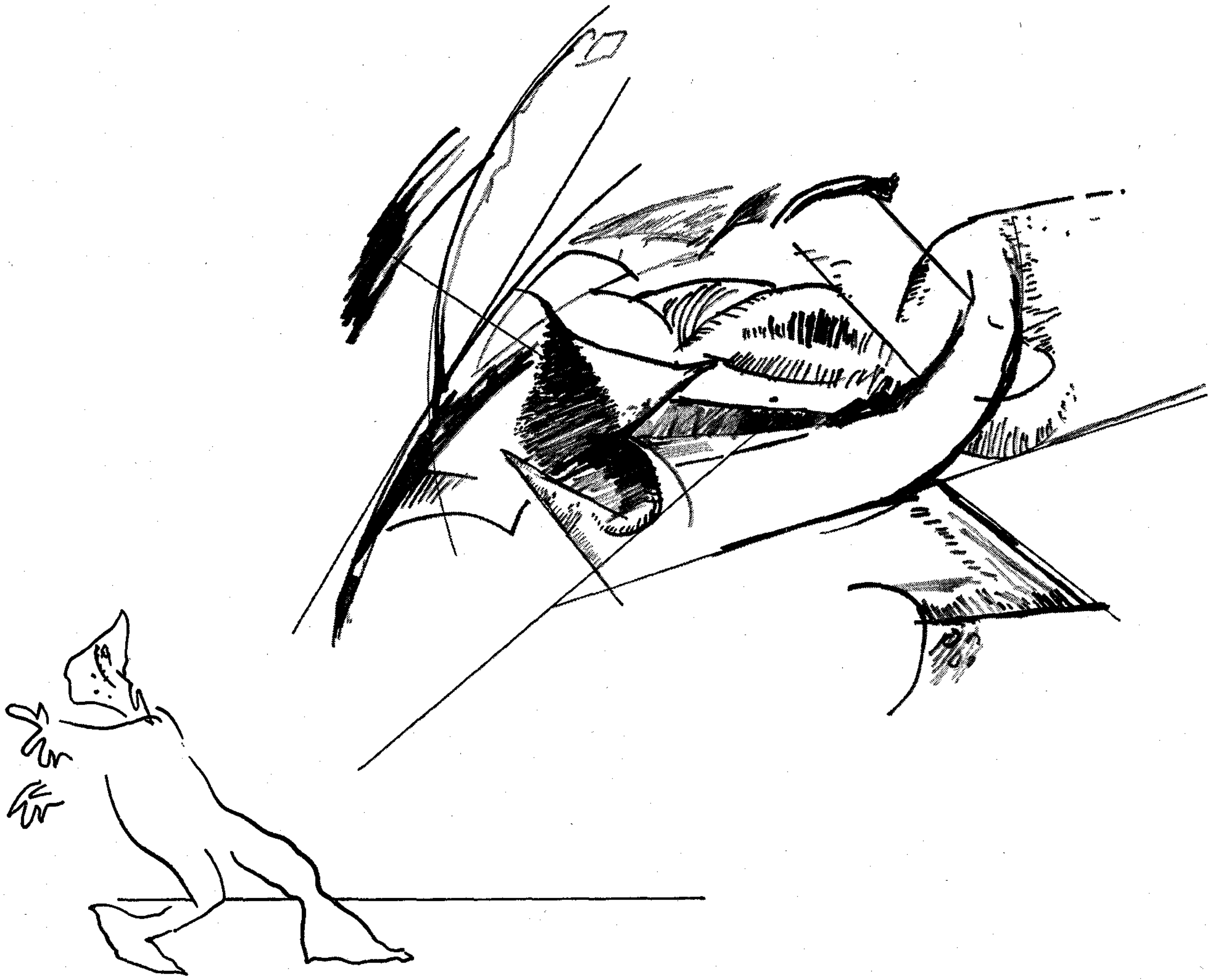
SCREEN

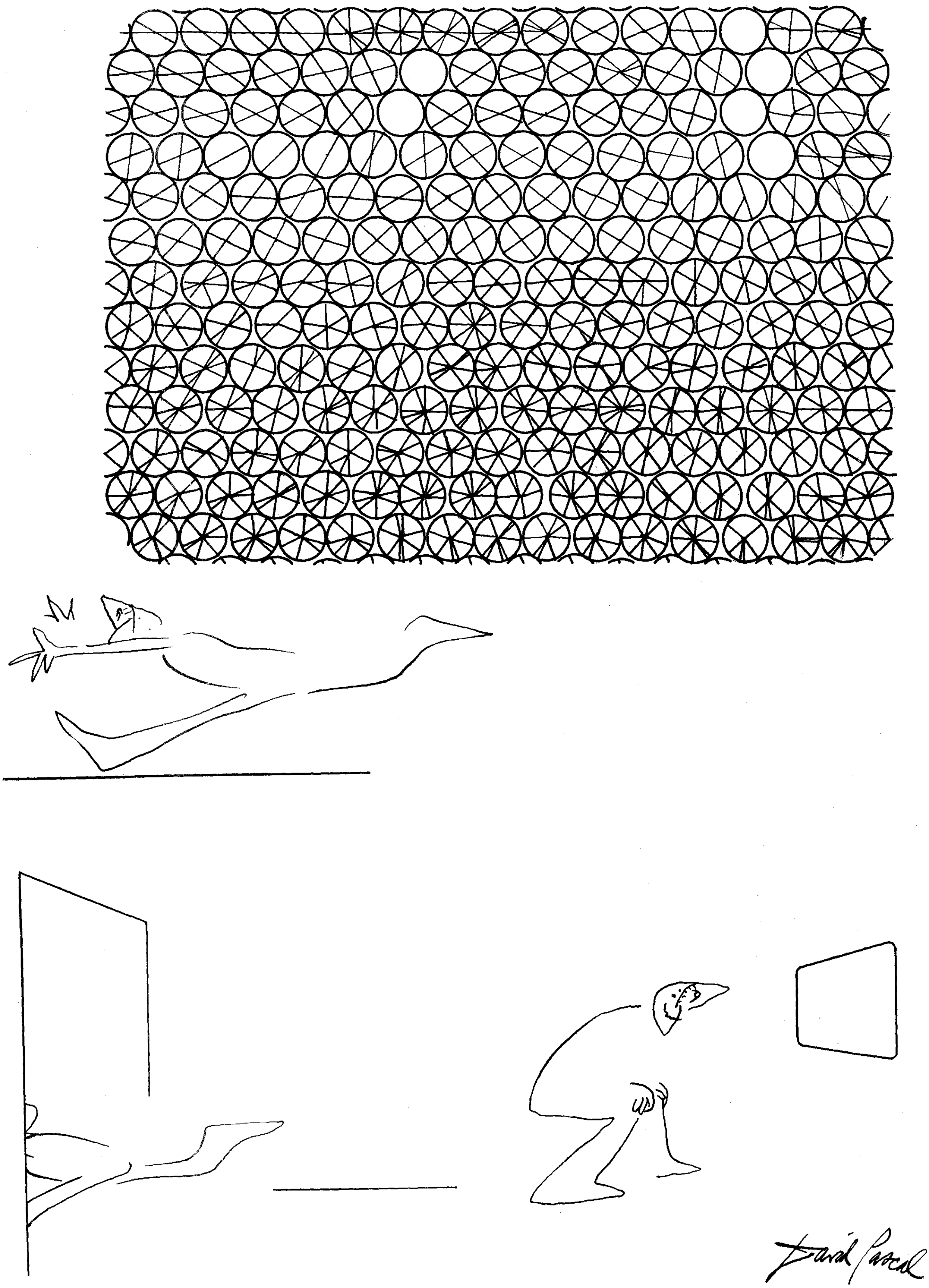












David Pascal

BIRDSONG

PA loved singing birds—canaries, warblers, wrens—and birds that chirped. We set out this day, Pa and I, with a corrugated box, a stick, and bread crumbs, and got on a bus to the Jerome Park Reservoir quarry. We got out at the quarry, and in some wayside shrubbery we set up the box on the stick, with some bread crumbs underneath. Pa had a plan for the bird we'd trap. We'd get a large cage, plenty of birdseed, and a water tray. Then we'd catch other birds.

The temperature was over ninety, and we decided to go in for a dip. Pa edged in up to his waist. Suddenly he stepped into water over his head. Pa couldn't swim. Finally, some men got him out and began artificial respiration. With each squeeze, unbelievable volumes of water gushed from his nose and mouth. If I had been able to swim, maybe I could have saved him. I was ten years old.

When I got home, I stumbled into my parents' bedroom, found Pa's side of the bed, and threw myself on it face downward. Pa was dead.

"LEON, money slipped through your father's fingers like sand," Ma said a week after Pa's funeral. "It was all the same with him as long as it went out fast. He goes and drowns, takes off and leaves me. That was his nature. A born gambler, he never brought home a full pay envelope. In perfect health in the morning, dead in the afternoon. He takes off. Goodbye, and that's that."

In the weeks after Pa died, I stayed up as late as I could, afraid of nightmares catching hold of me. We played bingo a lot. The first night we played, we found out that it eased our pain just to call the numbers in cadence:

"B–8."

"B–8."

"N–35."

"N–35."

My brother, Ronald, had bingo. Then Ma, then me, then my sister, Marion. I reminded Ma that it was just three weeks since Pa had won ten dollars at punchboard and had taken us to Loew's Paradise for the movie and stage show. We had arrived just in time to see Oscar and his gold-and-silver organ rise on a turning column—around and around, bells ringing, canaries chirping, Oscar in a purple jacket, his long arms sweeping over the keys, buttons, and knobs.

A FEW weeks after Pa's death, some friends came for a visit. Mrs. Farinello, a dark, handsome woman from apartment 2-G, came over with a pot of macaroni. "I lit a candle for Max after Mass this morning," Mrs. Farinello said. Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins, friends from around the corner on Honeywell Avenue, came in, and Mrs. Wilkins kissed Ma and tried to cheer her up with neighborhood gossip. Uncle Harry arrived. He grabbed my sister, Marion, tossed her up in the air and caught her, rubbed her face with his mustache, and shouted, "I'm a sea monster with eight legs and three eyes!"

Ma was crying again. "I sit here for hours and Max is never out of my mind," she said. "Sometimes I think I hear him calling in the next room. I don't want to live anymore."

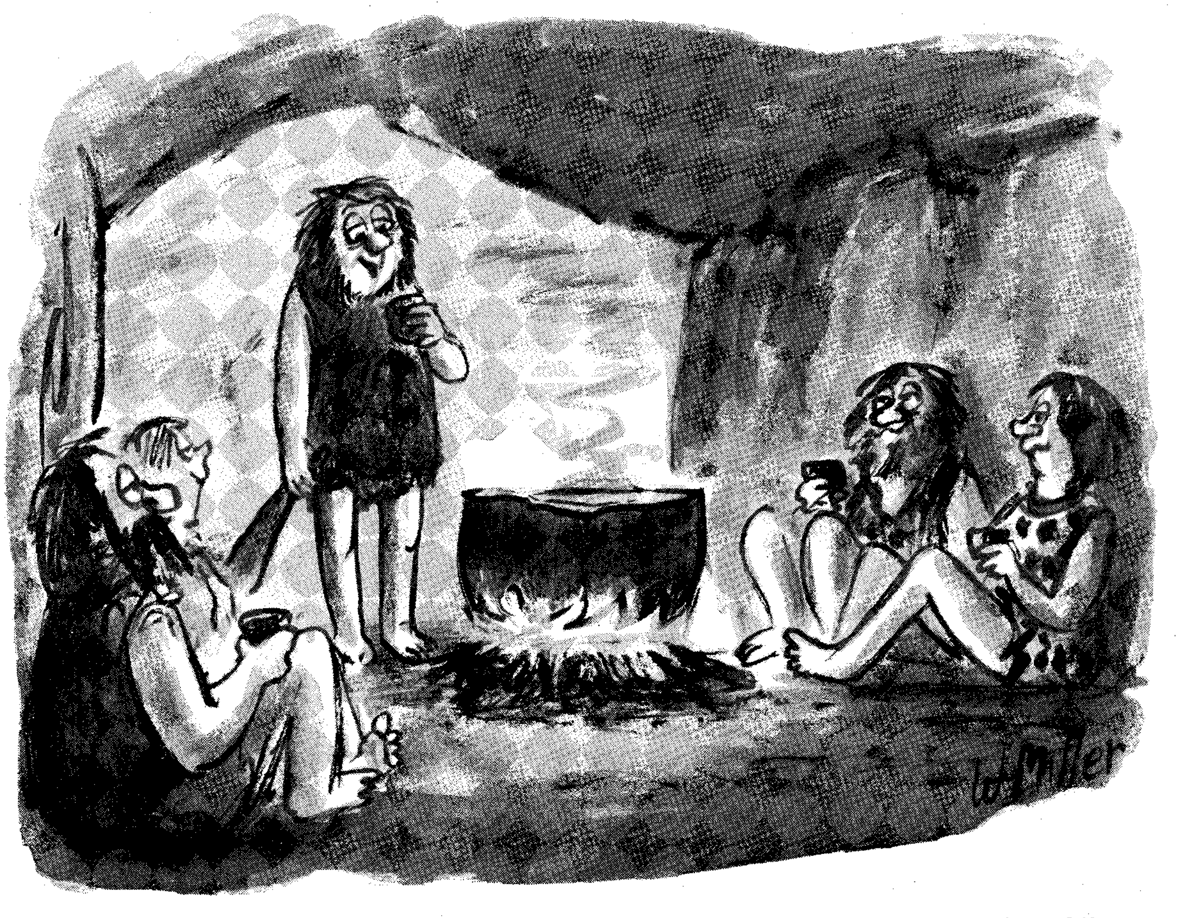
Uncle Harry gave a sympathetic groan. "Drezzle," he said, "for dying you have plenty of time."

Mr. Petrucci, our latest boarder, an elderly man, came and suggested we all play bingo. My brother, Ronald, ran for the cards and buttons, and we seated ourselves around the large dining-room table. We played a penny a number, and soon Uncle Harry pretended great losses.

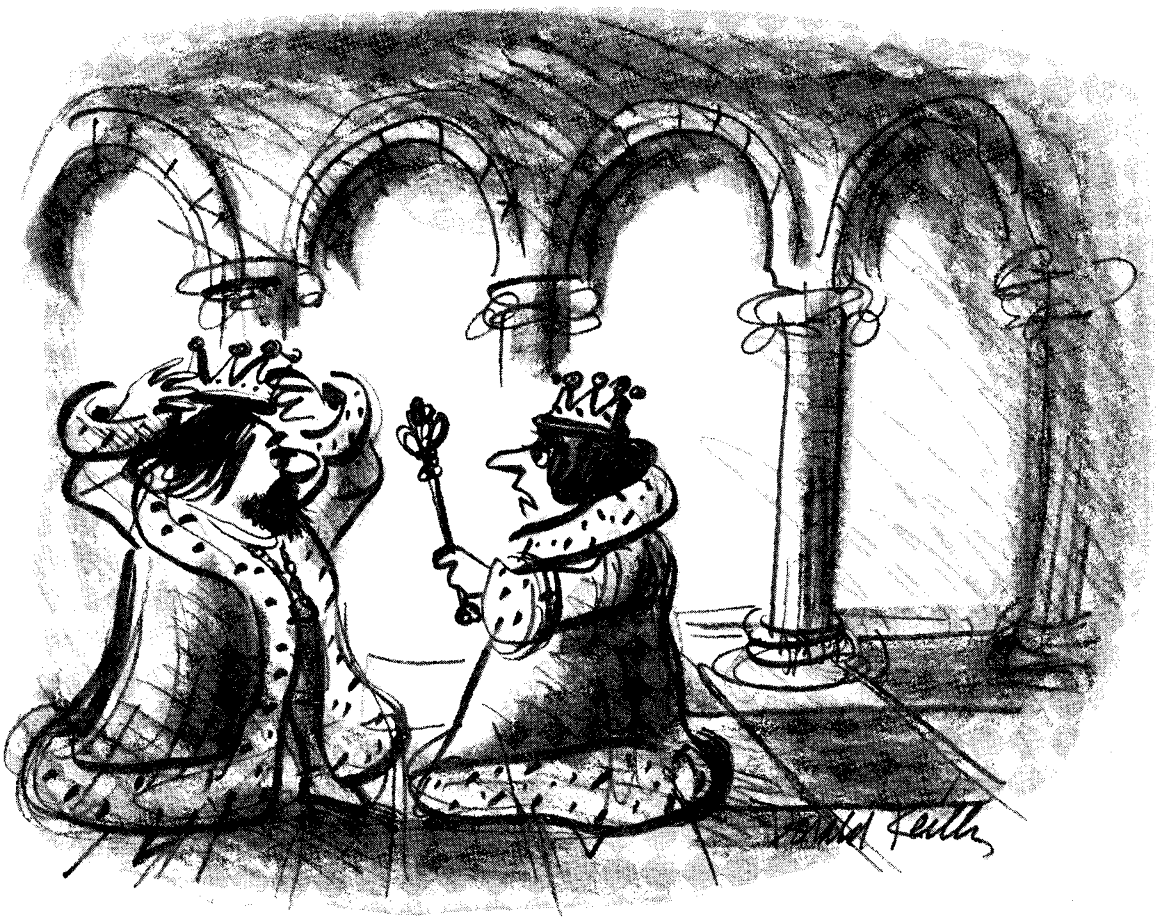
"Drezzle," he cried, "I've lost everything!" He flayed himself. He added up the sum again and again. He cross-checked it. How much did it actually come to? It came to more each time. He went for a pencil and began to add all over again. Uncle Harry was very funny. "I'll say this for Max," he told Ma. "Win, lose, or draw, Max always left the card table with a smile on his lips and a wave of the hand."

I remembered a night Pa brought three men home to play poker. At first, he was giving cards and taking cards as politely as could be. Then things went wrong for Pa, and he began to speak sharply. They weren't playing for the fun of it. They shouted numbers at each other. Ma, my brother and sister, and I sat on chairs against the wall, afraid to breathe. Pa was pounding the table with both hands. He didn't have a cent left in front of him.

Uncle Harry shout-



"Hey, what is this stuff? It makes everything I think seem profound."



"Here's your sceptre, and I hope a lot of little things don't eat into your day."

ed "Bingo!" and broke up laughing, pulling in the pennies on the table. "Max," he said, "was one of those fellows who could show two aces and a king and then, almost in the act of throwing the cards, palm the king and substitute a third ace. N–39."

"N–39," said Mr. Wilkins. He picked up a Kewpie doll from the floor and squeezed it. It squeaked "Mama!" and the company laughed. My sister said, "That's Dottie Darling," and began to sniffle. The doll was her last birthday present from Pa. Mrs. Farinello put an arm around Marion and said that she once had a Diddums doll that said "Mama" and "La-la" when you moved the arms up and down. "We called him Little Happy," she said, "and we loved him dearly, and when we lost him we were heartbroken."

"Are we playing dolls or bingo?" said Uncle Harry. "G–64."

Ma told everybody about the time Pa disappeared for a few weeks. When he returned, Ma wouldn't let him in the door. He tried to get through a window from the fire escape. I saw his face staring at me through the glass. His lips were moving, but I couldn't hear the words. Ma had mended his suit in a hundred places, patching the lining in every shape and color. The suit was falling apart. The moths had eaten the sleeves. Pa was out of work that winter. We were eating less and less.

Mr. Wilkins piled up his pennies. He winked at Ma and said, "Drezzle, since Shirley and I got married, I haven't looked at another woman. She was enough. I–16."

Everybody laughed except Ma. "I–16," said Mrs. Wilkins. "I never knew real happiness until we got married, and then it was too late."

"Marriage is all right for people with children," said Uncle Harry. His laugh reminded me of Pa.

I remembered Pa's voice calling me from the elephant house in the Bronx Zoo—a sudden "Leon!" sent shivers down my back. The first week after Pa was dead, I had waited every night at the station, hoping that he would get off the seven-o'clock train. One dream returned over and over: Pa had been seen in the neighborhood and then I ran into him. He was walking with a strange woman on Belmont Avenue. He looked different. His hair was dyed black and his eyebrows were off, replaced by a cosmetic line in an arch. There were hints of purple and violet under his skin, forming a tracery across his cheeks and nose. Seeing my astonishment, he reached out and shook hands with me. "Leon, I hope I haven't fallen in your esteem," he said. His eyes grew moist. "It was only yesterday, Leon, that I put a Tinkertoy in the mail for you." I chased after Pa and the woman, hiding behind ashcans and parked cars, through a maze of streets and alleyways. Shaking with panic, I wanted to jump out, to plant myself in front of Pa and make him come home again.

Mrs. Wilkins poked me and said, "Leon, pay attention. N–42."

Uncle Harry recalled the time he and Pa were out of work, "busted and disgusted." They had gone to the race track with their last five dollars and had come home loaded with groceries. "Drezzle, do you remember the string of frankfurters around Max's neck?" Uncle Harry laughed until tears rolled out of his eyes. He slapped the table with his hand, bouncing the bingo buttons off his card. Pa had had race-track fever that year. He had a new bookie. At one throw, Pa won two hundred dollars at Belmont. It went to his head, and he began raising his bets.

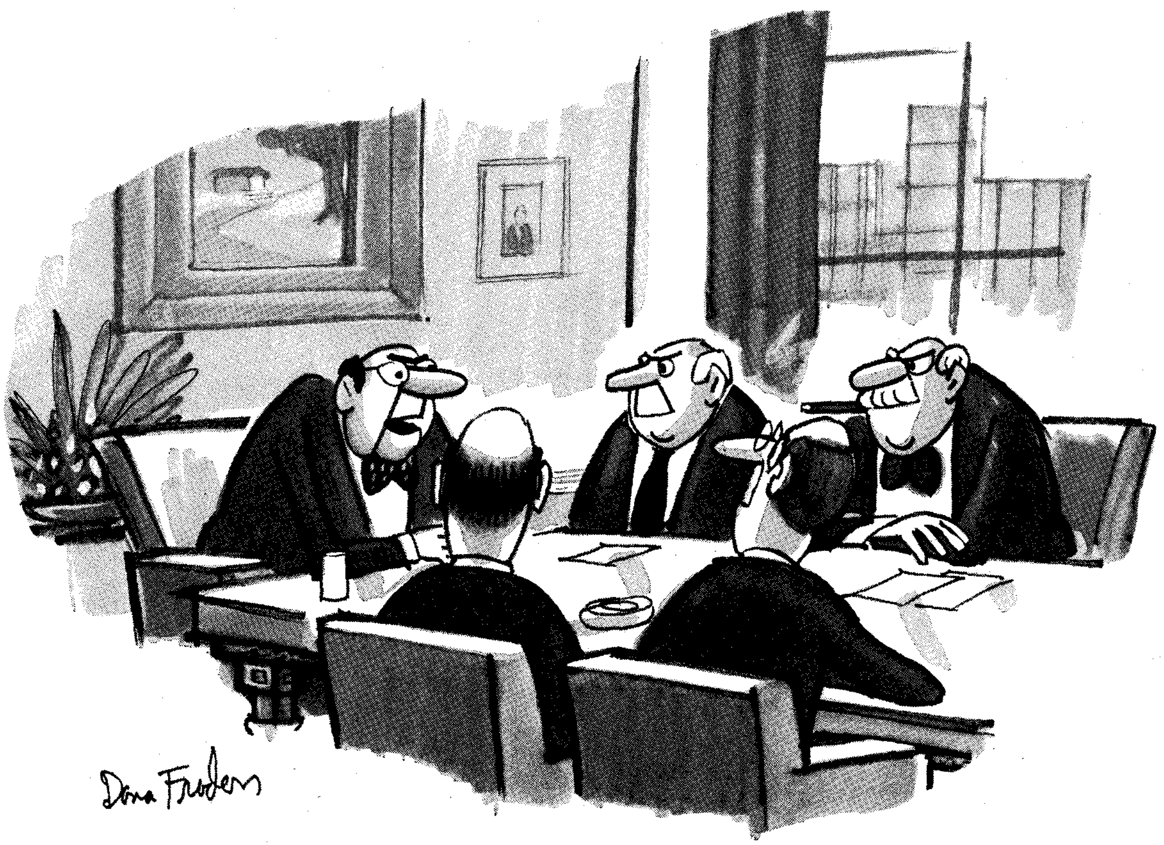
Mr. Petrucci shouted "Bingo!" and Ma got up to serve some tea. She came back from the kitchen crying, with a snapshot of Pa taken the year before at Coney Island.

Uncle Harry tried to cheer her up with a thought: "If we didn't have to eat, we'd all be rich." It didn't help. The tears poured down Ma's face, and my brother, Ronald, suddenly wailed, "Pa's never coming home again!"

Uncle Harry said, "I've been an orphan since I was six years old."

Uncle Harry? An orphan since he was six?

"We were eight children in our



"'Honesty is the best policy.' O.K.! Now, what's the second-best policy?"

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family," he said. "One evening in that terrible winter—it was twenty below outside. We were shivering, dressed in every stitch of clothing we had, listening to the ice cracking on the walls. That night, my mother and father went out into the forest for firewood. We never saw them again."

We all gasped.

"How we cried that day and for a hundred days after," said Uncle Harry.

Mrs. Farinello's chin quivered as she spoke: "I lost my dear husband, Mike, a few short years ago, and I've been alone since." She opened her purse and brought out an old "In Memoriam" column from the daily newspaper. Slowly she read, "In treasured memory of my dear husband, Mike, who fell asleep June 16, 1922.

Not a day do I forget you, Mike.
In my heart you are ever near
Loved, remembered, longed for
 always
Bringing many a silent tear."

She began to weep.

Mr. Wilkins said that his grandmother had departed this world recently, as had his wife's cousin Libby: "She was fine in the morning, color in her cheeks."

Mr. Petrucci remembered his cousin Louis, and Louis's wife, Carmella: "Some women flower up after marriage. Like chandeliers, full of tinkling pieces and bulbs. In this case, it was Louis who blossomed and got better-looking every day. Carmella wore the pants, and Cousin Louis never left her side for five minutes. Louis's white hair curled and flowed in splendor, as if to say, 'I'm Louis, I'm not finished yet!' He died last year, gorgeous to see, like he was ready for a wedding."

Ma gathered in the bingo numbers and began a new round. "B–13," she called.

Mrs. Farinello echoed, "B–13," her face wet with tears.

"O–9."

"O–9," said Mr. Petrucci.

"Mr. Petrucci here," said Ma, "is seventy-five years old and has all his own teeth. He's a picture of health. He doesn't even wear eyeglasses and has a full head of hair. He's a doll of a man. G–44."

Uncle Harry agreed: "He's a prince of a man."

"G–44," said Mr. Wilkins. "A gem of a person. He's got a golden heart."

Ma decided to tell a joke: "On a very hot day last summer, outside Epstein's candy store, an old man fainted away. People rushed to his side, calling, 'A man has fainted! Give him water! Give him water!' The old man raised his head and with great effort said to the bystanders, 'Could I have a malted instead, please?' "

We all laughed, and Uncle Harry said, "That's very funny, Drezzle, even if I heard it before."

THAT night, I dreamed that Pa opened the front door and came into the living room. But the living room looked different—like the entrance to the Park Plaza Hotel, softly lighted, with a thousand gleams from brightly polished brass, good Windsor chairs, and chandeliers. Pa had a raccoon coat thrown over his shoulders and a soft black hat on his head. His suit was of black broadcloth, and a long gold watch chain was draped across his vest. There was absolute silence for a moment, broken by the faint barking of a dog in the distance. "Sea Biscuit!" Pa shouted. "At ten to one! Do you hear me? One thousand dollars, to be exact! In my pocket!" Dear Pa. All our friends and neighbors were waiting and stepped forward to welcome him home again. A lustre came over the great room, and I was aware of a new sound—the combined singing of thousands of birds, the sound that makes the Bronx spring so lovely. I did not hear one above the others—all were blended in a wonderful harmony—but by very close listening, I seemed able to pick out individual birds. There were wrens and blackbirds and thrushes, hedge sparrows, warblers, starlings and whippoorwills, and a hundred others, and their singing came in one sweet song of heavenly music. —Lou Myers

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Would we have to ride a horse?

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE ONE-WAY MIRROR

ON a hot, clear day in July, I rang the doorbell of a small, neat house in one of those new suburbs where the trees on the streets are still short and spindly and the bushes that hug the sides of the houses are more evocative of the word "landscaping" than of greenness and shade. A middle-aged couple came to the door and greeted me in a friendly way. Beyond them I saw a teenage girl in jeans stirring a pot on the stove.

Although this was my first visit to the house and my first meeting with the Brauns (as I shall call them), it was not the first time I had seen them. For an hour a week over a period of eight weeks, I had sat behind a one-way mirror in an observation room in a psychiatric clinic and watched and listened to their sessions with a new breed of healer called a family therapist. The therapist was a young woman psychiatrist named Lee Combrinck-Graham, and the clinic was the Philadelphia Child Guidance Clinic. My presence in the observation room had been arranged by a leading figure in the family-therapy field, Salvador Minuchin, who was teaching Lee Combrinck-Graham and four other young psychiatrists how to do what he calls "structural" family therapy.

At the clinic, my first sight of the Brauns was of a couple at their wit's end. They backed into the treatment room angry and upset, futilely remonstrating with their daughter, Yvonne, who was still in the entryway, out of sight of the observers. "I am not going in," I could hear the girl say, in a stubborn, angry voice. "No way."

The parents coaxed, begged, and finally shouted at her.

"Yvonne, get in here this minute!" the father bellowed.

"Yvonne, why are you acting this way?" the mother said. "You promised you'd try it once."

"I did not," the girl said with cold rage. "I told you I did not want to come. I told you I wanted to go back to Dr. Horace."

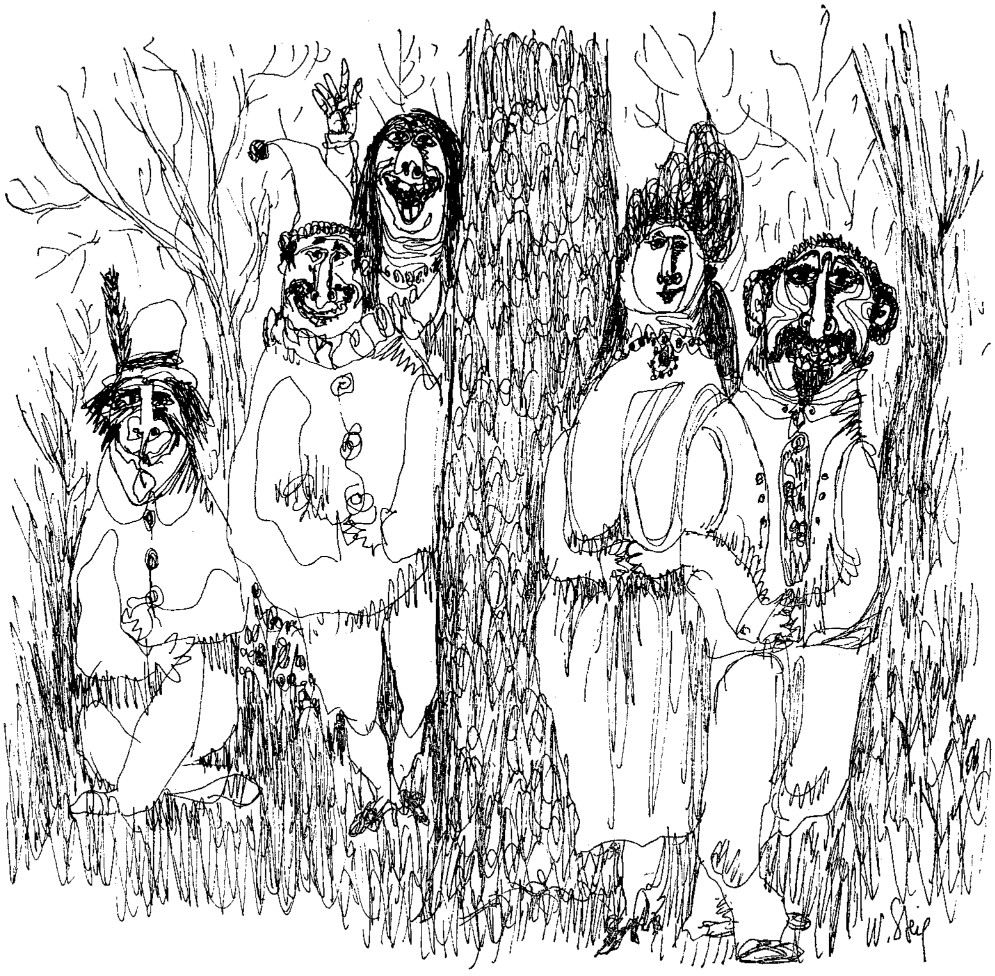
Lee Combrinck-Graham, an attractive blonde with a brisk, cheerful manner, talked to the girl in a more even-handed manner but with no greater success.

In the observation room, Minuchin, a wiry, swarthy man with a graying mustache, who speaks in an intense, authoritative way with an unplaceable foreign accent, frowned and said, "Lee can't win this. We must think of an alternative to offer the girl." He picked up a telephone and pushed a button sounding a buzzer in the treatment room. Lee got on her end of the phone, and Minuchin said to her, "What if the girl stays where she is—out of view—and we bring her a chair?"

Lee nodded, and Minuchin sent one of the students out with a chair to be placed in the entryway. The maneuver worked. The session proceeded, with the girl sitting out of sight but participating.

The facts of the case were these: The Brauns were a couple in their forties. He was a field supervisor for the telephone company, and she worked in a day-care center. They had two daughters—Estelle, now married and out of the house, and Yvonne, fifteen, a sophomore in high school. A few months earlier, Yvonne had become depressed and had stopped going to school. The parents took her to a Dr. Horace (as I shall call him), who gave her antidepressant drugs in increasingly high dosages and finally pronounced her condition to be one of psychotic depression, requiring hospitalization. The parents, concerned about the high dosages and looking for an alternative to hospitalization, remembered hearing about the family therapy that was being done at the Child Guidance Clinic. They called the clinic and were accepted for treatment by Lee, but on the condition that they lend themselves to being observed and videotaped, since the class time with Minuchin was the only time she had available. The parents accepted the stipulation, over the daughter's objection.

Now, in the treatment room, Lee embarked on a conversation with the Brauns, in which the parents—mostly the mother—talked about Yvonne's condition (how she stayed in her room for long periods of time, how the drugs affected her, how she didn't eat), and the girl sullenly answered questions from Lee about school and complained about her parents. "Why can't they leave me alone?" she said in a nasty,



Mummers

depressed, indrawn voice. "They're always hitting me and yelling at me. They come into my room and ask me if I want something. What I want is to be *left alone*."

After about five minutes, Minuchin began to grow restless and shift around in his swivel chair. "This isn't going in the right direction," he said. He abruptly got up and entered the treatment room. He introduced himself to the parents and to the offstage daughter, and then said to the mother, "I don't know. Maybe I'm wrong. But, frankly, I think the problem in this family is that you're treating your daughter like a baby. You won't let her grow up. You're behaving like someone who is in need of a baby." He turned to the husband. "I think you should try and help your wife to grow up, so your daughter can grow up," he said. "I think as things are now your daughter cannot grow up." Minuchin returned to the observation room. The husband looked puzzled, and the wife was shaken. "If I'm doing a number on the kid, I want to know about it," Mrs. Braun said to Lee.

"Maybe *you* can comment on this, Mr. Braun," Lee said.

Mr. Braun began to complain about his wife. He said that she "screamed and hollered." Mrs. Braun began to cry. He went on to report that she had said she couldn't take it anymore and was going to leave. Mrs. Braun, through her tears, accused her husband of leaving everything to her; it was all too much for her, she said.

In the observation room, Minuchin listened to the argument and then said, "I'm going to attack the mother again." He reëntered the treatment room and said sternly to Mrs. Braun, "I am concerned about what you are saying. I am concerned that when you leave here today your daughter will go crazy again. And I think the reason she will do it is to save your marriage. Children sometimes act in very weird ways to save their parents' marriage." He turned to the girl and said, "Yvonne, I suggest that you go quite crazy today, so that your parents can become concerned about you. Then things will be O.K. between them. You seem to be a good daughter, so you will go crazy, and your father will support your mother in taking care of you, and things will be O.K." To the parents, he went on, "I think that your daughter is trying to save your marriage. It is a bizarre thing to say, I know. But sometimes children are so protective of their parents that they sacrifice themselves. I think that Yvonne has kind of perceived that you are at the deep end, and she is saving you by being crazy, so you will organize yourselves." He started to leave, and then, pausing in the doorway, he said to the girl, "You're a good daughter, and if you see a danger, go crazy."

The parents started talking about their marriage, and Lee told the girl that she could leave if she wanted to, since what her parents were saying didn't concern her. "Do you think you'll go crazy when you get home?" Lee asked her.

FROM THE JOURNALS OF THE FROG PRINCE

In March I dreamed of mud,
sheets of mud over the ballroom chairs and table,
rainbow slicks of mud under the throne.
In April I saw mud of clouds and mud of sun.
Now in May I find excuses to linger in the kitchen
for wafts of silt and ale,
cinnamon and river bottom,
tender scallion and sour underlog.

At night I cannot sleep.
I am listening for the dribble of mud
climbing the stairs to our bedroom
as if a child in a wet bathing suit ran
up them in the dark.

Last night I said, "Face it, you're bored
How many times can you live over
with the same excitement
that moment when the princess leans
into the well, her face a petal
falling to the surface of the water
as you rise like a bubble to her lips,
the golden ball bursting from your mouth?"
Remember how she hurled you against the wall,
your body cracking open,
skin shrivelling to the bone,
the green pod of your heart splitting in two,
and her face imprinted with every moment
of your transformation?

I no longer tremble.

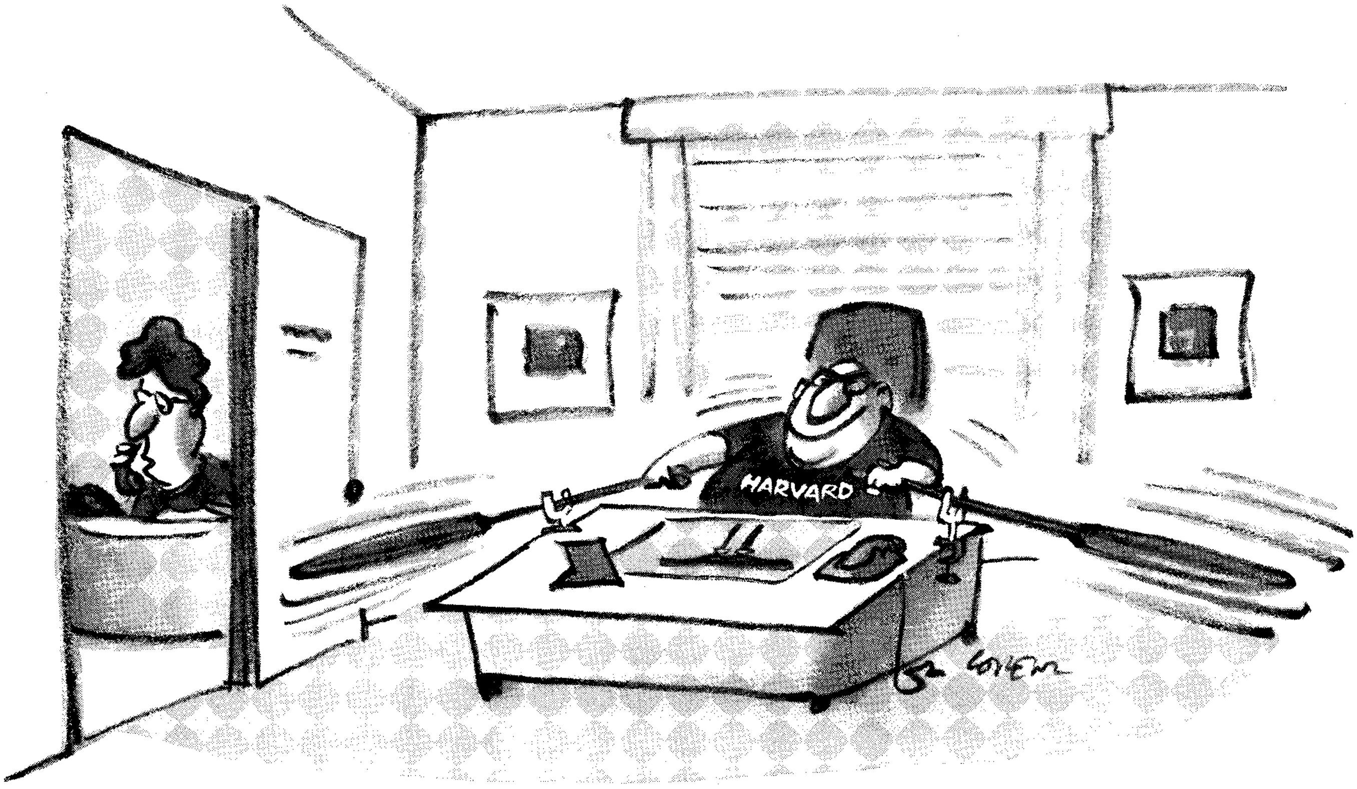
Night after night I lie beside her.
"Why is your forehead so cool and damp?" she asks.
Her breasts are soft and dry as flour.
The hand that brushes my head is feverish.
At her touch I long for wet leaves,
the slap of water against rocks.

"What are you thinking of?" she asks.
How can I tell her
I am thinking of the green skin
shoved like wet pants behind the Directoire desk?
Or tell her I am mortgaged to the hilt
of my sword, to the leek-green tip of my soul?
Someday I will drag her by her hair
to the river—and what? Drown her?
Show her the green flame of my self rising at her feet?
But there's no more violence in her
than in a fence or a gate.

"What are you thinking of?" she whispers.
I am staring into the garden.
I am watching the moon
wind its trail of golden slime around the oak,
over the stone basin of the fountain.
How can I tell her
I am thinking that transformations are not forever?

—SUSAN MITCHELL

• •



"Mr. Whitlocke can't speak to you now. He's sculling on the Charles."

• •

"I don't know," the girl said. "If Alex talks to me, I will."

"Who is Alex?"

"He's in my head."

"O.K.," Lee said, after a slight pause.

In the observation room, Minuchin creaked in his chair and shook his head. "That was a mistake. She shouldn't have let the girl go. The girl should have been made to stay, because she has to correct her mistaken notion that she is needed to save the marriage." He listened to the dialogue between the parents for a few minutes and then said impatiently, "The mood is too relaxed. They are now in a non-stressful session. You need stress for transformation." Once again he entered the treatment room, and once again he went on the attack. He said that the father patronized the mother and humored her and treated her like a child, and as a result the daughter was very childish. "I don't think your daughter is crazy. I don't see any signs of craziness but, rather, of childishness," he said. Then he left, and Lee left, too, after telling the parents to talk to each other.

Their dialogue was at once touching and artificial—stiff, careful, and overformal. They were conscious of being observed.

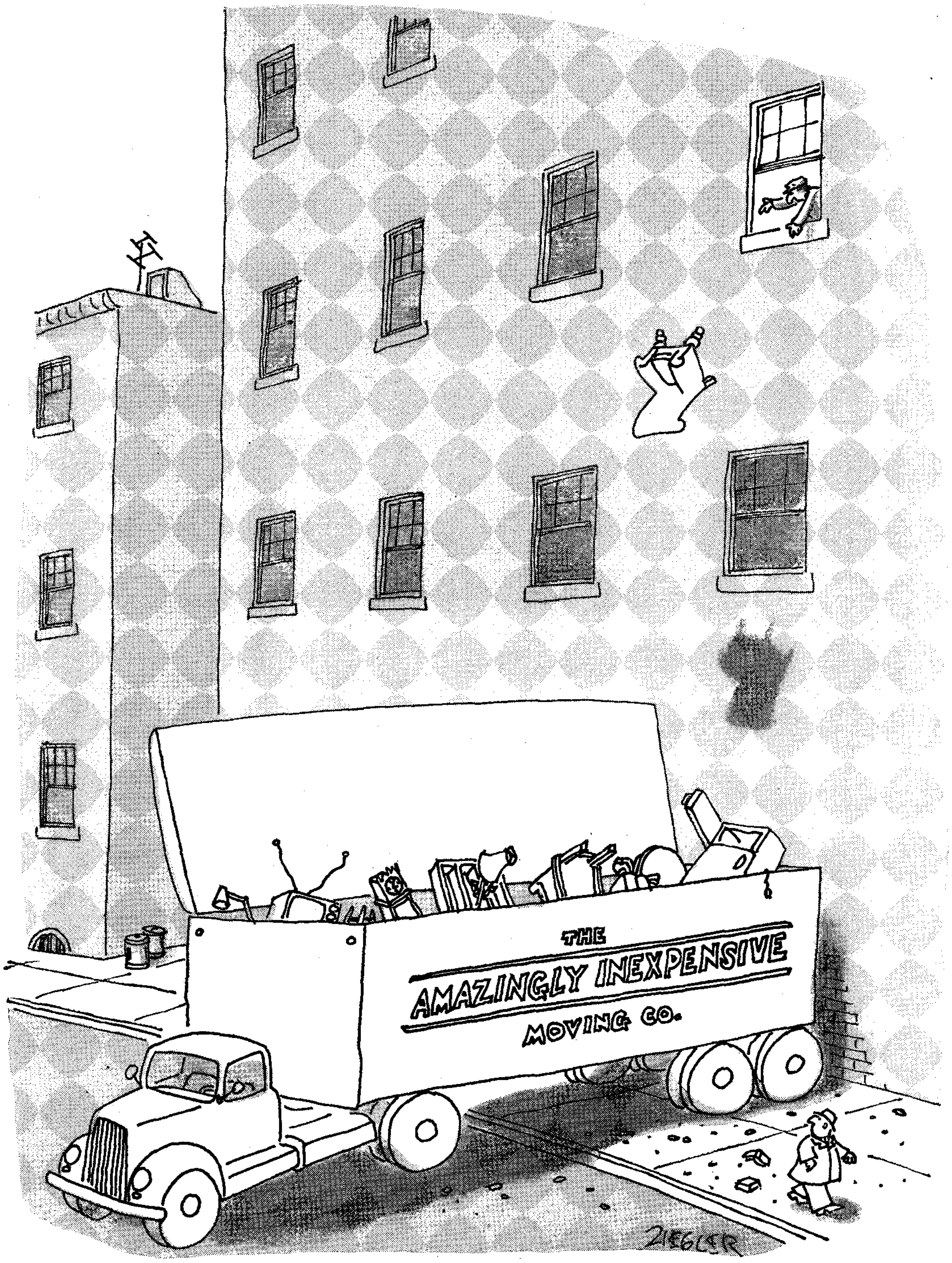
"What have I done wrong?" Mrs. Braun said.

"It may not be just you," Mr. Braun said. "Maybe it's me, too."

"We don't communicate," Mrs. Braun said.

FAMILY therapy emerged in the mid-fifties, when a number of people working with mental patients in different parts of the country began to reëxamine a phenomenon that had plagued psychiatry since Mesmer's day. This was the strange way that a patient's relatives behaved as soon as he improved under psychotherapy. Unlike a cure achieved by a surgeon or an internist, psychiatric improvement was greeted by the sufferer's family not with relief and gratitude but with displeasure, suspicion, and anxiety, and sometimes even with the eruption of symptoms in another member of the family. Families either would pull the patient out of treatment (Freud reports several such cases) or, if they allowed treatment to continue, would subtly undermine its effects. Schizophrenics who had been helped by psychotherapy in the hospital would relapse soon after going home. Sometimes even a visit to the hospital by a relative would trigger psychotic behavior. Children and adolescents—who had nowhere to go but to their families—were particularly susceptible. To the people who were to become known as the pioneers of family therapy, it began to seem that the psychoanalyst's rule about relatives—the therapist should see only the patient, to avoid contaminating his therapeutic relationship—could profitably be ignored in certain cases, such as that of a hospitalized adolescent schizophrenic who was to return home. They began to call in the rest of the family.

This small, innocuous-looking step proved to have enormous consequences—was a leap, in fact, into a new field of psychotherapy. From the moment that there were more than two people in the treatment room, the therapist found himself obliged to think and behave in a different way. His focus necessarily shifted from its accustomed place within the individual psyche to a new place, *outside* and *between* people. From the early practitioners' accounts, one gathers that they did not so much invent family therapy as have it thrust on them. Coming in as protectors of a patient against his relatives, they remained as critics of the way that everyone in the family behaved—the patient included. The original view of the patient as the victim of a conspiracy to keep him sick yielded to the notion that the family itself was sick—that *it* needed treatment, rather than the "patient," who was only, and almost accidentally, an emblem of the family's disorder. An early family therapist named Don Jack-



son employed the term "family homeostasis" to express the constant force within each family that maintains the status quo, in the way that the thermostat of a heating system governs the temperature. All unhappy families, he thought, are alike in the ruthless destructiveness of their homeostasis, which exacts illness or misery from family members in order to keep going. When a member of this sort of family gets sick, it is in response to a threat to the family's equilibrium; when a psychiatrist intervenes and "cures" the patient, the family is thrown into a new disequilibrium and (like a thermostat activated by someone throwing open a window) gets to work to reëstablish its balance.

This new view of the psychiatric symptom as a reflection of a current interpersonal situation, rather than of an inner conflict rooted in the past, was a radical shift in thinking about mental illness, and it brought therapists face to face with the question of what to do with their previous training. To many, the Freudian baggage of the unconscious, the id, the ego, the superego, repression, transference, and so on, seemed more of an encumbrance than a help; seeing themselves as mechanics at work on a dysfunctional system (though at work they more closely resemble traffic cops or stage directors or union arbitrators), they found the psychoanalyst's tools useless for the job. Other therapists were reluctant to throw out the baby with the bathwater and believed that psychoanalytic concepts could be pressed into service for family therapy. From the start, practitioners in the family field have been split on this issue, one group seeing family therapy as a total break with psychoanalytically oriented individual therapy, and the other seeing it as an evolutionary phenomenon, a logical next step in the revision of Freud expressed by Harry Stack Sullivan, Karen Horney, Erich Fromm, and other "interpersonal" analysts. Whether one group helps people more than the other is not known; studies of family-therapy results are as inconclusive as studies of the results of all other forms of therapy, tending only to confirm the thought that in therapy everything succeeds if the therapist is convinced it will. But the non-Freudian family therapists—sometimes called the communications, or systems, group—have one visible advantage over the Freudians: they have produced a body of theoretic writing that is lucid, logical, orderly, and persuasive to an outsider, while the psychoanalytic writings are muddled and inchoate, as if the writers were trying to multiply horses by oranges.

Perhaps the most difficult idea for even the most dégagé of the communications thinkers to shed was a notion basic not only to psychoanalysis but to humanistic thinking in general: that change comes about through understanding—that if you delve deep enough into yourself and gain enough insight into your motivations you will be equipped to deal with practically any problem of living. Advanced thinking in family therapy denies this, maintaining that change comes about in some other way and is achieved without the awareness of the person being changed. The techniques of family therapy, consequently, are designed not to get people to understand their behavior but simply to get them—sometimes even by trickery or manipulation—to change it. As

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Jay Haley, the leading theorist of the communications school, rather cynically wrote in a 1971 paper, “Talking to family members about understanding each other is necessary, because something must be talked about and families expect this form of discussion, but change really comes about through interactional processes set off when a therapist intervenes actively and directively in particular ways in a family system, and quite independently of the awareness of the participants about how they have been behaving.” Or, as the family therapist Carl Whitaker once said, “This business of ‘If you figure it out, that will solve it’ is the sorriest I ever heard of. I believe that insight is a by-product of change. You have to go past it to see what it is.”

“A raise is out of the question, Hicks, but I will move you up a notch in the pecking order.”

Another shibboleth of psychiatry that has been set on its head by family therapy is the patient’s right to privacy and confidentiality. Early in the movement, the use of tape recorders and one-way mirrors became a regular practice, and within the last five years the videotaping of sessions has been commonplace. This makes it possible to teach family therapy as therapy has never before been taught. Individual therapy had been (and largely continues to be) taught by hearsay: the student hears from his teachers what they do in their practice, and the supervisor hears from his student how he is doing in treating *his* patients, with everybody depending on notes taken during or after sessions. In contrast, family therapy is taught by direct observation: students learn by watching tapes of senior therapists at work, and by being observed, in turn, at their work. The feeling among family therapists is that it is crucially important to remove the filter of a biassed consciousness through which descriptions of therapy have traditionally been transmitted to students. It has even been argued that, far from depriving the patient of his civil rights, the open session actually protects them. As Augustus Napier maintains in his introduction to “The Book of Family Therapy,” “Our insistence on visibility and openness . . . may be instrumental to a search for equality and for common purpose among people, [since] the tyrannies of groups over individuals, and the conspiracies of individuals against themselves, and even the maintenance of incompetence and inaction, are dependent on secrecy.” In another section of this essay, Napier exults over family therapy’s break with psychoanalysis:

> We are, families and therapists, in pursuit of the moment, in pursuit of confrontation and embrace and dialogue in the clarion, crisp now. We suspect the unseen, the unseeable: psychoanalysis’ reverence for the past and for the metaphysics of internal dialogue fades; families and therapists meet together and discover hopefulness in understanding and experiencing the present. . . . This faith in the present—perhaps it is not faith, but the realization that it is all we have—may have occurred because we have less faith in understanding, or more interest in experience, or because we realized that the examination of the past was a form of mysticism, because it was forever hypothetical and also lifeless.

This passage, reminiscent of much writing in the sixties by young and youngish people, belongs to what was perhaps the most vital, and was certainly the most self-conscious, period of the family-therapy movement. By the sixties, the various isolated groups and solitary workers had learned of one another’s existence and, whatever their theoretical differences, were banded together, remaining united throughout the decade by a sense of common revolutionary cause. Today, looking back on the period of family therapy’s efflorescence, one can see the many sociological, psychological, political, and economic factors that favored it and that make its emergence seem a kind of historical inevitability. But there may be reason, too, to attribute the special character and form that family therapy assumed to a historical accident. This was the appearance in the field of a man who had no business being there, who has since left it (for work with dolphins!), but who briefly lent it the intellectual dazzle that large, eccentric minds shed wherever they alight, and who radically altered its future course. He was the English anthropologist Gregory Bateson, who stumbled into family therapy by way of a project dealing with paradox in human and animal communication, for which he received a Rockefeller Foundation grant in the fall of 1952.

The starting point for the project, Bateson has recalled, was a visit to

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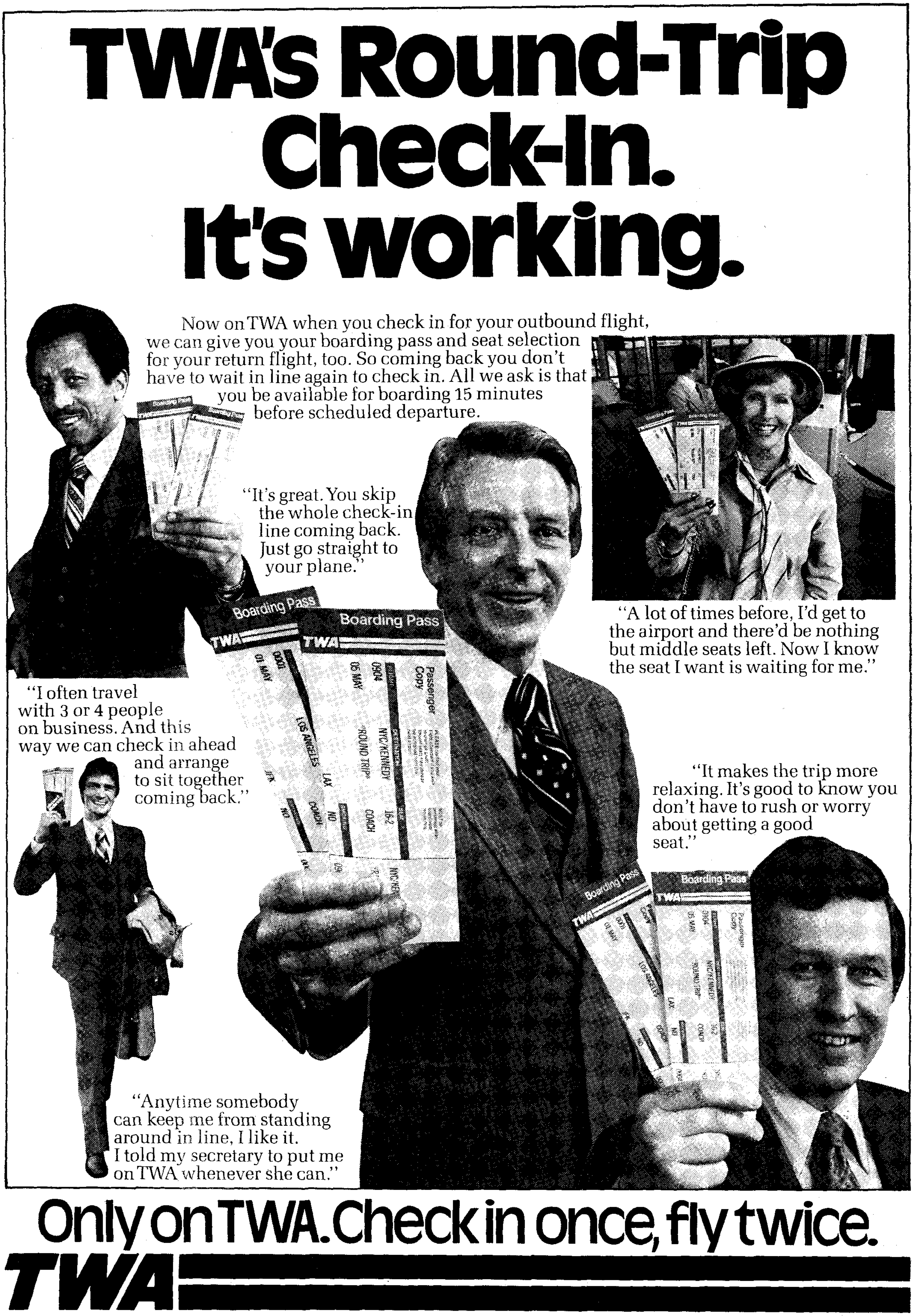
the Fleishhacker Zoo, in San Francisco, in January of that year. In the course of checking out some notions he had formed about the signals that are exchanged between animals, Bateson came across a familiar phenomenon: the sight of two young monkeys engaged in a playful fight. As he watched their mock combat, he was put in mind of the paradoxes that Bertrand Russell and Alfred North Whitehead cited in "Principia Mathematica"—such as the statement of Epimenides the Cretan that "all Cretans are liars"—and for the resolution of which they devised their Theory of Logical Types. The monkeys were going through all the motions of combat and yet were not hurting or killing each other. Something was passing between them to indicate that they were only pretending to fight. But in their message "This is play" Bateson detected a contradiction of the Epimenides sort: translated into the language of logic, the monkeys' message became "These actions in which we now engage do not denote what would be denoted by those actions which these actions denote"—in other words, "The playful nip denotes the bite, but it does not denote what would be denoted by the bite." Russell and Whitehead had put their finger on the problem that is posed by an impossible statement like this; by breaking the statement down, they showed that it consists of, first, a statement and, second, a statement about that statement—both of which, however, are treated as if they were a single statement and as if they existed on the same level of abstraction. The Theory of Logical Types is essentially a prohibition against ambiguity. ("The appearance of contradiction is always due to the presence of words embodying a concealed typical ambiguity, and the solution of the apparent contradiction lies in bringing the concealed ambiguity to light," Russell and Whitehead wrote.) The theory establishes a hierarchy of "types," or levels, of abstraction, and forbids the yoking of a lower level with a higher level.

But what is inadmissible in formal logic is pervasive in life, Bateson felt. Using Russell and Whitehead's analytical description of logical contradiction as his point of departure, he collected further instances of paradoxical communication. Together with two young men who joined him in 1953 (one was Jay Haley, then a graduate student at Stanford, and the other was John Weakland, a cultural anthropologist and former chemical engineer), he studied otters playing, mongoloid chil-



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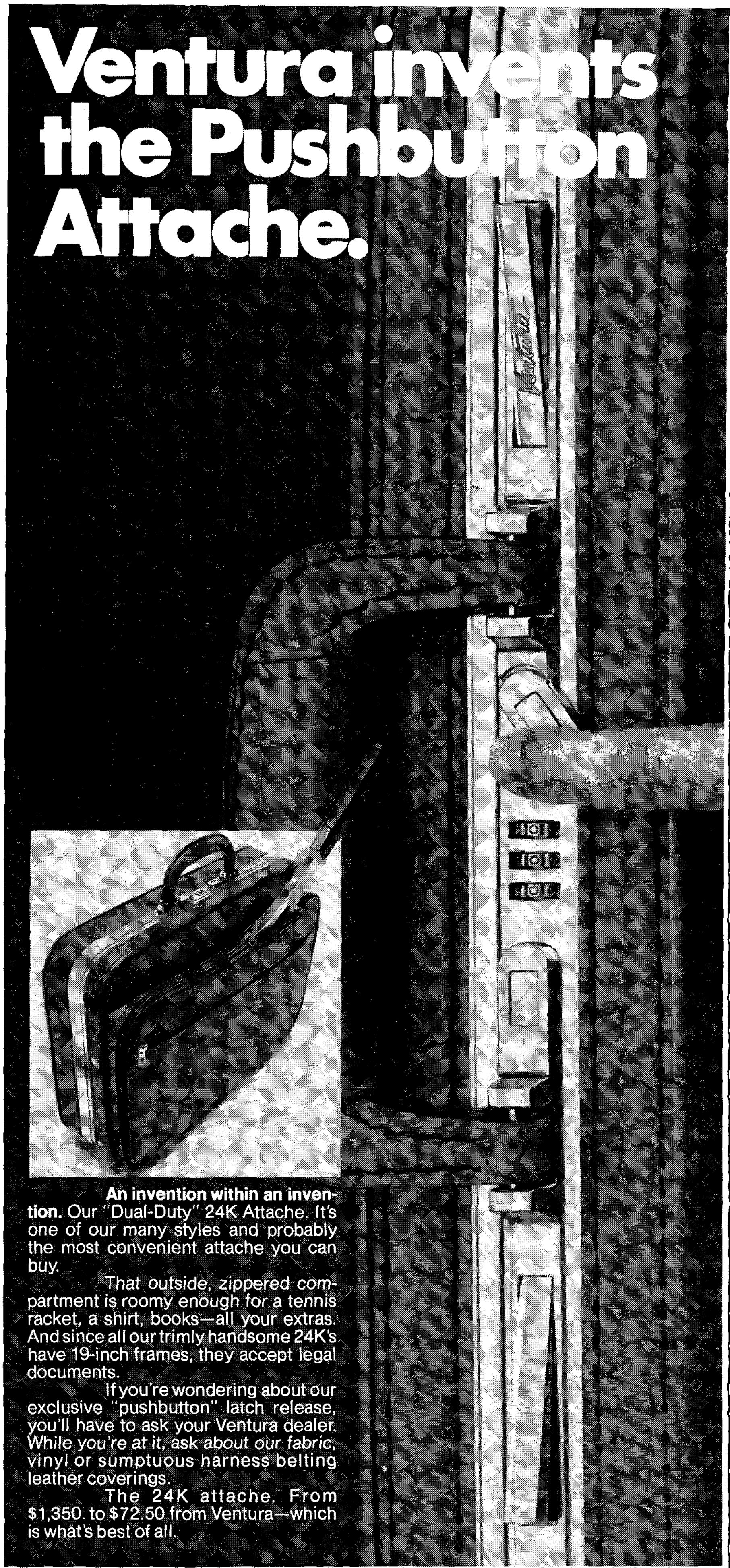

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dren in a group, a ventriloquist and his dummy, the training of Seeing Eye dogs, and the utterances of a schizophrenic patient. The study of special or disturbed modes of communication led to a general theory of communication, which states that in all human (and in much non-human) communication there is no such thing as a simple message. Rather, every message is qualified by another message, on another level of abstraction. A paradox of S. I. Hayakawa's came to the team's attention—

ALL STATEMENTS WITHIN THIS FRAME ARE UNTRUE

—and coincidentally supplied it with the formulation that every message is "framed" by another. For example, if a person says "I am glad to see you," he necessarily "frames," or qualifies, the statement by his tone of voice and by the expression on his face, which may confirm and augment its content ("Boy, *am* I glad to see you!") or may contradict it ("Ugh, I wish I were elsewhere"). Given the complexity of communication, paradox (the illegitimate merging of levels of abstraction) is a regular, ineluctable occurrence in life. It is the matrix of such significant human phenomena as humor, fantasy, ritual, fiction, and the peculiar ritualized game of psychotherapy. "Our central thesis may be summed up as a statement of the necessity of the paradoxes of abstraction," Bateson wrote in the concluding paragraph of a paper called "A Theory of Play and Fantasy" (1955). "It is not merely bad natural history to suggest that people might or should obey the Theory of Logical Types in their communications; their failure to do this is not due to mere carelessness or ignorance. Rather, we believe that the paradoxes of abstraction must make their appearance in all communication more complex than that of mood-signals, and that without these paradoxes the evolution of communication would be at an end. Life would then be an endless interchange of stylized messages, a game with rigid rules, unrelieved by change or humor."

In the fall of 1954, the Rockefeller grant ended and was not renewed. The Bateson group then decided (fatefully for family therapy) to focus on schizophrenic communication, which they felt would be not only intrinsically interesting but a more attractive lure for grant money than the general communications project. The Josiah Macy, Jr., Foundation took the bait, and the famous Double Bind

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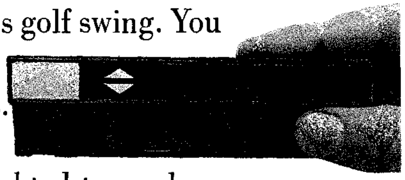

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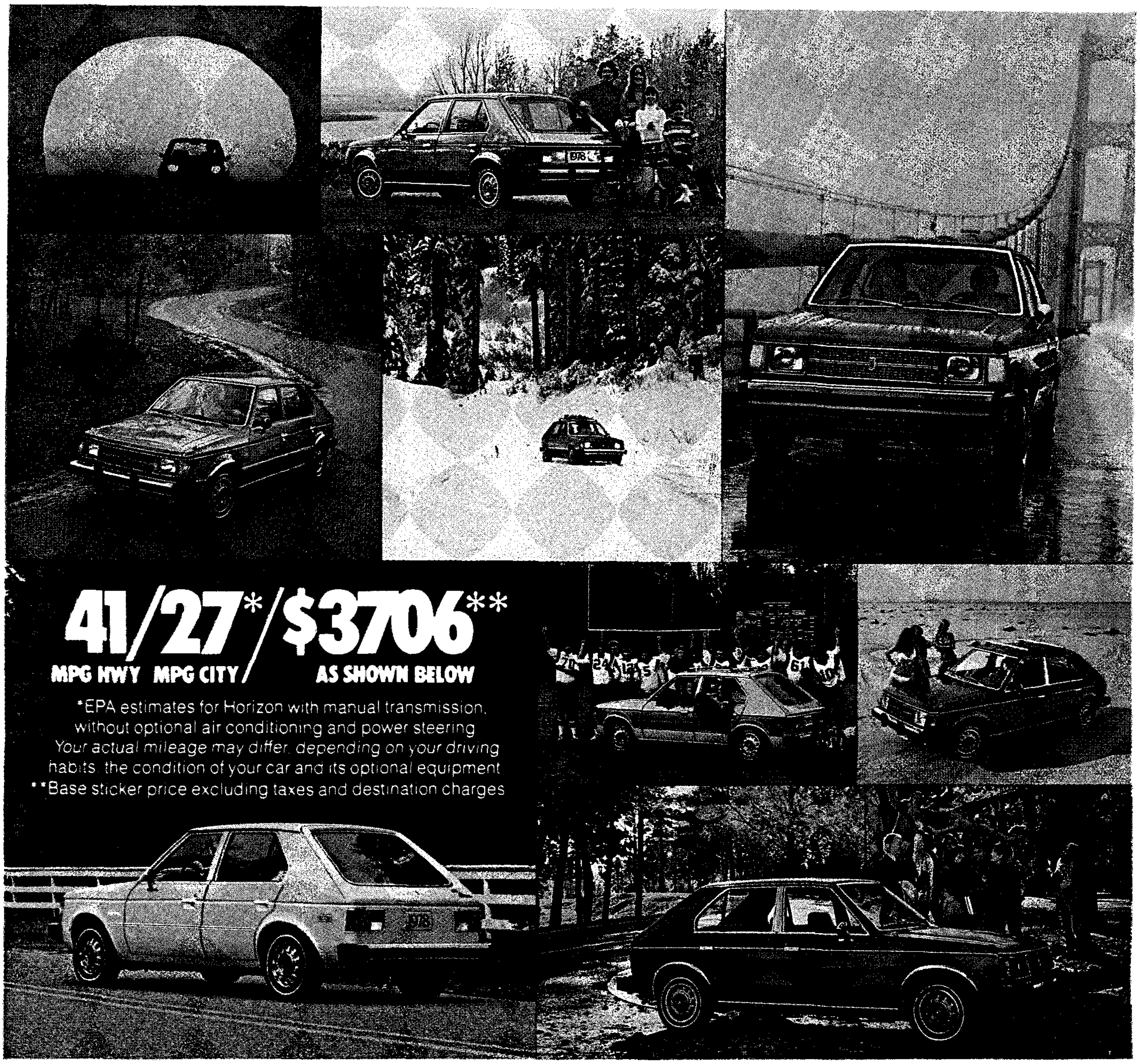

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hypothesis was born of the four-year grant it bestowed.

The Double Bind (first described by Bateson, Haley, Weakland, and a new member of the team, Don Jackson, in a 1956 paper called "Toward a Theory of Schizophrenia") gave a sinister twist to the paradoxes of "Play and Fantasy." What had been the spice of life became—as applied to schizophrenia—a horrible repetitive pattern that led inevitably to pathology. A child, it was hypothesized, has a mother who is made anxious by closeness and affection. When the child approaches her, she instinctively recoils. But she cannot tolerate the idea of herself as an unloving, rejecting parent, so when the child, in response to her withdrawal, himself withdraws, she hastens to qualify the first message of heartfelt repugnance with a new, contradictory one of simulated lovingness. This again puts the child in the wrong. He is caught in a double bind—a situation of no alternatives—since whichever message he chooses to obey, he will be disobeying the other. He is in the position of the person who is told "I command you to disobey me," or (an example used in the paper) in that of the Zen pupil whose master holds a stick over his head and says fiercely, "If you say this stick is real, I will hit you with it; if you say the stick is not real, I will hit you with it; and if you say nothing, I'll hit you with it." But, unlike the Zen pupil, who achieves enlightenment when he "sees" alternatives beyond those posed by the master (like grabbing the stick), the child can't "leave the field"—can't *not* care about the relationship between himself and his mother—and consequently, as the paper puts it, "must live in a universe where the sequences of events are such that his unconventional communicational habits will be in some sense appropriate." The schizophrenic's confusion of the literal and the metaphoric is an acquired, adaptive mechanism—a pitiful but fitting defense against what the paper calls "feeling so terribly on the spot at all times."

The notion that the schizophrenic's bizarre patterns of thought and utterance came out of his dealings with his parents rather than out of something disturbed within himself—that the whole mystifying condition of schizophrenia was essentially a result of family interaction (the mother's "binding" of the victim required complicity on the part of the father and siblings)—was a radical idea whose time had come. Other investigators—among them Frieda Fromm-Reichmann, The-

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odore Lidz, Murray Bowen, and Lyman Wynne—had arrived or were arriving at similar conclusions. And the idea that schizophrenia could be cured by getting the patient and his family together in a room and somehow talking them out of their strange and terrible way of dealing with one another fell on fertile ground in this country. It spoke to our optimism and our pragmatism—to our belief that if you shake and jiggle and poke at something long enough it will work again.

In addition to ferreting out the family as (reformable) culprit, Bateson and his colleagues blamed the hospitals for a good part of the schizophrenic's plight. The essence of the anti-psychiatry movement was already present in the Double Bind paper: "Since hospitals exist for the benefit of their personnel as well as—as much as—more than—for the patient's benefit, there will be contradictions at times in sequences where actions are taken 'benevolently' for the patient when actually they are intended to keep the staff more comfortable. We would assume that whenever the system is organized for hospital purposes and it is announced to the patient that the actions are for *his* benefit, then the schizophrenogenic situation is being perpetuated. This kind of deception will provoke the patient to respond to it as a double-bind situation, and his response will be schizophrenic." (This quietly angry passage, like others in the paper, reflects Bateson's English origin. It shows how much the Double Bind concept owes to the special English feeling about hypocrisy as the most deadly of sins against one's fellows and oneself; other nationalities take hypocrisy less seriously, and consequently have produced no Swifts, Butlers, Orwells, or Batesons.)

The initial high hopes for the Double Bind theory as a kind of Cuisinart through which psychoses could be run and dispatched have given way to a more modest estimate of its clinical uses. (A lot of misunderstanding and confusion arose out of the paper's example of the unloving mother, which was meant merely to illustrate the kind of thing that could happen—to be but one of an infinity of possible double-bind situations—but was taken to be *the* double bind. Frieda Fromm-Reichmann's earlier hypothesis about a "schizophrenogenic mother" promoted this misapprehension.) The consensus today about schizophrenia is that it is a complex syndrome, like diabetes, which cannot be "cured" but may be controlled by a combination of chemical, psychological, and social interven-

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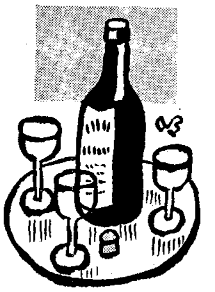
tions. In a paper entitled "Family and Social Management of Schizophrenia" (1975), C. Christian Beels, a leading teacher and practitioner in the second generation of family therapists, concedes that "the family therapy of schizophrenia has neither been well developed in practice nor had much demonstrable success," and goes on to say that "there is almost nobody writing today who advances family therapy by itself as the treatment of choice for schizophrenia." The chief importance of the Double Bind is now felt to be that it gave shape and structure and theoretical backbone to the amorphous clinical findings of the early family-therapy practitioners—it propelled communications theory into the mainstream of psychiatric thinking, and put family therapy on the map of intellectual history, where no other therapy since psychoanalysis has appeared. Without Bateson, family therapy might well have become just another of the well-meaning, softheaded systems of helping people which this country spawns like its gadgets, and which do as much good as the good-heartedness and charisma of their practitioners permit but which have no intellectual rigor.



Bateson did not remain to preside over the revolution that communications theory brought to psychiatry—in a testy foreword to a 1976 anthology called "Double Bind: The Foundation of the Communicational Approach to the Family," he wrote, "I must confess that I was bored and disgusted by the Augean muddle of conventional psychiatric thinking, by my colleagues' obsession with power, by the dumb cruelty of the families which (as we used to say) 'contained' schizophrenia, and appalled by the richness of the available data"—and in 1963 he went off to the Oceanic Institute, in Hawaii. It fell to Jay Haley to be the St. Paul of the communications movement, and, like Paul's version of Christianity, Haley's version of communications theory offered some significant deviations from the thinking of its founder. In another place in the "Double Bind" book, Bateson speaks of "the very real epistemological differences" that developed between him and Haley during the project years: "As I saw it, he believed in the validity of the metaphor of 'power' in human relations. I believed then—and today believe even more strongly—that the *myth* of power always corrupts, because it proposes always a false (though conventional) epistemology. I believe that all such metaphors derived from pleroma and applied to creatura are antiheuristic. They are a groping in a wrong direction, and the direction is not less wrong or less socially pathogenic because the associated mythology is in part self-validating among those who believe it and act upon it." This passage not only casts light on the quarrel between Bateson and Haley which Bateson hinted at in speaking of his colleagues' "obsession with power" but also conveys something of the special quality of Bateson's thinking: the abashing originality of his ideas, the quirky beauty of his character, and the difficulty of his writing. The difficulty is not an impossibility, and people who have read a collection of Bateson's writings called "Steps to an Ecology of Mind" (1972) will have a better handle on the passage above, because (bearing out the title) everything Bateson has written is in some way connected to everything else, and the more of him you read, the more you understand.

The trouble one has to take over Bateson—like the trouble one has to take over a hard poem—is worth it; indeed, in trying to find a pace at which to read Bateson's work it is helpful to think of it as poetry rather than exposition. But for the task of conveying the communications viewpoint to psychiatrists, social workers, clinical psychologists, and other professionals who haven't the time or the patience to unravel Bateson's knotted thought no better person could have been found than Haley, who is one of the most readable writers in the social-science field. He may be too readable. Haley's style is so lucid, his tone so natural and agreeable, his wit so nice, his language so unpretentious and untechnical, his arguments so logical that he invites mistrust: if it's that easy, it can't be sound. In our intellectual tradition, a certain difficulty is supposed to attend serious intellectual endeavor. A serious thinker should sound as if he were mumbling to himself (Bateson magnificently fulfills this requirement), not as if he were playing to the gallery. Freud offers an instance of an easy and charming writer who gets around the problem of his readability by constantly letting the reader in on the difficulty he has had in arriving at the ideas he is finally able to set down; while reading Freud, one always has the sense of being in the presence of someone more honest, rig-

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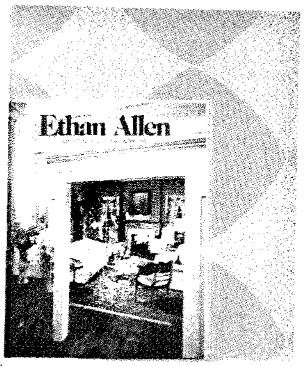

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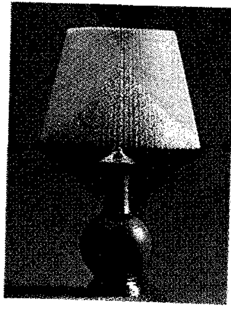

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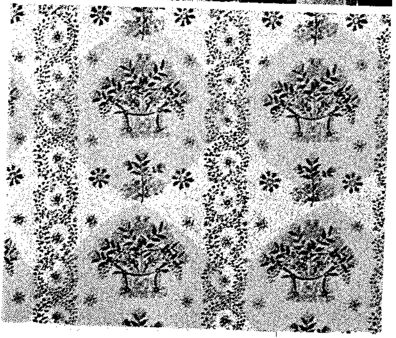

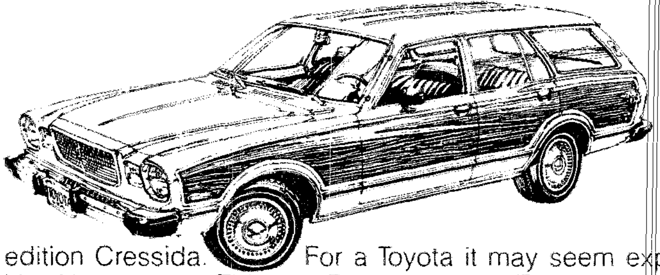

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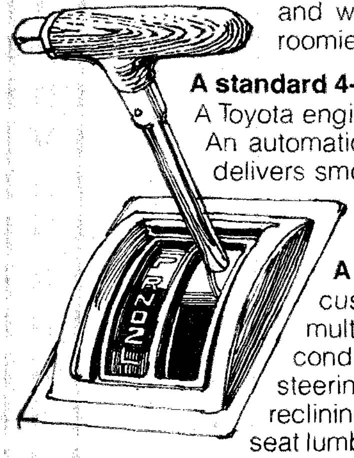

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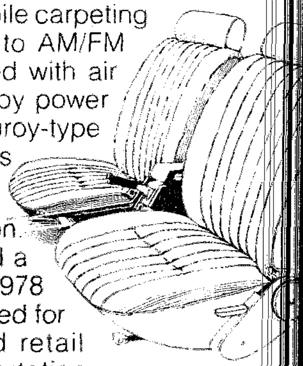

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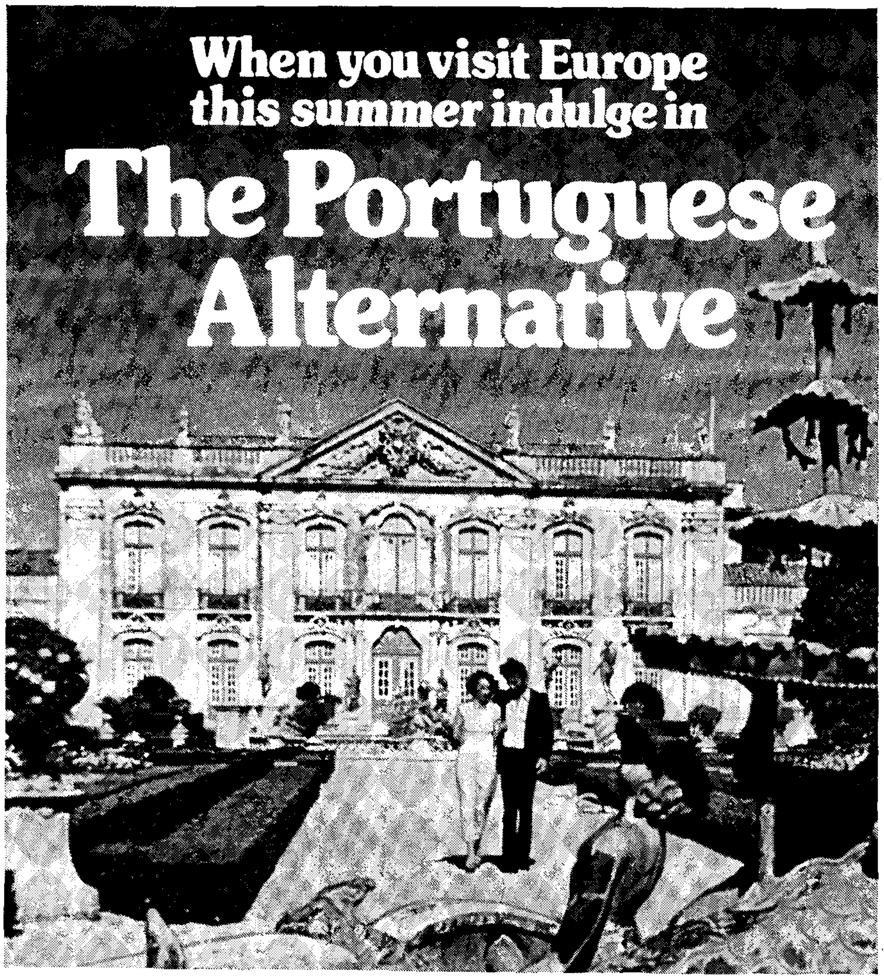
orous, and morally scrupulous than anyone else. Reading Haley, in contrast, is like being in the bedroom of a charming cad; one feels at once beguiled and wary.

"Strategies of Psychotherapy" (1963) is perhaps the most beguiling and wary-making of Haley's works. In it, he takes the core concept of communications theory—that no message is simple, but is always framed, or qualified, by other messages, which affirm or negate it—and expands it into the notion that every communication reflects a struggle for control of a relationship. Haley works into his argument an earlier concept of Bateson's (one that Bateson formed during an anthropological expedition to New Guinea with Margaret Mead, who was then his wife), of "symmetrical" and "complementary" types of relationship—the former describing behavior between peers (behavior of a matching, exchanging, or competitive sort), and the latter describing behavior between unequal parties (involving give-and-take, dependency and nurturance, superiority and inferiority). Haley sees the issue of the struggle for control of the relationship (which is implicit in every verbal and non-verbal message) as the *definition* of the relationship—will it be symmetrical or complementary?—with each party struggling to be the author of the definition. Seen in communications terms, something as insignificant as an observation about the weather by one of two people who have just been introduced to each other can become the first volley in a momentous power struggle. The second person can reply with another observation about the weather, and thus concede defeat, since he is letting the first person define the relationship—is accepting the first person's idea of it as one in which only neutral subjects will be talked about. Or he can challenge the definition by replying with an observation about the trouble he is having making love to his wife, or, even more disconcertingly, by saying, "I wonder why you are talking about the weather. You must want to put some distance between us."

This kind of jockeying for control, according to Haley, goes on in every relationship. In normal relationships, people work out a modus vivendi that more or less suits them. The psychiatric symptom, from the communications point of view, is a reflection of a kind of perversion of the struggle for control; instead of coming right out and frankly fighting for control, the symptomatic person denies that he is in any



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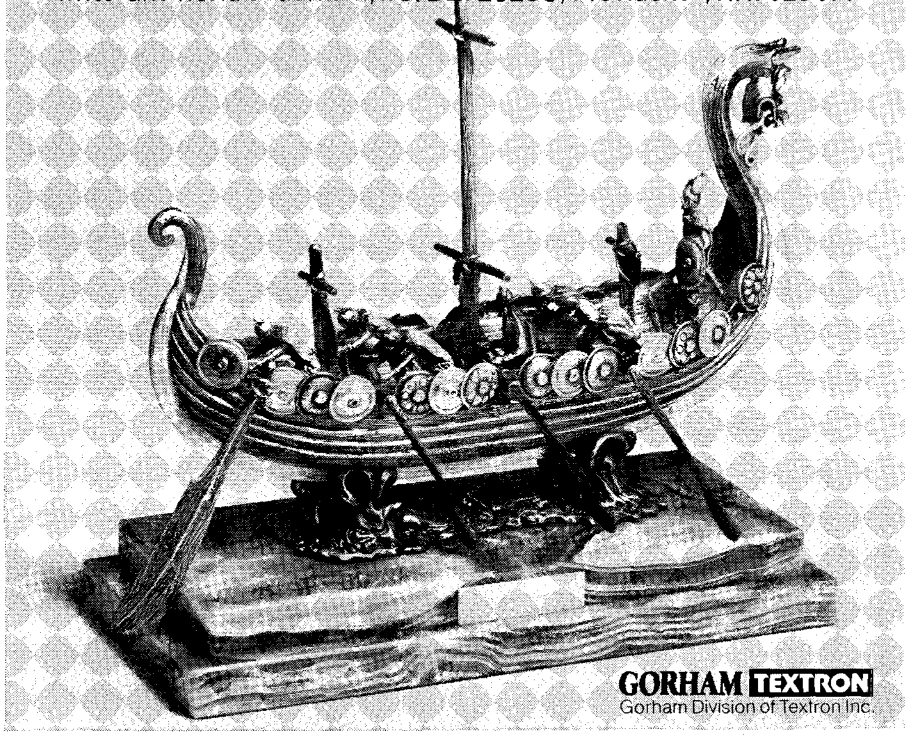

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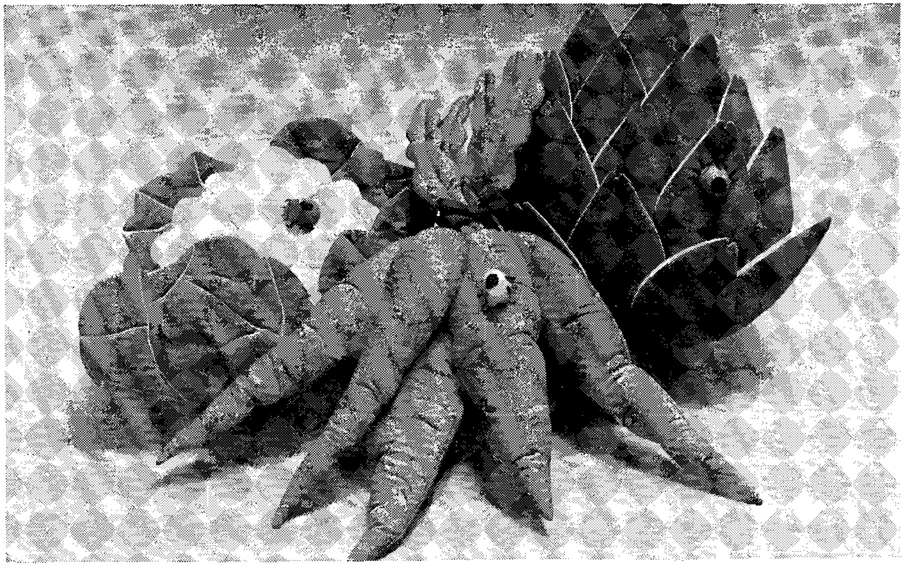

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fight at all. Haley describes the pathological relationship that can result:

> When one person circumscribes the behavior of another while denying that he is doing so, the relationship begins to be rather peculiar. For example, when a wife requires her husband to be home every night because she has anxiety attacks when she is left alone, he cannot acknowledge that she is controlling his behavior, because *she* is not requiring him to be home—the anxiety is, and her behavior is involuntary. Neither can he refuse to let her control his behavior, for the same reason. When a person is offered two directives which conflict with each other and which demand a response, he can respond by indicating he is not responding to a directive. The formal term for such a communication sequence as it is described here is a paradox.

We're back at Russell and Whitehead—only now the emphasis has shifted from the etiology of mental disorder in paradox to the cure of mental disorder *by* paradox—a kind of homeopathic soul medicine, in which like is used to vanquish like. The idea of a therapeutic double bind was briefly touched on in "Toward a Theory of Schizophrenia":

> Dr. Frieda Fromm-Reichmann was treating a young woman who from the age of seven had built a highly complex religion of her own, replete with powerful gods. She was very schizophrenic, and quite hesitant about entering into a therapeutic situation. At the beginning of the treatment she said, "God R says I shouldn't talk with you." Dr. Fromm-Reichmann replied, "Look, let's get something into the record. To me God R doesn't exist, and that whole world of yours doesn't exist. To you it does, and far be it from me to think that I can take that away from you.... So I'm willing to talk with you in terms of that world, if only you know I do it so that we have an understanding that it doesn't exist for me. Now go to God R and tell him that we have to talk and that he should give you permission. Also you must tell him that I am a doctor, and that you have lived with him in his kingdom now from seven to sixteen—that's nine years—and he hasn't helped you. So now he must permit me to try and see whether you and I can do that job. Tell him that I am a doctor and this is what I want to try."
>
> The therapist has her patient in a "therapeutic double bind." If the patient is rendered doubtful about her belief in her god, then she is agreeing with Dr. Fromm-Reichmann, and is admitting her attachment to therapy. If she insists that God R is real, then she must tell him that Dr. Fromm-Reichmann is "more powerful" than he—again admitting her involvement with the therapist.

In "Strategies of Psychotherapy," Haley develops the thesis that all forms of therapy—hypnosis, psychoanalysis, marriage therapy, family therapy, the treatment of schizophrenics—are vari-

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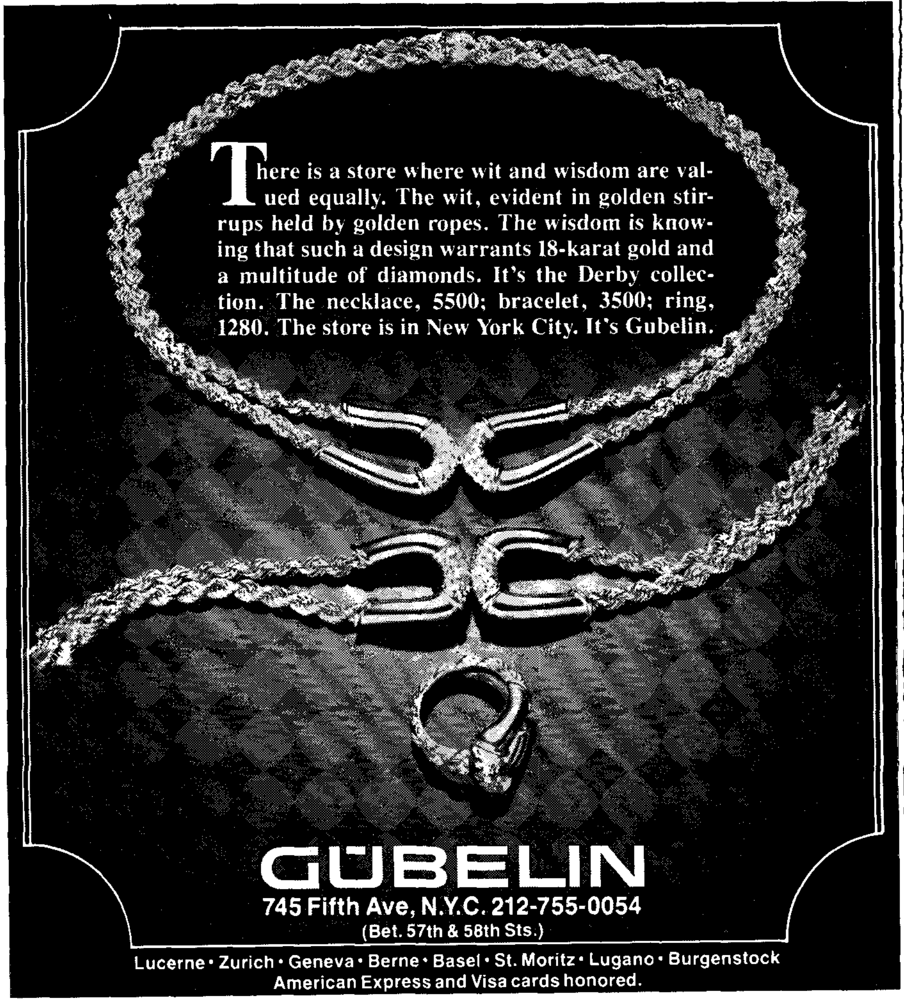

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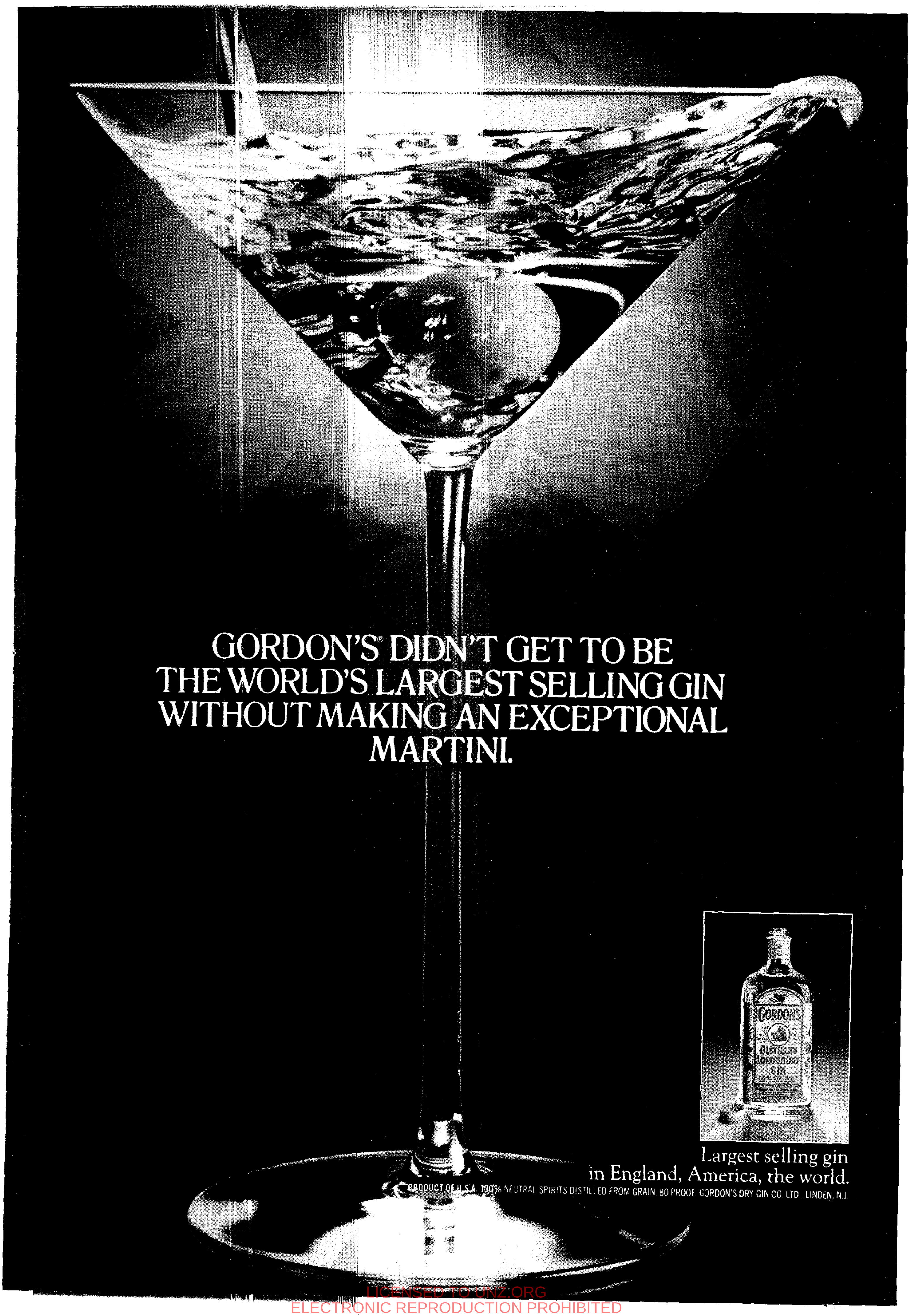
ants on the single theme of paradoxical maneuver: the therapist forces the patient into a box from which his only escape is to change. Hypnosis represents the most naked expression of this benevolent power struggle—the trance being the patient's way of escaping from the double-bind situation he has been put into by the hypnotist. (Haley's thinking was shaped a good deal by his association during the Rockefeller project with a hypnotist named Milton H. Erickson, from whom the group derived its conception of the hypnotic trance as a product of the *relationship* between the hypnotist and the subject; Haley was also much dazzled by Erickson's unorthodox therapy methods (sometimes conducted with and sometimes without hypnosis), which cured people of their symptoms very quickly—largely by recourse to the kind of benign knavery that Good Fairies permit themselves and that conventional psychiatrists frown on. (Haley describes these methods in a book called "Uncommon Therapy;" the cases, as Richard Rabkin has commented, read like "Mission: Impossible" episodes.)

Psychoanalysis would seem to be the most inner-directed therapy and the one least open to trickery, but as reinterpreted by Haley it only amplifies his view of therapy as an exercise in power politics. Freud is politely dispatched:

> One cannot read Freud without admiring his tenacity and skill as he traces a patient's ideas through all their symbolic ramifications. There is no intent in this chapter to disagree with Freud's formulations about individual personality development or his analysis of symbolic material. Rather, it will be suggested that the exploration of the human psyche may be irrelevant to therapeutic change. Although Freud assumed that the patient's self-exploration produced change, it is argued here that change occurs as a product of the interpersonal context of that exploration, rather than the self-awareness which is brought about in the patient.

Thus, the concern of psychoanalysis with dreams, free association, memory, fantasy is mere window dressing ("something must be talked about") for the struggle between analyst and patient over control of the relationship—which the analyst always wins, since the deck is not only stacked in his favor but (and this is the crucial thing) stacked in such a way as to allow the analyst to utterly deny that he is winning the struggle, or even that there is one. Than this there is no more crushing a put-down.

> Ideally [the therapist] should be able to *let* the patient appear to be in the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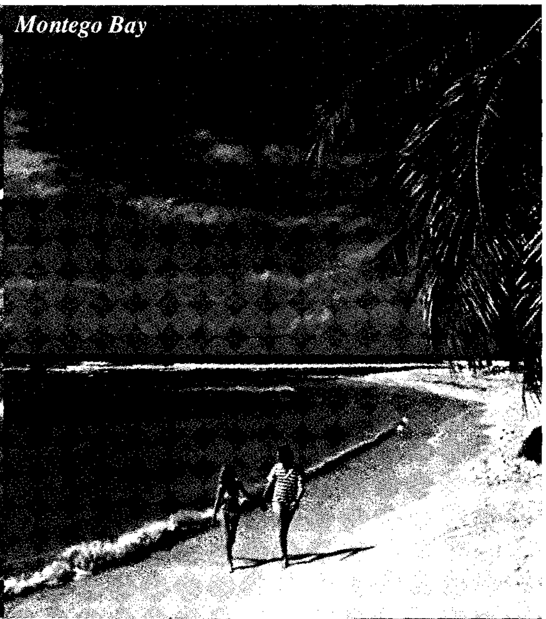
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superior position when the patient insists [Haley writes]. Whenever a therapist demands that a patient behave in a certain way he is likely to be defeated, but whenever he *permits* the patient to behave in a certain way he is continuing to define his position as superior. For example, a patient may insist that his non-directive therapist talk to him. Should the therapist argue that he does not want to and the patient must talk, he will be at a disadvantage. However, he may say, "I wonder why you're so disturbed at my not talking" or "I'll be glad to talk, but it's how *you* see the problem that is important," and then he is accepting the patient's demand while still circumscribing the patient's behavior.

Psychoanalysis bombards the patient with paradoxes:

> The patient is asked to be spontaneous and responsive to a man who is unresponsive and unspontaneous; yet the therapist will suggest that the difficulty the patient has dealing with him is relevant to his difficulties in having satisfactory relationships with other people. The patient is taught that he must assume that the therapist will make comments which do not represent his true feelings.... Yet, at the same time, if the patient indicates that the therapist is not sincere with him, the therapist will wonder with him what could be the origin of such an idea. The relationship the patient faces is like no other in human life; but within that framework the therapist will "wonder" why the patient does not respond to him in ordinary ways.

A few years of this sort of thing leaves the patient feeling as "terribly on the spot" as the schizophrenic. But, unlike the schizophrenogenic mother, who is herself driven and suffering, the psychoanalyst is the cool, deliberate, Prospero-like author of a benevolent ordeal. He is tormenting the patient for the patient's own good. He is provoking and goading him into change, forcing him to go outside his usual (symptomatic) ways of dealing with people, since they have been so manifestly unsuccessful with the analyst. At the end of the analysis, the patient may think that he has learned something about himself ("Where id was, there shall ego be"), but in fact—and in common with patients of hypnotists, marriage therapists, family therapists, and brief therapists—he has simply learned not to knock his head against a wall. As Haley puts it at the end of a facetious piece called "The Art of Psychoanalysis" (tagged on to "Strategies" as an epilogue), in which psychoanalysis is discussed in terms of Stephen Potter's "One-Upmanship,"

> the analyst succeeds in topping the patient again and again as the years pass. Ultimately, a remarkable thing happens. The patient rather casually tries to get

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one-up, the analyst places him one-down, and the patient does not become disturbed by this. He has reached a point where he does not *really* care whether the analyst is in control of the relationship or whether he is in control. In other words, he is cured. The analyst then dismisses him, timing this maneuver just before the patient is ready to announce that he is leaving.

In 1967, on the invitation of Salvador Minuchin, the recently appointed director of the Child Guidance Clinic, Haley moved from Palo Alto, California—where he had been practicing hypnosis and brief therapy with no formal training but with characteristic élan and confidence, and also jauntily editing *Family Process*, a journal he had founded with Don Jackson and Nathan Ackerman to publish writings about family therapy—and came to Philadelphia. Minuchin was transforming a conventional child-guidance clinic into a place where a child problem was considered a family problem, and was gathering like-minded people around him. In 1969, the clinic received a grant for a project which greatly appealed to Haley's sense of the outré, and which he has cited as "the most interesting family-therapy training I have done." The project was to take eight poor blacks and Puerto Ricans off the street—people who had had no previous professional training, were unacquainted with psychology or psychiatry, and had not gone past high school—and to make them into full family therapists in two years' time. They would then go back to the ghetto and train others in the same way. The eight men and women selected from the sixty who applied were chosen for their personal qualities and experiences, since they had no academic degrees or professional credentials and consequently, as Haley has written, had less to unlearn than their middle-class professional counterparts would have had. The project succeeded—in five years' time, thirty therapists had been trained and sent into the black community—but it became a casualty of President Nixon's economic policy; when funds were withdrawn from community mental-health programs, paraprofessionals could not compete with Ph.D.s and M.D.s for the few remaining positions.

The line leading from "Principia Mathematica" to the ghetto therapist who probably had never even heard of Russell and Whitehead and yet was casually employing maneuvers in his work that derived from their thinking is pleasing to trace. It gives one a whiff of the process by which the most difficult, abstruse, incomprehensible,

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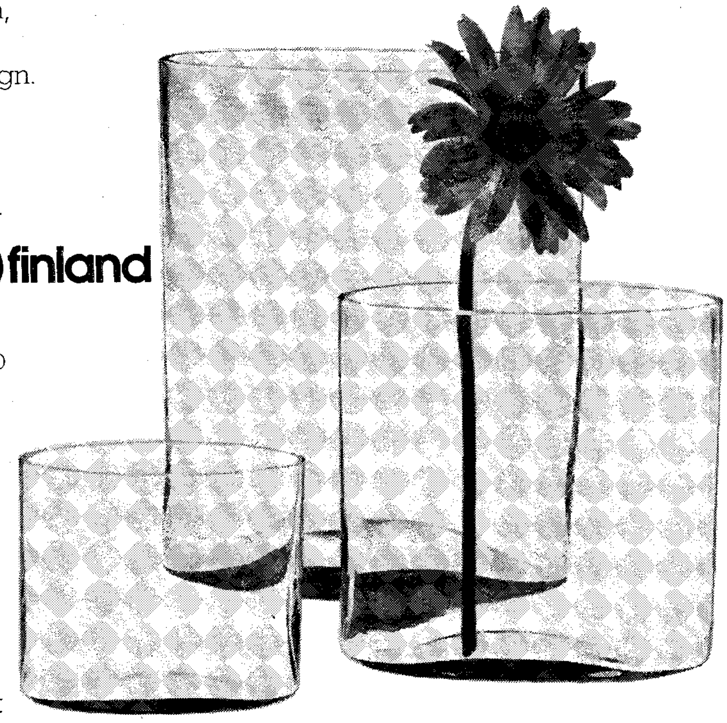

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and useless idea may filter down into life to become one of its useful commonplaces; it even lends a certain encouragement to the belief in learning for learning's sake rather than for the sake of "relevancy." However, the process by which Pure Thought is brought down into the muddy mess of life is considerably expedited when there is a human figure on which the popular imagination can fix—a Man to associate with the Idea. Psychoanalysis had such a figure in Freud, and the rapidity with which radical Freudian theory became conventional women's-magazine wisdom surely owed much to the tight hold that Freud kept on the reins of the movement and to the impression of unity and simplicity that he was able to convey to the informed public. Family therapy has no comparable figure, and accordingly its public image has been slow to take shape. (The name hasn't helped: "family therapist" sounds like a euphemism for someone on the staff of a funeral "home.") Minuchin is only one of a large constellation of leading practitioners, teachers, and writers, who respect or hate one another's work, as the case may be, but tacitly agree that the field has no single superstar. Murray Bowen, Carl Whitaker, Virginia Satir, John Bell, Lyman Wynne, Ivan Boszormenyi-Nagy, James Framo are some of today's other major figures (the untimely deaths of Nathan Ackerman and Don Jackson have removed their names from the roster), whose activities resemble a system of planets spinning in orderly orbits around—nothing. Each of these major figures has something that greatly or slightly differentiates him from the others. Minuchin's specialty has been his work with poor black and Puerto Rican families and, lately, with the families of anorectic girls. He has published two books—"Families of the Slums," written with four colleagues, which came out of the experimental family work he launched at the Wiltwyck School for delinquent boys, and "Families and Family Therapy," which deals with his "structural" theory and technique of family therapy; "Psychosomatic Families," which concerns his work with anorectics, will appear next month. However, it is as a clinician rather than as a theoretician that Minuchin has gained renown. Not everybody equally likes what he does—there are those who object to him as a "manipulator"—but no one disputes his dazzling effectiveness or denies his position as a kind of Horowitz or Pavarotti of family therapy. Speaking

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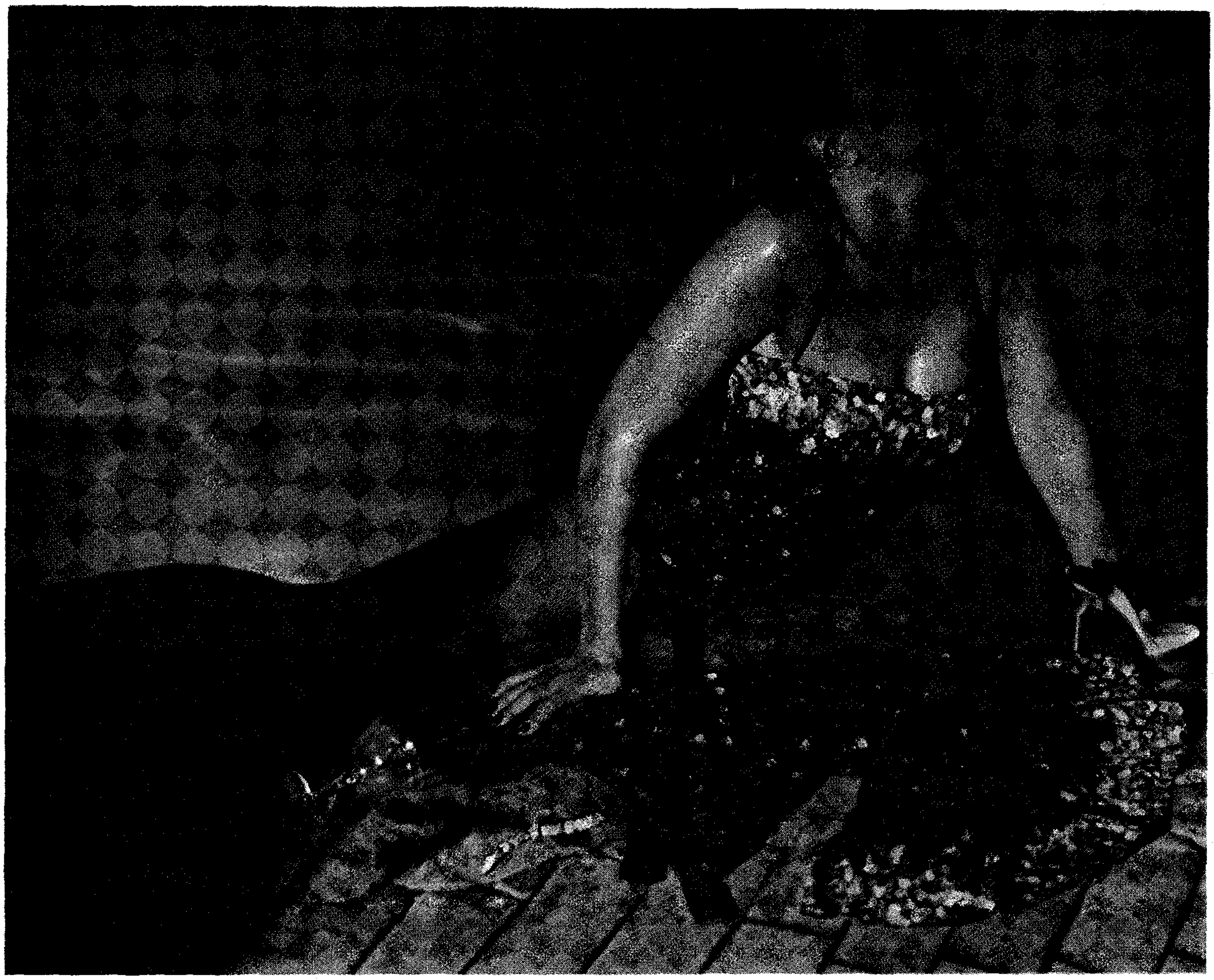

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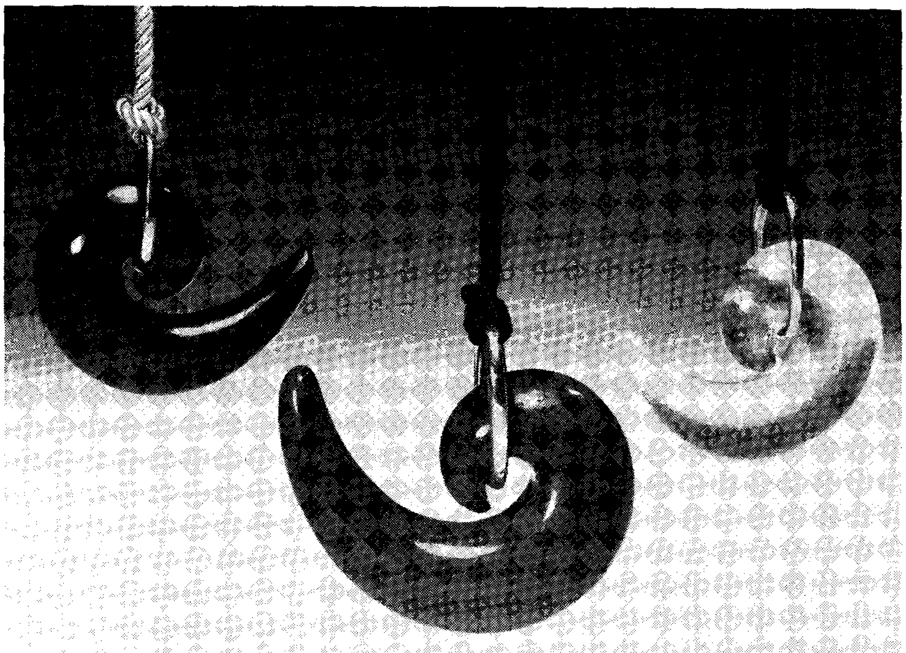
of Minuchin as a performing artist is not so farfetched. In recent years, he has travelled to hospitals and teaching centers to present demonstration sessions that are, in effect, performances. At these events, he will meet with a family he has never before laid eyes on, and about whom, as often as not, he has received only the sketchiest information, and he will work with them for ninety minutes while an audience in a nearby auditorium watches the proceedings over closed-circuit television.

My first view of Minuchin was at such an event, which featured one of his most celebrated shticks. This is the serving of lunch to an anorectic and her family, governed by a special, drastic technique that Minuchin has developed to bring things to a crisis. As the audience watched with horrified fascination, Minuchin directed the parents of an emaciated fourteen-year-old girl to make her eat, "or she will die." The parents coaxed, cajoled, threatened, yelled, and finally brutally stuffed food down the throat of the sobbing and slobbering child while Minuchin dispassionately observed the scene. After what seemed like an eternity, he motioned to the parents to stop the torture. The girl collapsed into the arms of her mother, who held her like a baby as she wept. "Your daughter will eat now," Minuchin said in a tired voice.

Not all of Minuchin's demonstrations are as violent as this, but most are no less dramatic and compelling. The unedited videotapes of his sessions confound one's notions about the difference between art and life. Life is supposed to be disorderly, boring, fragmented, repetitive, in need of drastic editing. Everyone who has watched home movies or listened to tape recordings knows that. But watching a Minuchin session, or a tape of it, is like being at a tightly constructed, well-directed, magnificently acted play. Without appearing to be doing anything out of the ordinary, Minuchin has an extraordinary effect on the people who come into his therapeutic presence. After a brief initial period of backing and filling, the family commences to act out a scenario, to present the drama of its life together, in a larger-than-life, more-orderly-than-life, less-redundant-than-life manner. Minuchin immediately, instinctively, intuitively seems to sniff out the elements of the family members' way of dealing with one another, and is able to "direct" them in the enactment of characteristic scenes ("transactions") from the marriage



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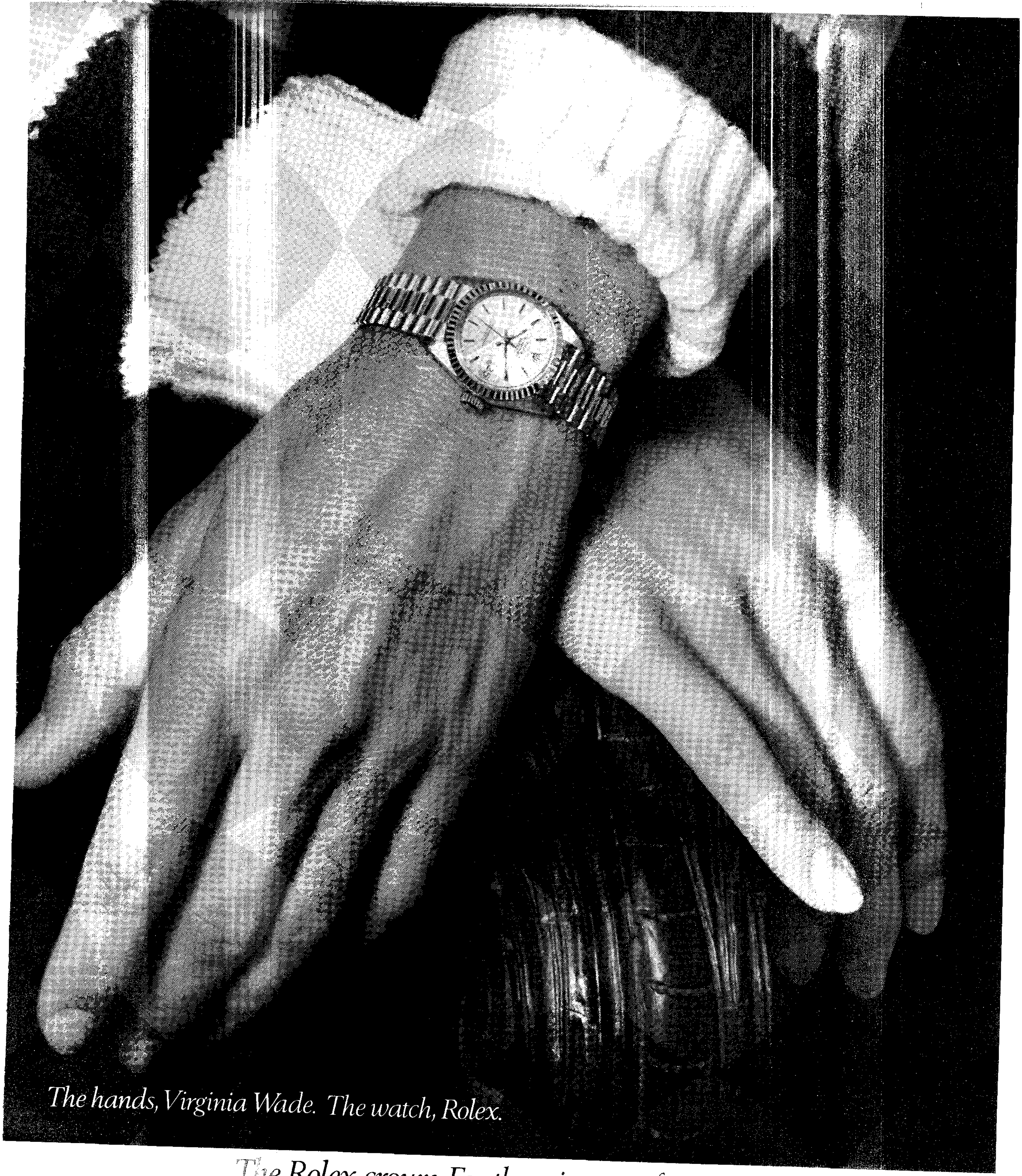
and parenthood that aren't working well and need repair.

What seems spontaneous and unpremeditated, however, is more artful than it looks. In "Families and Family Therapy," Minuchin analyzes the therapy he does in terms of two main types of intervention: the "accommodation operation" and the "restructuring operation." Accommodation operations are designed to gain the therapist an entrée into the family system; they are overtures of the friendly, ingratiating, tell-me-about-yourself sort that we all make when we are trying to get to know someone or are trying to get someone to like us—except that we do it unthinkingly and often unsuccessfully, whereas Minuchin does it consciously and with almost unfailing success. "As a therapist, I tend to act like a distant relative," he has written. "I like to tell anecdotes about my own experiences and thinking, and to include things I have read or heard that are relevant to the particular family. I try to assimilate the family's language and to build metaphors using the family's language and myths. These methods telescope time, investing an encounter between strangers with the affect of an encounter between old acquaintances." Only when the therapist has successfully negotiated the entrée (Minuchin compares him to the anthropologist who must join the culture he has come to study) can he go on to perform the "restructuring operations" that are the object of structural family therapy—"the dramatic interventions that confront and challenge a family" and force it to change. Accordingly, he says, the therapist must "maintain himself in a position of leadership within the therapeutic unit. He must resist being sucked into the family system. He must adapt himself sufficiently to the family organization to be able to enter it, but he must also maintain the freedom to make interventions that challenge the family organization, forcing its members to accommodate to him in ways that will facilitate movement toward the therapeutic goals."

ON a Tuesday afternoon, after attending one of Minuchin's classes at the Child Guidance Clinic, I sat talking with him in his office. He was wearing checked slacks and a short-sleeved sports shirt—typical of the easy, non-intimidating dress of the clinic staff. (Younger male therapists wore jeans, and women therapists wore casual skirts and sweaters.) "Well," he said to me with a smile, "how is it



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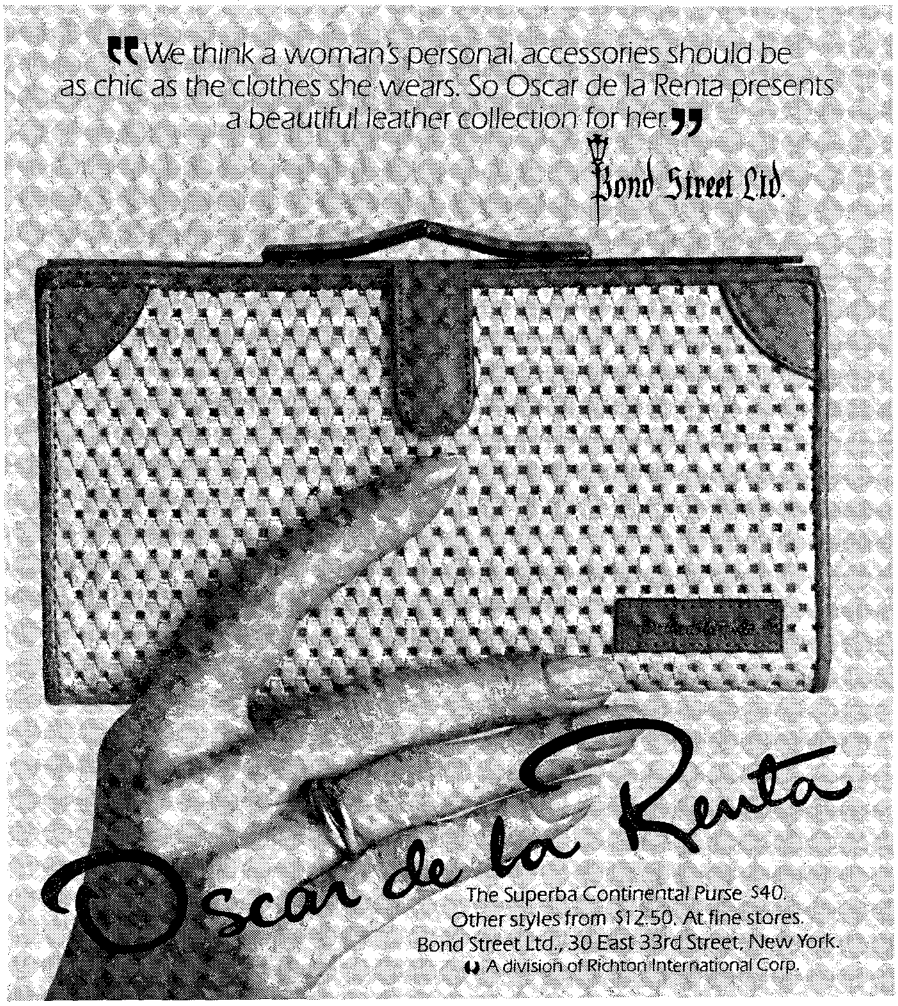

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for you, entering this world where we do all kinds of pushing people around? How does it reverberate with your own experience?"

I said it was different from my experience in psychoanalysis.

"Psychoanalysis is a nineteenth-century concept," Minuchin said. "It's a product of the romantic idea of the hero and his struggle against society; it is about man *out* of context. Today, we are in a historical period in which we cannot conceive of non-related things. Ecology, ethology, cybernetics, systems, structural family therapy are just different manifestations of a concern for the relatedness of our resources. Family therapy will take over psychiatry in one or two decades, because it is about man *in* context. It is a therapy that belongs to our century, while individual therapy belongs to the nineteenth century. This is not a pejorative. It is simply that things evolve and change, and during any historical period certain ways of looking at and responding to life begin to crop up everywhere. Family therapy is to psychiatry what Pinter is to theatre and ecology is to natural science."

At one lecture I attended, Minuchin had made a joke indicating that he himself had once been in analysis. I asked him if he regretted it.

"Oh, no," Minuchin said. "It was a very valuable experience. But, you see, I am a healthy person." He went on, "The analysts discovered something interesting and went overboard. They discovered the importance of the early years of life and how these create certain channels and eliminate others. But then they closed everything off. What they had discovered remained a closed and unchangeable dynamic structure.

"The analyst says that the mother-father-child triangle becomes internalized—that the drama is played inside the child. The family therapist says that the drama of mother-father-child is also played in *reality*—that these characters are real. When we have a person in family therapy who has forgotten that the real characters also exist, who is concerned only with observing the drama within himself, we push him out into the scenario of the real thing. We say, 'Don't look inside.' We say, 'Deal with outside reality, and if this changes, you will change inside.'

"When I have very seriously ill patients who are obsessive—seriously ill people are obsessive by definition; they become obsessed with the significance of their internal drama, and

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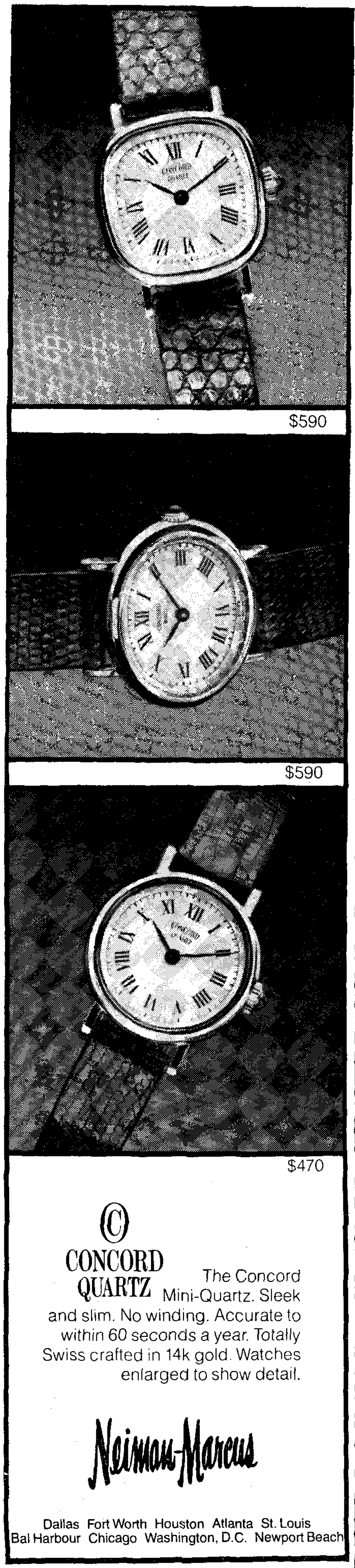
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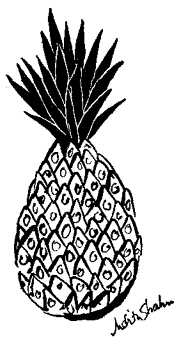
reify it, crystallize it, stabilize it, as if the drama had no alternatives—I put them in contact with a real scenario. The analyst does quite the opposite. He says, 'Let's look at your animus, let's look at your ghosts, and, through your contact with me, let's look at how your ghosts can change.' To me, in very seriously ill patients this is a mistake, because it keeps them crystallized around the *non*-change that their obsessiveness is. And the reason family therapy is so successful with seriously ill patients is precisely that the patient needs to get involved in dealing with life, needs to shed his obsessiveness and the ritualization of his thinking. I put people into stress. I make them survive in real life. With the anorectic girl you saw at the lecture—she had not eaten for two months and had been living on fantasies of I don't know what—I didn't ask about those fantasies. I never ask about fantasies. What I do with anorectics is so simple it should have been invented long ago. The anorectic is obsessed with her hopelessness, inadequacy, wickedness, ugliness. I incite an interpersonal conflict that makes her *stop thinking* about how terrible she is and start thinking about what bastards her parents are. At that demonstration, I said to the parents, '*Make* her eat,' and when they did she had to deal with them as people. Previously, the parents had been saying 'We control you because we love you.' In the position I put them in, they were finally saying 'Goddam it, you eat! Let's stop this crap about love or no love, and you eat, goddam it!' That freed her. She could then eat or not eat; she could be angry at them as clearly delineated figures."



I asked Minuchin if the girl had been cured. He said that she had, and that eighty-six per cent of the anorexia cases he has treated by his methods have been successful, in contrast to the sixty-per-cent cure rate of psychoanalytic therapy. He derives his figure from fifty anorexia cases he has been following up for five years, he said, and he added, "Ways of evaluating and measuring success in psychological healing are fuzzy and inconclusive. What we have are competing systems of belief. The scream therapist says, 'We are better than the transactional analyst,' who says, 'We are better than the group therapist,' who says, 'We are better than the sex therapist,' and so on. And because patients are indoctrinated with the philosophy of their respective healers, they will usually say 'Yes, I am feeling better' or 'Yes, I am feeling less anxious.' I want it to be demonstrated that what we do is useful not because we believe it is useful but because a followup of patients has shown it to be useful. My interest in psychosomatics"—Minuchin has worked with diabetics and asthmatics as well as with anorectics—"is partly based on the fact that in psychosomatics we have an area where evaluation of results is no longer so soft. We don't need to ask anything as vague as 'Are you feeling better?' or 'Are you less anxious?' or 'Are you more in harmony with yourself?' Instead, by changing the family organization we have, in the case of psychosomatic diabetes and asthma, controlled the illness, and, in the case of anorexia, cured it, and this is a breakthrough."

I asked Minuchin if he felt similarly satisfied with his work with the poor black and Puerto Rican families of the boys at Wiltwyck. He sighed and shook his head. "Psychiatry sometimes presents itself as if it knew the answers to social problems, as if it could save people from the tragedies of poverty. What we do when we bring psychiatry to the slums is to put Band-Aids on people who require major surgery. We are not surgeons. We work with a mother on how to feel more competent with her children when she is living on an income that makes it impossible to be competent. If you are raising four children on three thousand dollars a year, you have problems that don't exist for someone who has thirty thousand dollars a year. We operate as if the problem were psychological, because the only thing we have is Band-Aids. There is a story about the Russo-Japanese War. The Russians had only iodine, and the Japanese had only aspirin, so when a Russian soldier had a headache he was given iodine, and when a Japanese soldier had a bleeding wound he was given aspirin—because these were the only things they had. Psychiatry is the only thing we have, so that's the thing we give. We are not revolutionaries, and we are not even reformers; we are accommodators."

In his youth, however, Minuchin *was* a revolutionary. He was born in 1921 in a small village in Argentina, the son of a Jewish couple whose parents had emigrated from Russia through an organization called the

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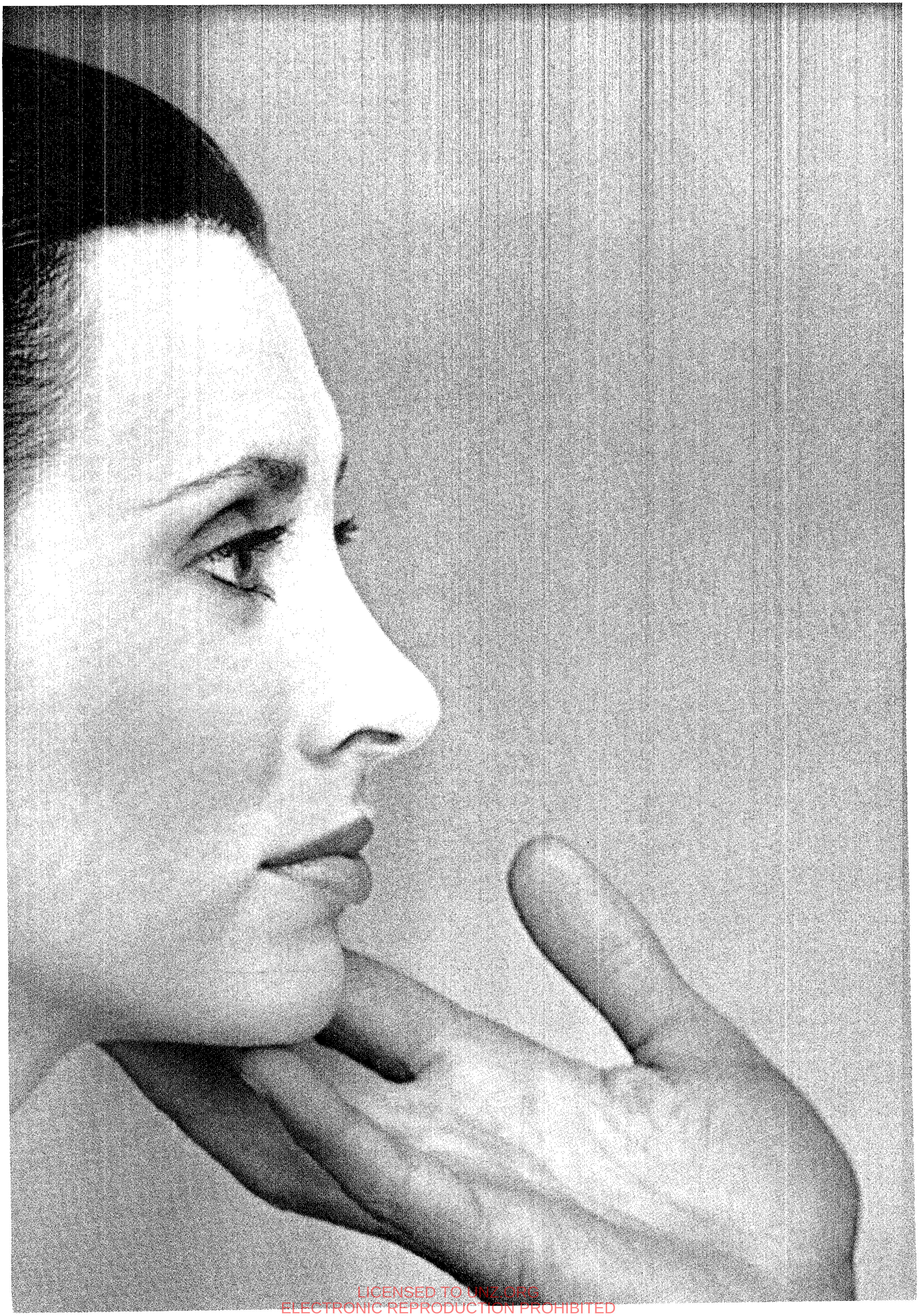

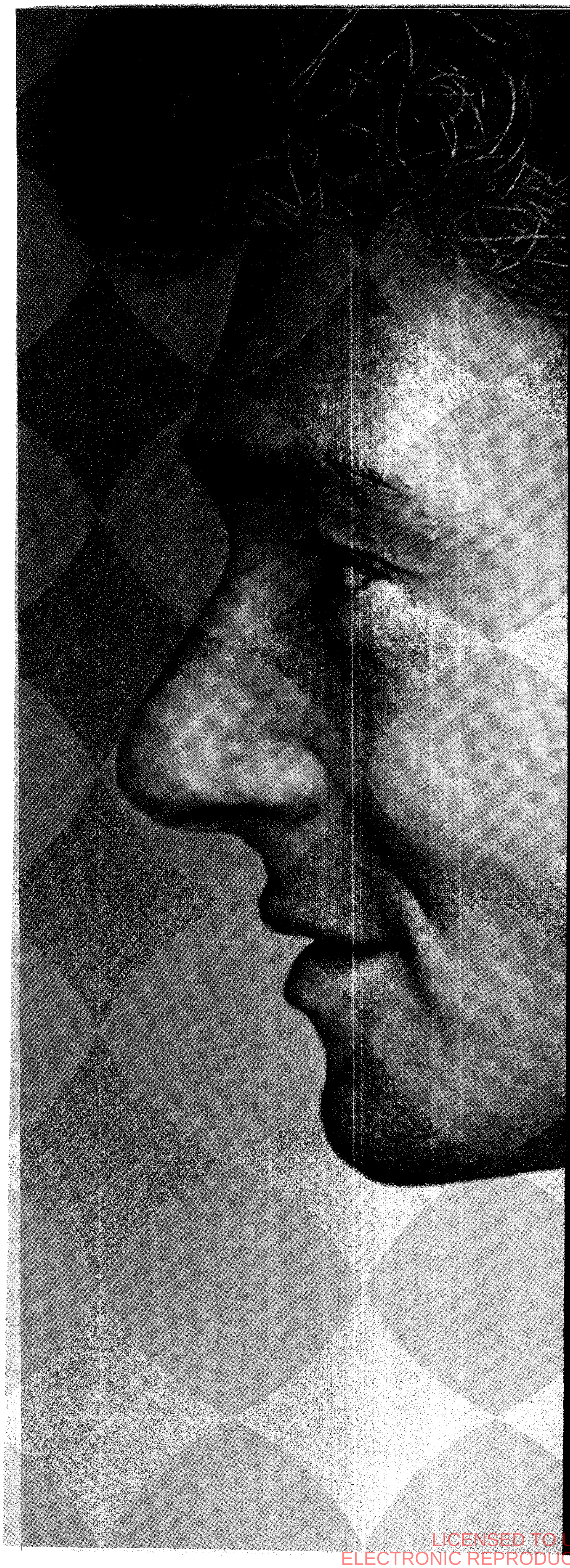

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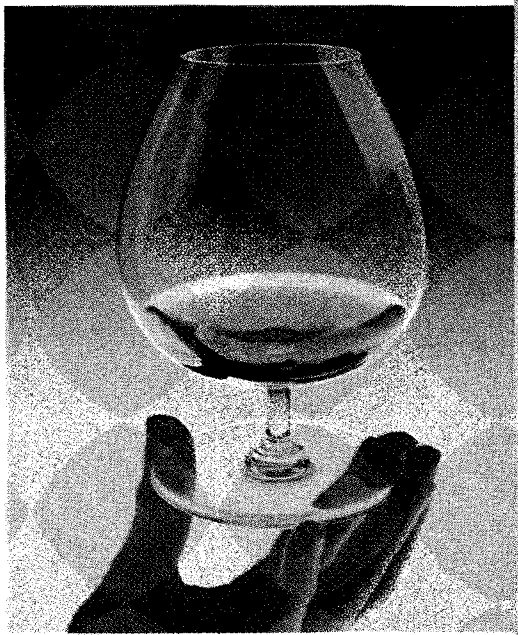

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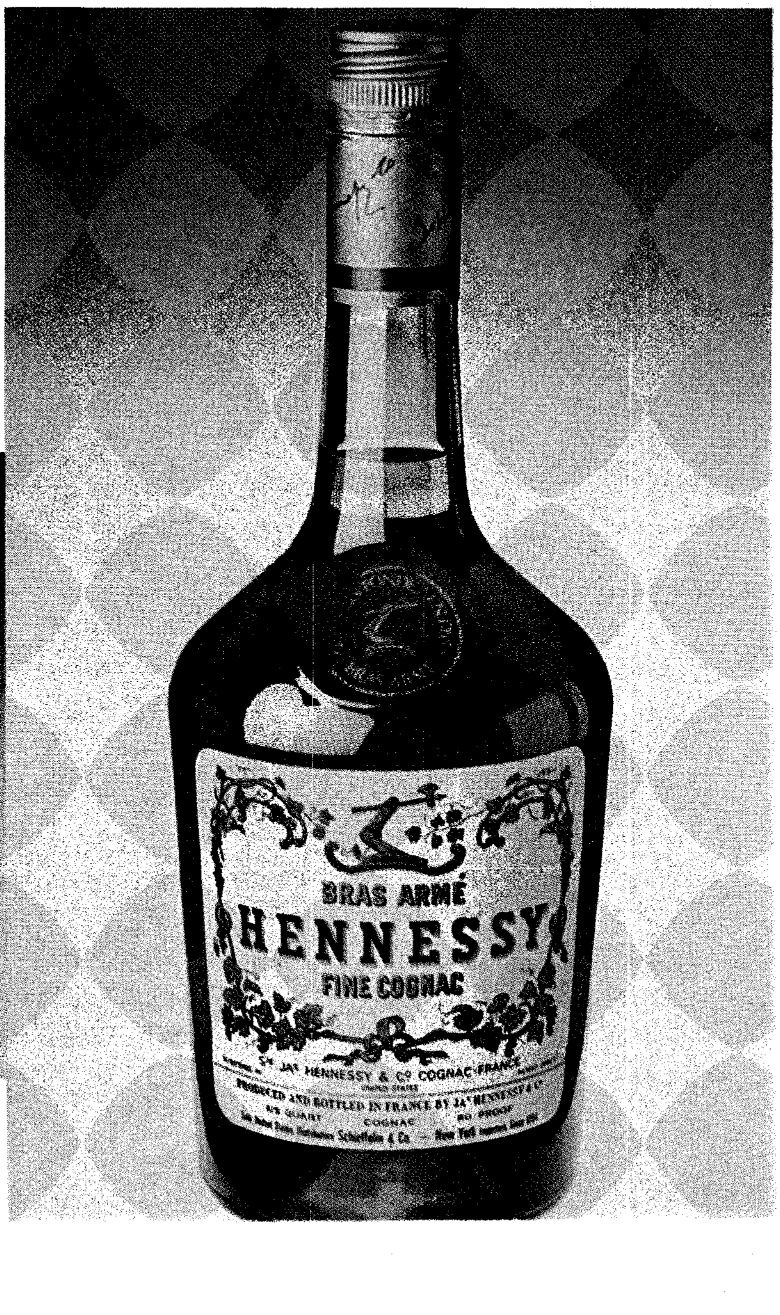
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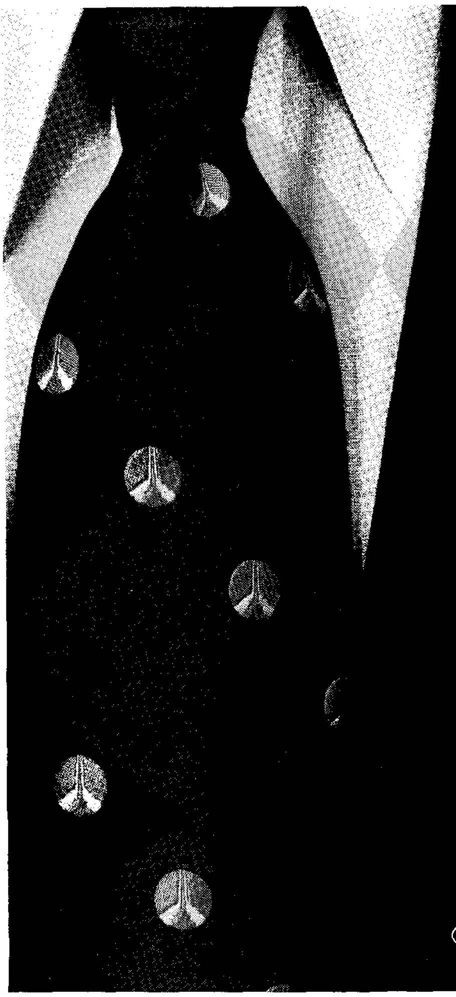
Jewish Colonization Association, formed by the philanthropist Baron Maurice de Hirsch. "My given name, Salvador, is a strange one for a Jewish boy," Minuchin said. "I think it reflects my parents' total lack of assimilation into the community. They didn't care what my name in Spanish was, as long as my Jewish name was the one they wanted. My Jewish name is Schmerl, and how this became Salvador is a process my parents were obviously not involved in, since no Jewish parents would deliberately call their son 'Savior.'" Minuchin's childhood was marked by the happiness and the easy security of life in a large extended family (he writes in "Families and Family Therapy," "Like an inhabitant of Chinatown, when I walked the street I felt a hundred cousins were watching me") and by the misery and insecurity of being a Jew in a Catholic, anti-Semitic culture. He remembers graffiti reading "Be a good Argentine: kill a Jew," and street fights with boys who called him a dirty Jew. He fought, paradoxically, out of the Spanish sense of honor, which demands that an insult be met by an attack. "Even if you were kicked and defeated, you were clean," Minuchin recalls. "And to this day I prefer to attack when backed into a corner." He began his medical studies at the university in Córdoba in 1939, a few years before Perón came into power, and while still in training he became active in a leftist anti-Perón student coalition. One of his activities—writing slogans in tar on the walls of an official's house—landed him in jail for three months. "That was a lovely period," he says. "At that time in Argentina, jail was the place to be. It was where all the most interesting people were." Minuchin finished his medical studies in 1947 and was about to open a practice in pediatrics when war broke out in Israel. He immediately sold his equipment and got on a boat with a group of forty other Zionist volunteers. He served in the Israeli Army as a doctor. After the war, he came to New York to train as a child psychiatrist, and then, after meeting and marrying Patricia Pitluck (now a professor of psychology at Temple University), he returned with her to Israel. He worked there with Youth Aliyah, an organization that concerned itself with the displaced children of first the Holocaust and then the Oriental emigration of Jews from Arab countries to Israel. It was while doing this work that Minuchin's interest in families began, but it wasn't until 1958, a few years after he and Patricia



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(and their son, the first of two children) returned to America and he was working at Wiltwyck, that he took his first real step into family therapy.

"I began as an intake psychiatrist at Wiltwyck and saw the kids come in," Minuchin recalls. "Then, two years later, I was switched to the outpatient service and I saw many of the same kids, now back with their families in Harlem. They were not very different, even though two years had elapsed and the people at Wiltwyck were very good people. We must be doing something wrong, I thought. At this point, I read an article by Don Jackson or Virginia Satir or somebody, and I said to my colleagues, 'Let's begin to see families,' and we did. It was a great adventure. We didn't know anything. And since we didn't know anything, we invented everything. We broke through a wall in our treatment room and put in a one-way mirror and began to observe one another and to build a theory out of nothing. We were working with a social group that was called unreachable—the disorganized, multi-problem black family. The people doing family therapy then—Nathan Ackerman and the Palo Alto group and others—were working with middle-class families, and had developed concepts of intervention that required a level of verbal sophistication that our families were not on. We had to develop new concepts and new techniques. My technique of enactment—the bringing of problems into the room and acting them out—came from this period. I was trained by my poor families to work with concrete metaphors, to use things here and now. We didn't read a lot, and we didn't know much about what other people were *thinking*, but one nice thing about this period was that everyone in the psychiatric establishment felt that what we were doing was absolutely right. The establishment had dismissed Nathan Ackerman's work in middle-class family therapy, saying that it was superficial, that it didn't have psychological depth, that it lacked seriousness. He was competing with them, and they felt threatened. But we were working in a no man's land of poor families who had frustrated all previous attempts to reach them—so we were applauded."

"There is something élitist in this," I said.

Minuchin shrugged. "The mental-health field *is* élitist," he said. "If you have a poor person who is not very verbal in the hospital for de-

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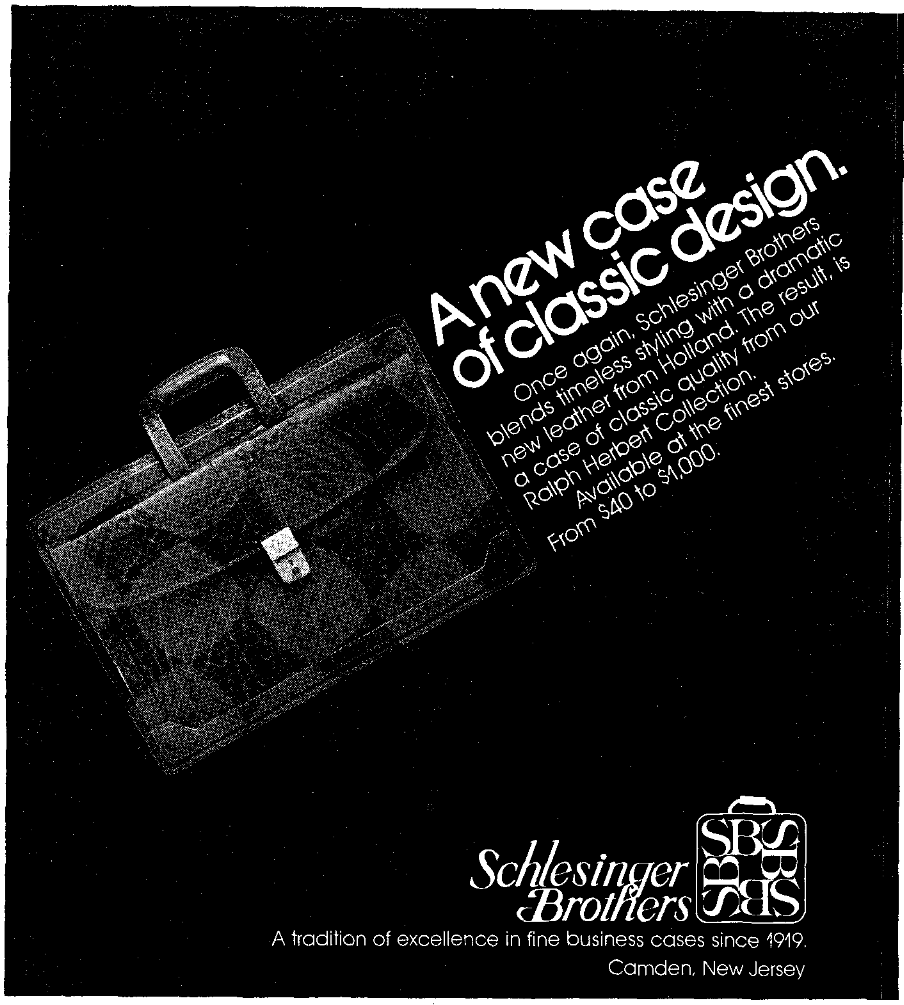
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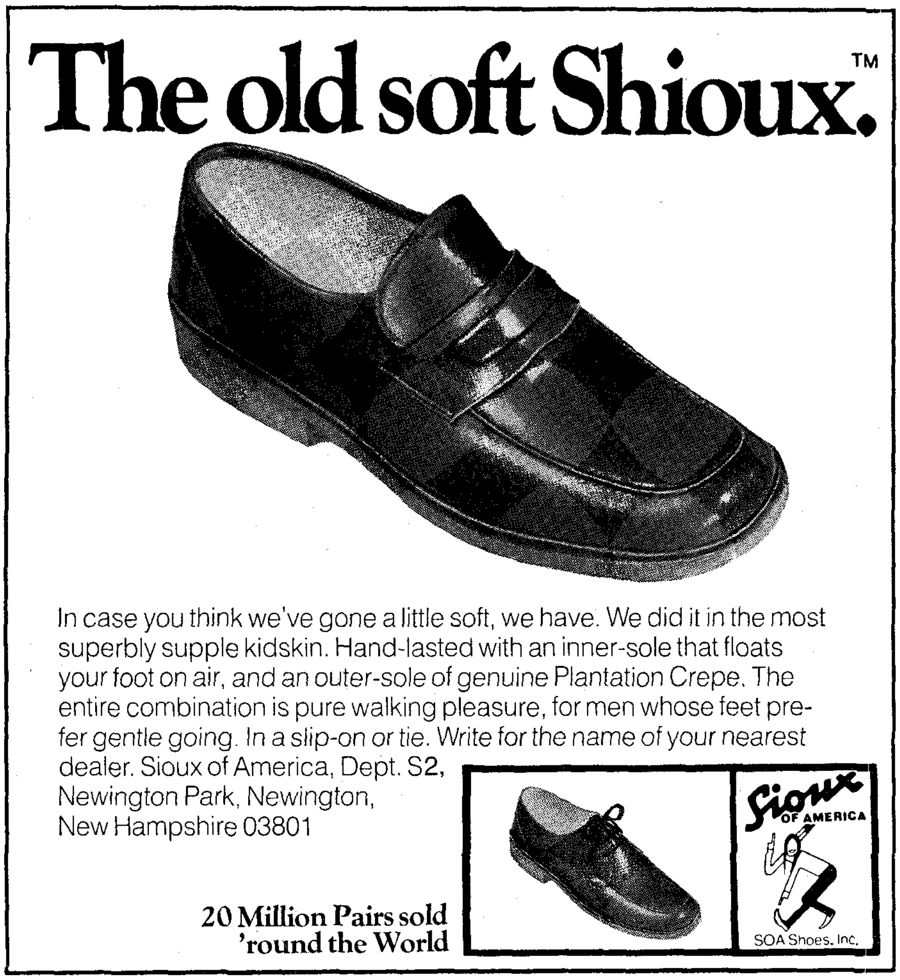
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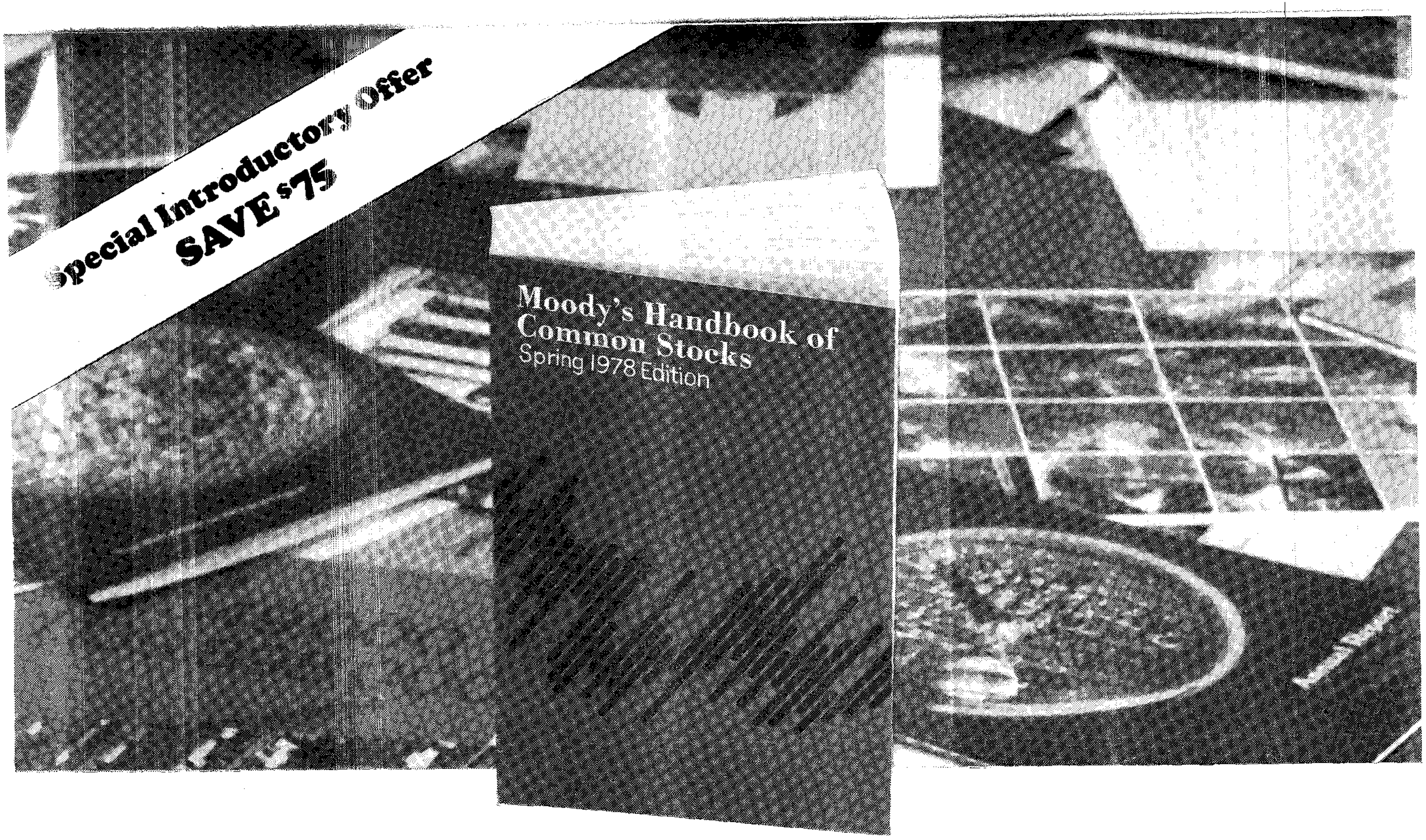
pression, and if you have a more articulate middle-class person in the hospital for depression, the inarticulate poor person will get shock treatment and the middle-class person will get psychotherapy."

When Minuchin took over the Philadelphia Child Guidance Clinic, in 1965, there were eight or ten people on the staff, and it was situated in the heart of the city's black ghetto; ten years later, there were two hundred and twenty-five people on the staff, and the clinic was part of the handsome, modern new Children's Hospital complex, on the University of Pennsylvania campus. In 1975, Minuchin, who had become more interested in teaching and writing than in running such a big and cumbersome operation, stepped down as director. "I feel that ten years is as long as anyone should stay in one job," he told me. (The current director is Harry Aponte, a forty-two-year-old social worker.) Minuchin's present Tuesday class is part of a training program that the clinic offers to outsiders who want to learn how to do family therapy. The course costs two thousand dollars a year, and is open to people in "helping professions"—psychiatrists, psychologists, social workers, ministers, nurses, nuns, priests. It is hard to get into; last year, twenty-five students were selected out of eighty-two applicants. The faculty, along with Minuchin, includes Marianne Walters, a forty-eight-year-old social worker, whom he hired in 1969, and Stephen Greenstein, a thirty-nine-year-old psychologist and former student of Minuchin's. (Haley was on the faculty until 1976, when he moved to Washington to run a family-therapy institute there with his second wife, Cloe Madanes.) The core of the course is therapy itself. Students are almost instantly plunged into doing what they have come to learn to do, working under the supervision of a teacher and the observation of the other students. They learn on families who have come in for treatment, the way hospital internes learn on clinic patients. Although the teachers try to select people with either experience in or aptitude for the work—people who won't go all to pieces when confronted with a family—they occasionally miscalculate. During one of Marianne Walters' classes, I saw an intelligent, articulate, self-possessed young woman student reduced to a jelly of hesitation, inaudibility, and inconsequence by the family she had been assigned to treat. She was like an actor with a bad case of stagefright, and the teacher had to



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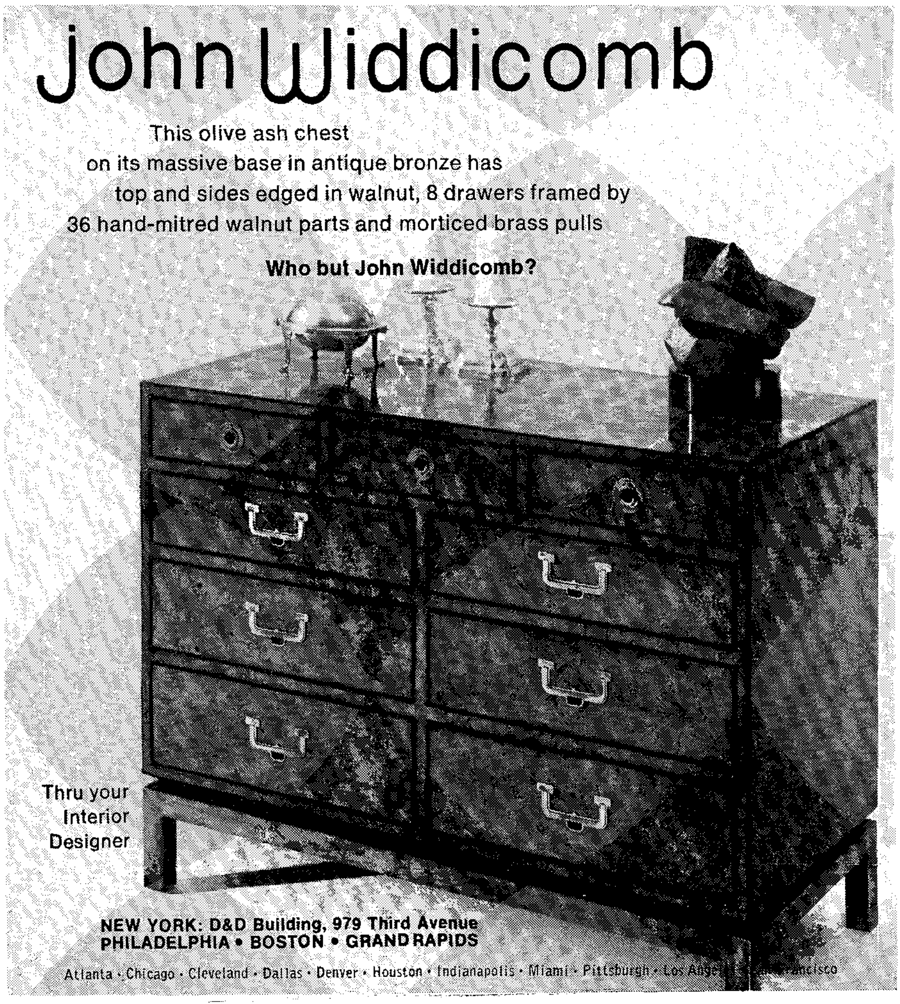
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take over the session; the girl would probably have to find a more congenial line of work. Minuchin selects the ablest or most advanced people for himself; the five students in his Tuesday class all behaved coolly and seemed comfortable in their work. Along with Lee Combrinck-Graham, they were Giovanna Todini, a thirty-one-year-old child psychiatrist from Rome, here on a Fulbright; Gottlieb Guntern, a thirty-nine-year-old psychiatrist from Switzerland, director of a psychiatric clinic in Brig; Stephen Cole, thirty-seven, a psychiatrist from New York; and Anthony Bottone, thirty-nine, also a psychiatrist from New York. That the class was composed entirely of psychiatrists was uncharacteristic, an unusual shake of the dice; generally, classes are more of a mix of psychologists, social workers, and such.

At Lee's second session with the Brauns, Yvonne again remained out of sight in the entryway, but her parents seemed different: easier, less tense, less oppressed. Minuchin and the rest of the class settled down in the observation room.

"What case is this?" Minuchin asked.

Giovanna told him.

"Oh, yes," he said, and he began to chat with Gottlieb.

In the treatment room, the Brauns told Lee that Yvonne was back in school, going out with friends, and taking less medication.

"How much is she taking?" Lee asked.

"Even less than what you said to take," Mr. Braun said.

Minuchin, still chatting with Gottlieb, pressed the buzzer. "The girl should take care of her own medication," he said into the telephone. "It is her business, not the parents'." He resumed his conversation with Gottlieb.

Lee said to the parents, "It would be a good idea if Yvonne took care of her own medication from now on. She's old enough to do that." She turned to the girl. "O.K., Yvonne?"

"O.K.," the girl said, in a dull, expressionless voice.

"Something has changed with you two," Lee said to the parents.

"Something has," the mother agreed brightly. "We found out that Yvonne has wings."

"That's right," the father said.

The parents gave an account of their daughter's happy teen-age activities and of their own enlightened parental attitudes—which Yvonne, in the

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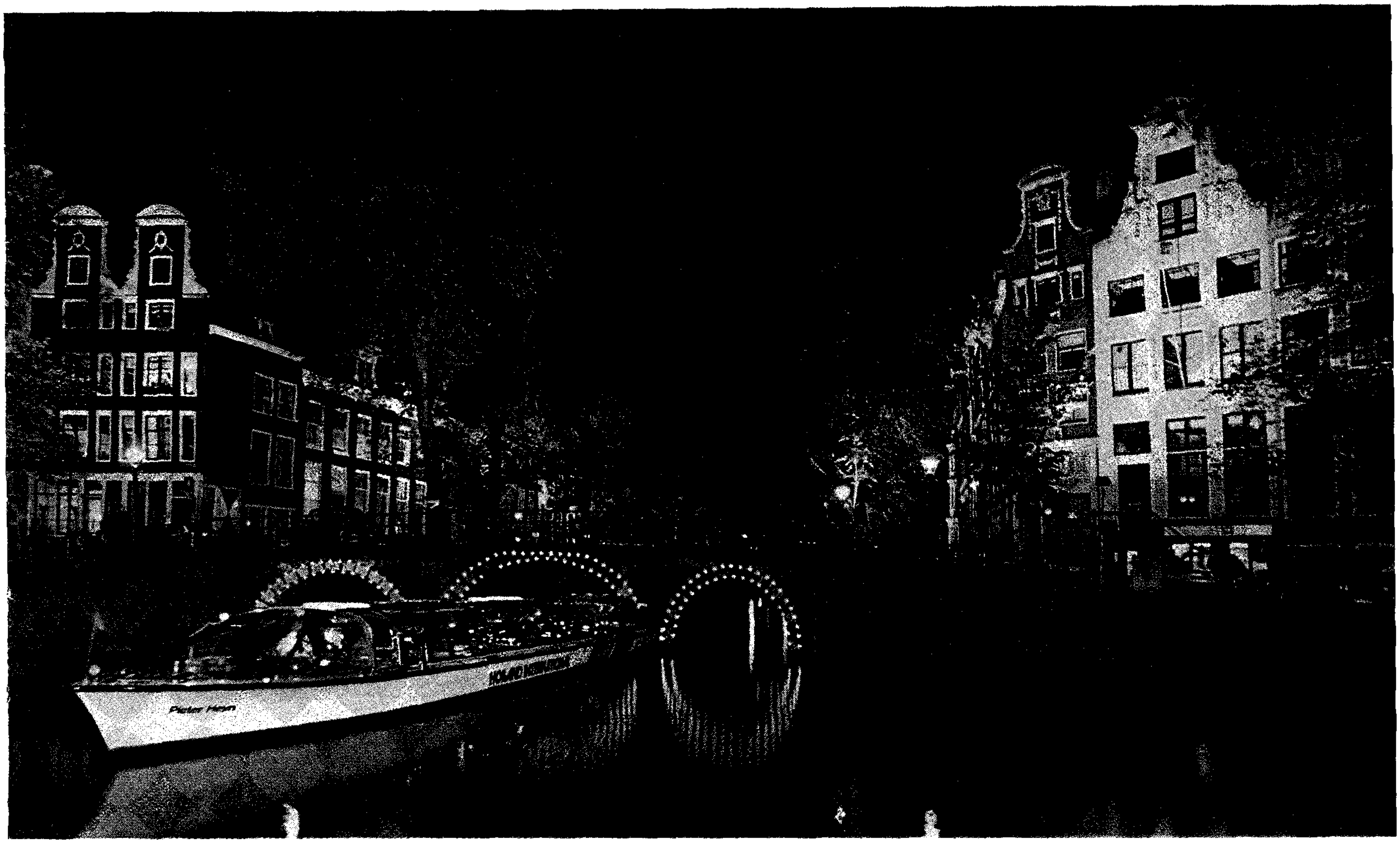

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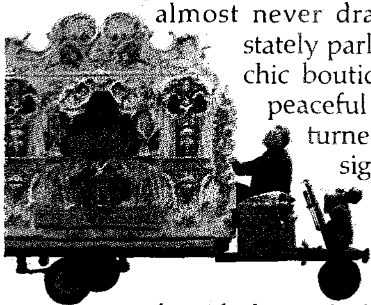

Look *up* and see an endless succession of fanciful rooflines and gables where ancient architects sought to outdo each other. Look *in* (the Dutch almost never draw their curtains) and see stately parlors. Look *around* and see the chic boutiques, tasteful museums and peaceful sidewalk cafes that have turned these canal homes into a sightseer's paradise.

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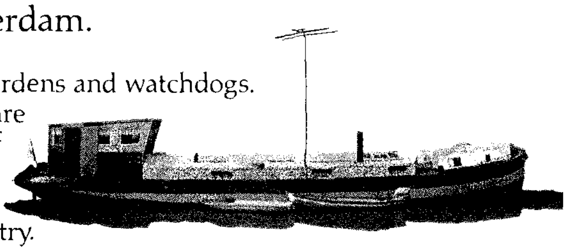

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Name____________________________

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City____________ State_________ Zip_______

10:08 AM 42
AM 5:30
REPEAT/LIGHT
ALARM
ON OFF
REV
NORM
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JAPAN

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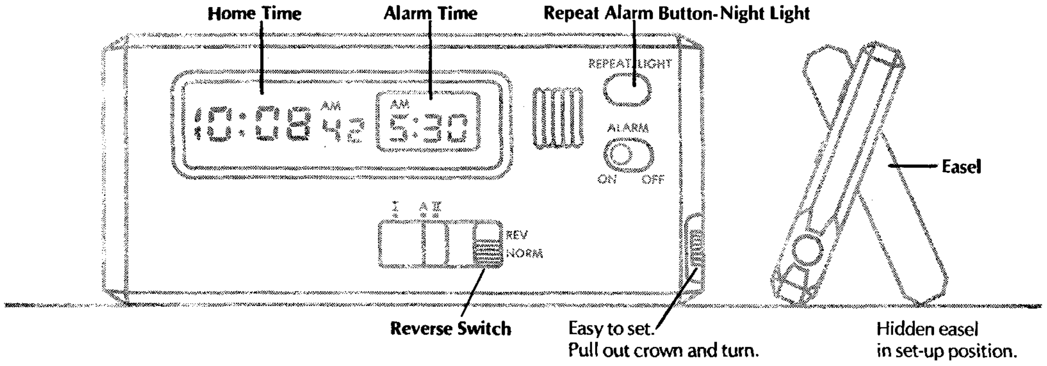
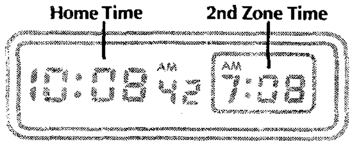
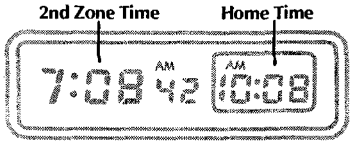

Home Time
Alarm Time
Repeat Alarm Button-Night Light
REPEAT LIGHT
ALARM
ON OFF
10:08 42
AM
5:30
REV
NORM
Easel
Reverse Switch
Easy to set.
Pull out crown and turn.
Hidden easel
in set-up position.


Home Time
2nd Zone Time
10:08 42
AM
7:08

Flip switch and 2nd Zone Time appears in alarm display area.


2nd Zone Time
Home Time
7:08 42
AM
10:08

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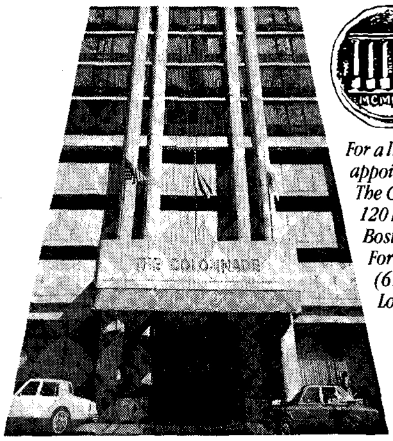

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entryway, bitterly, nastily, and utterly repudiated. Lee gently pointed out the difference between the parents' giving their daughter more freedom and their speaking for her. She asked the Brauns how things were between them. The husband proudly cited an incident illustrating his grasp of a suggestion made the previous week—that if he was irritated by something his wife did he should tell her about it. This something concerned a magazine she had left on a table. He went on to reminisce about his childhood in a small town in the South, where "nothing happened and people just worked and went to bed." He continued, "I didn't have much education, and I don't read enough, and so"—getting to the point of the rambling narrative—"the reason I don't talk enough to my wife is because I don't have enough to talk about."

The wife said that, for her part, she didn't see why there had to be a constant line of communication. "Why is it wrong if you don't communicate?" she asked. "That doctor popped in here last week and said our marriage was bad. I don't understand it."

Lee said smoothly, "I can't account for what Dr. Minuchin says and does. But you did have some complaints about each other last week."

The wife murmured that they had been under a lot of stress that week.

Minuchin had stopped chatting and was watching the case with an ironic look on his face. "This wife must be challenged," he said, and went into the treatment room. He extended his hand to the husband. "I congratulate you on letting your wife know when there is something you don't like. It is a very good thing that you are able to do that." He continued in this vein for a few minutes, and then returned to the observation room.

The husband, emboldened by Minuchin, began to attack his wife. He accused her of being pretentious. "You are always trying to impress me," he said. "For instance, you come home and tell me about something that happened at your day-care center. Then a week later I hear you telling someone else about it, and it's all different. I can't stand a phony. You either do or you don't. Tell it like it is. Don't decorate things to make yourself look better."

The wife, stung to tears, defended herself. "I don't decorate," she said. "If I tell a mother at the center that she's a rotten parent, she *is* a rotten parent."

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this non sequitur. He would point out to Mrs. Braun that she had unconsciously selected the "rotten parent" example because her own rotten parenting was on her mind. He would try to unearth the irrational roots of her guilt. But the family therapist is not interested in unconscious content. He is often not even interested in surface content. He is trying to change patterns of behavior rather than to correct skewed perceptions, and for him the important thing in the passage above is the change in pattern it represents: the fact that the husband, perhaps for the first time in the marriage, is openly attacking the wife. Accordingly, Lee offered no interpretation of the wife's statement, and, as Minuchin watched approvingly, the quarrel between the spouses was allowed to grow in intensity and presently to subside into trivial squabbling. But at this point Minuchin began to squirm impatiently in his chair. "Lee should now bring the girl into the discussion," he said, frowning. "If she keeps on leaving the girl out, she is asking the parents to stop coming." Lee did not include the girl in the conversation, so Minuchin himself got up and went to talk to Yvonne in the entryway. She once again complained, in her gratingly depressed voice, about her parents' intrusiveness. "I want them to leave me alone," she said.

"No," Minuchin suddenly said. "You want them to treat you like a little girl."

"I do not."

"You look so big and act so little," Minuchin said tauntingly. "You are so pretty and you look so seductive, but you act as though you were eight years old. You look like eighteen and you act like eight."

"Leave me alone," the girl said.

"Why?" Minuchin said. "Why should I leave you alone?"

"Just leave me alone," the girl said desperately, beginning to cry.

"No, I will not," Minuchin said. "Look how childish you are. Look how you're acting. This is the way an eight-year-old acts. This is not the way a fifteen-year-old acts."

"Leave me alone," the girl said, growing hysterical.

"No."

Minuchin continued to goad the girl until she lost control of herself and began to scream and pound the walls of the entryway with her fists. Then Minuchin turned to the parents in the treatment room. "See?" he said. "She is having a tantrum, like a small child. Your daughter has the body of a woman, but she acts very young. She needs to grow up. She needs to be fifteen. But she has the anger of a little girl, an anger that says 'Do something for me without my asking.' "

The parents, accepting the re-labelling of their daughter's behavior as childish rather than sick, began to imitate Minuchin's harsh manner and to pick on her.

"Just leave me alone," Yvonne repeated.

"Why should they leave you alone?" Minuchin said. "They're concerned because you don't act fifteen. You're acting childish and too young." To the parents he said, "Maybe when she is fifteen you will give her her rights. But not now. Now she is acting like a little girl. She is not fifteen."

Lee, suddenly and surprisingly, said to Minuchin, "I think you're being unfair. She's not so young. She can act fifteen."

"I disagree."

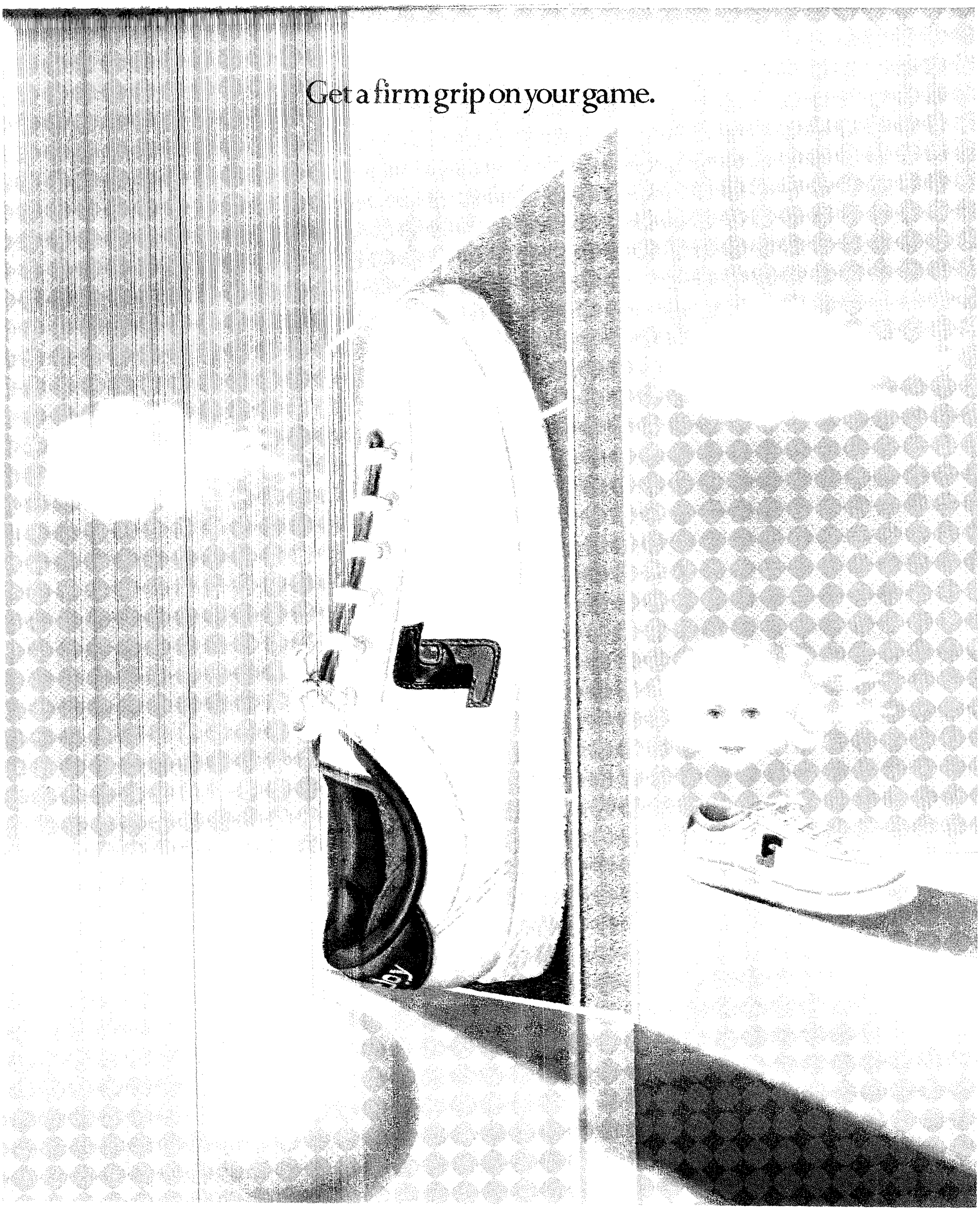
"I disagree with *you*. She can. I've seen her behaving reasonably."

"O.K. We disagree," Minuchin said with a shrug, and walked out of the treatment room. At the door, he delivered this parting shot to the parents: "You two people are growing up, and she is scared."

Back in the observation room, Minuchin said to the rest of the class, "The girl is dressed like a whore. She'll go out on a one-night stand and get herself pregnant." He added, "The way Lee challenged me was absolutely correct."

When the session ended, the students returned to Minuchin's office. Since there were no more cases scheduled for that day, Minuchin asked, "Who would like to show a tape? Gottlieb, maybe we will look at the session you did last week."

Gottlieb, a tall, thin, bearded man wearing tight jeans and high-heeled clogs, buried his face in his hands. "God, not that mess," he said in a deep, heavily accented voice. But he got up and put a tape on the machine. The case involved a welfare couple and a child. The woman was middle-aged and prone to psychotic breakdowns, for which she had been hospitalized; the man, her second husband, was an alcoholic; and the boy had anxiety attacks that kept him out of school. Gottlieb had previously worked successfully with this hopeless family—



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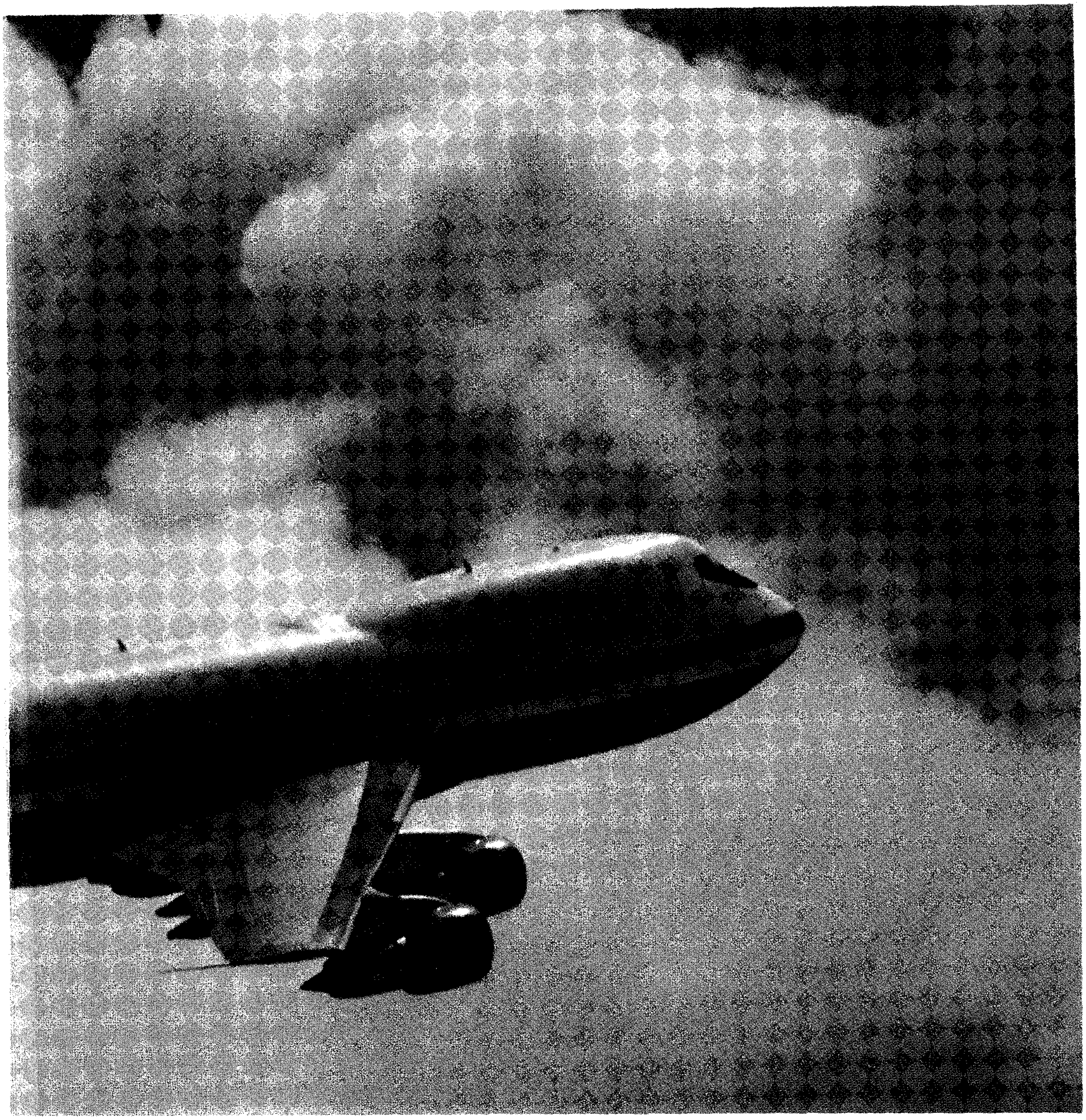

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Minuchin has characterized him as one of the most brilliant students he has ever taught—but the session in question had been a disaster. He had repeatedly got into losing battles. Early in the session, when things were already going badly, Minuchin had intervened and said to the mother—as the students in the observation room laughed heartily—"I am not a family therapist. I am a child psychiatrist. Tell me what is the matter with your son—what are his symptoms?" Now, as the class watched this intervention on the tape, Minuchin said to Gottlieb, "Did you understand my message here?"

"Not completely," Gottlieb said. "My head was in a mist. My thinking was very blurred during that session."

"You didn't understand that I was saying to you 'Enter the family through the child'?" Minuchin asked, and turned off the set.

"Obviously not."

"O.K. I thought the message was clear. And when you went in the other direction—when you continued to argue with the father—then I said to myself, 'Gottlieb is in a power operation with me, or he would have adopted my suggestion of going through the child.' "

"No, I was not in a power operation with you," Gottlieb protested. "I was blurred. I felt I was in a swamp. I felt that every move I made was wrong, but I didn't know what I was doing wrong."

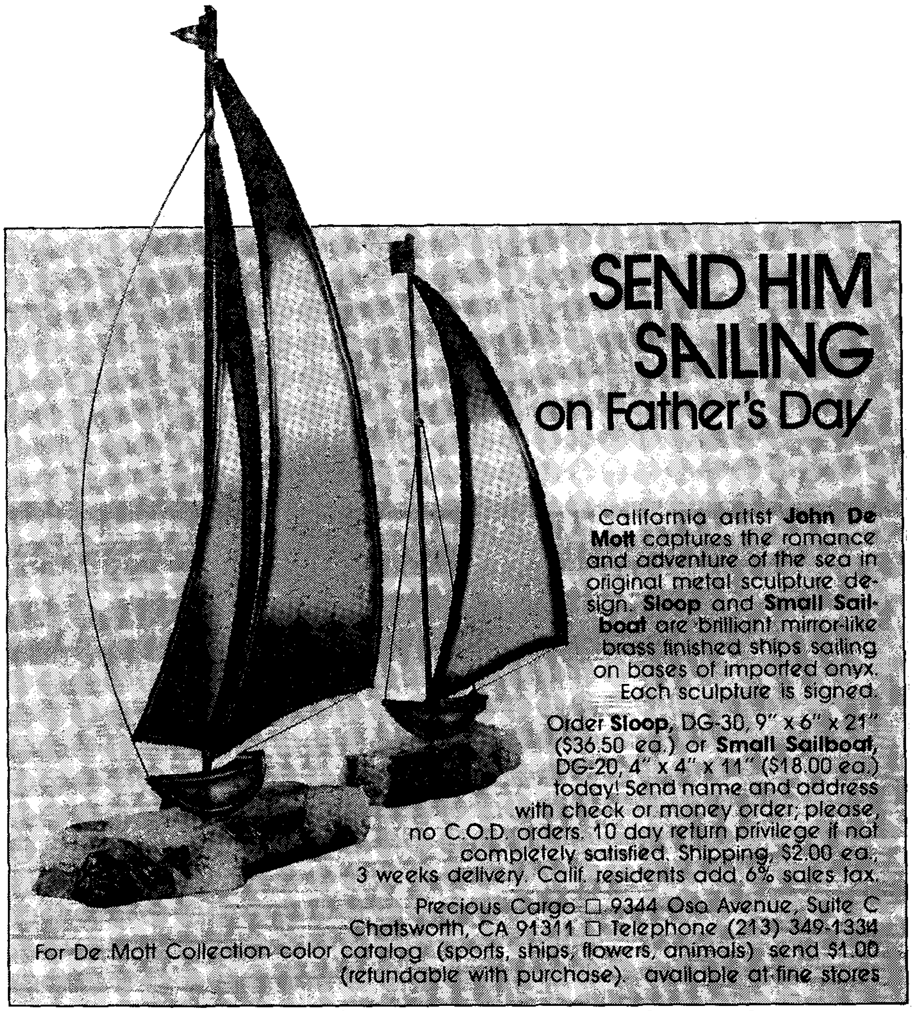
"You have some kind of a set about power," Minuchin said. "You antagonized the mother, and you antagonized the husband, and you antagonized the child. You got into a power operation with all of them, and then with me."

"It was all very strange," Gottlieb said. "I saw your thing. I understood it when you were there, but when you left, all at once I was in a swamp again."

"There is something else here you should understand," Minuchin said. "This family was dealing with you in a special way. There is something in your makeup that made it possible for this family to suck you into power operations with it. They transact only in terms of power. Let's watch some more of the tape with this in mind."

The class watched an episode in which the mother truculently told Gottlieb about the boy's anxiety attacks in school. She said that the boy liked school but didn't attend, because "his fear comes on in the lunchroom."

The boy, who had not spoken before, now piped up and corrected his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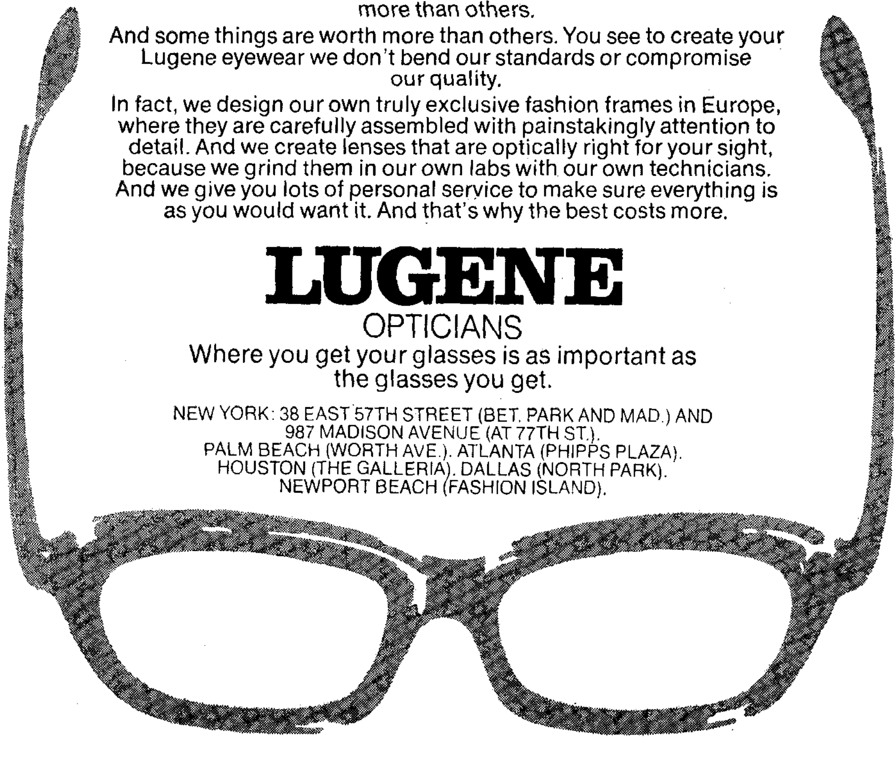

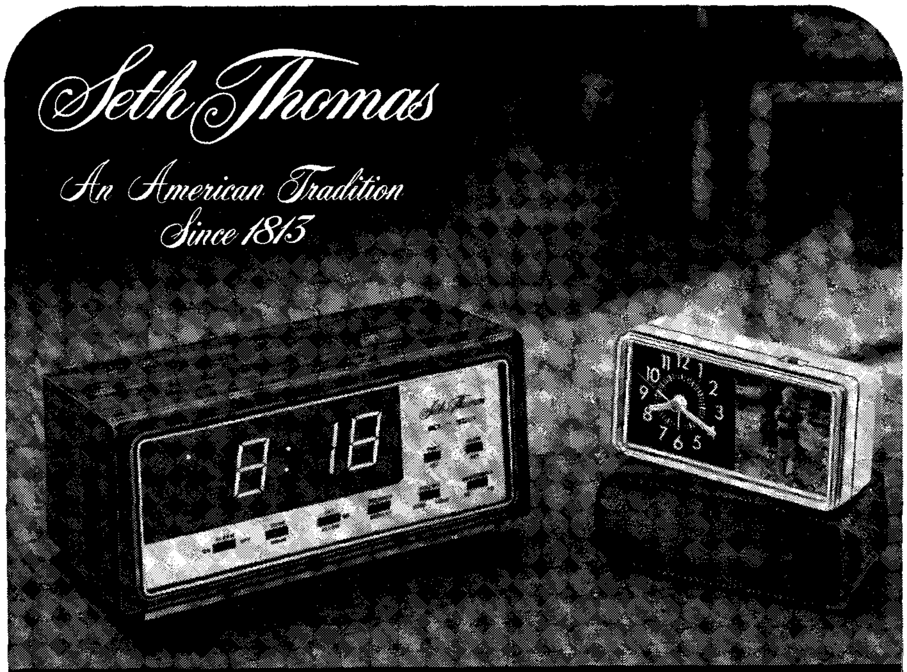

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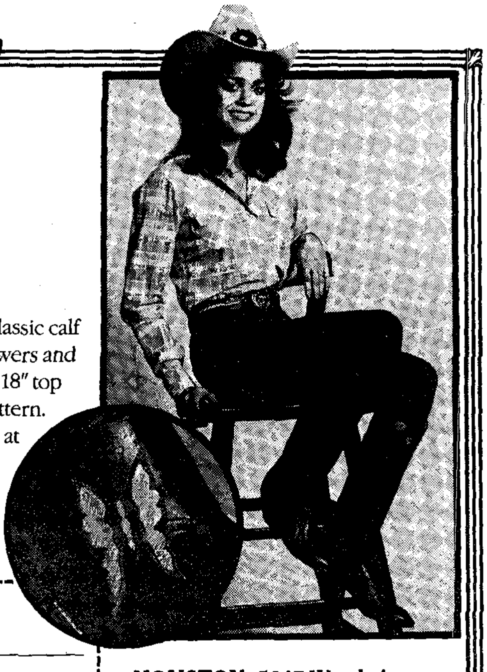

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mother. "It could be anywhere," he said. "Not just the lunchroom."

Gottlieb turned to the boy and said, "Do you know anybody else who is afraid of being in a crowd?"

"I don't know," the boy said.

"Other boys?" Gottlieb asked.

"I don't know," the boy said again.

"Or grownups?" Gottlieb persisted.

"I don't know," the boy said. And, for good measure, anticipating the next question, he put in another "I don't know."

"I think you know," Gottlieb said.

"No, I don't."

("You're lost," Minuchin said to Gottlieb's figure on the screen.)

"I think you know," Gottlieb repeated.

"Know what?" the boy asked, with triumphant malice.

Minuchin switched off the set. "Look how the boy completely organized your behavior," he said.

Gottlieb grimaced in exasperation. "What makes me angry is that I fell so easily into that pit."

"When the boy said, 'It could be anywhere,' he was collaborating with you," Minuchin said. "But then he betrayed you."

"You say he was collaborating, but my feeling was that he was not. It's been clear from the beginning that he becomes fearful at night exactly when the mother and stepfather go to bed. His maneuver is to separate them in the bedroom. So when he stepped in and said, 'It could be anywhere,' I thought—"

"You think too much," Minuchin interrupted. "When I say he collaborated, I mean that he was being cooperative in volunteering information. That's all. Then you asked him your question, and look what happened to you."

"It was a difficult question," Steve Cole said.

"I don't think it was difficult," Minuchin said.

"The question made the boy feel disloyal to his mother, because he knows she has the same problem," Gottlieb said. "I pushed him too far."

"You think too much," Minuchin repeated. "Look, if a child says to me 'I don't know,' and I ask him a second time and he again says 'I don't know' —then I forget my cognitive schemes and I say to myself, 'This kid is defeating me, and I need to shift.' Let's put the tape a little forward. I want to show you how I handle the same situation."

The episode began with the entrance of Minuchin. He calmed the mother,

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who was yelling at Gottlieb. The stepfather had already walked out of the session. Minuchin turned to the boy, who was chewing bubble gum, and said that gum-chewing disturbed him. The mother chimed in to deplore the boy's constant chewing.

"No, no," Minuchin said gently to the mother. "This is between me and Jimmy. You stay out of it." Turning to the boy, he said, "Jimmy, throw the bubble gum away."

Giovanna turned off the set. "I don't understand this intervention," she said. "I don't understand why you did that."

Minuchin smiled. "Can you accept it if I tell you that I just hate gum-chewing, that I find gum an impossible thing, that I can't stand it—pure and simple?"

"But," Giovanna said in exasperation, "here is a situation where everyone is in a power operation, and you come in and do a power operation yourself."

"But with a little difference," Gottlieb said dryly. "He wins."

"I won because I wouldn't accept the mother's coming in, and made it purely between me and the boy," Minuchin said. "But when I told the boy that I was disturbed by his gum-chewing, that was no dynamic thing. I just don't like gum-chewing."

"But it *became* dynamic," Giovanna said, and turned on the set. The class watched the boy throw the gum into a wastebasket. Minuchin said, "Thank you. Thank you very much, Jimmy. That was very good of you to do that. How old are you?"

"I don't know," the boy said.

"How old are you?" Minuchin said again.

"I don't know," the boy repeated.

"You don't know how old you are," Minuchin said. "O.K. That's very nice." He turned to the mother and said, "You are worried because you have a son who doesn't know how old he is. Your concern is legitimate . . ."

Minuchin switched off the set. "In this family, the traps are continuous, and it is useful to get caught, to get a feeling of how the system works," he told the class. "But it is essential to get out."

DURING lunch, which was brought in from the hospital's cafeteria and eaten in Minuchin's office, a general discussion developed out of Gottlieb's debacle.

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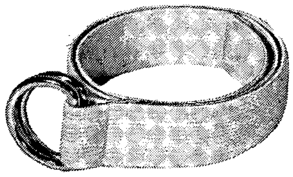

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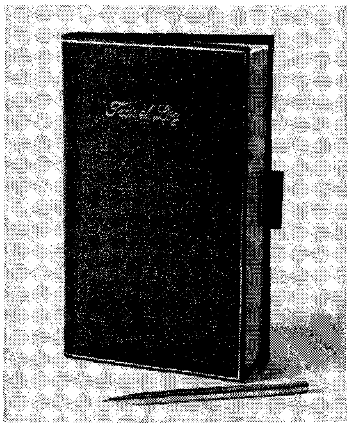

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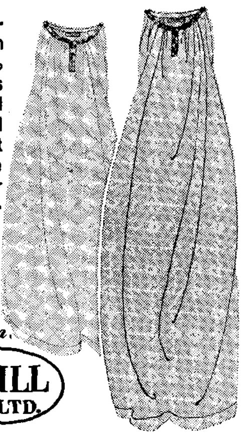

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session that you never put your foot in the same river twice. I see in retrospect that things had improved too fast. When healing processes go too fast, there must be something wrong. After three sessions with such a complicated family, I would never again think I had done a good job.

MINUCHIN: What happens in therapy is that you intervene in a system as a powerful stranger and produce a kind of disarray, which leads to a kind of transformation. People feel very happy with the changes that have occurred with your support. But then you disappear, and the system reverts to its previous way of being.

GIOVANNA: Yes, I have seen families where there is a tremendous change in the first three sessions, and then there is a relapse.

MINUCHIN: The question is: What is change? In individual therapy, we looked at change in terms of the symptom-bearer. In family therapy, we want to change the patterns that support a certain kind of behavior. The therapist will create certain changes by his entrance, and then he needs to make the changes operate in his absence.

GOTTLIEB: The problem is one of the learning process. If the family doesn't have time to learn how to be different, it cannot change.

MINUCHIN: The issue is the difference between learning and change. When you enter a family, what you are doing is trying to rearrange a sequence among people. If you are able to do that, the family will change, and learning will come later.

LEE: So you are saying that it is necessary for the family to change its structure before it can learn.

GOTTLIEB: But people *have* to learn in order to change. All your teaching to make us better therapists—your speaking with us, supervising us, discussing our tapes. How the hell do you think we would change if we didn't learn? I really think that learning theory has to be integrated—

MINUCHIN: My dear Dr. Gottlieb Guntern. I am talking about the difference between system change and individual learning. I am not discussing learning theory. I am saying that learning theory is related to individual memory and cognition, but in systems you have transactions, interrelationship patterns, and so on. You do not need learning to change that.

AFTER the class dispersed, Minuchin said to me, "In what you saw today with Gottlieb, I was saying

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to him 'Look at the way you get into conflict, and look at the way I avoid the same situation.' And when this happens again he will not behave automatically, because it will have become an area of self-observation. Braulio Montalvo has compared the training of the therapist to the training of the samurai. You train and train and train, and then you forget your training and the sword becomes an extension of the hand. Like any well-trained professional, the therapist needs to have the kind of trained spontaneity that allows him to say at some point, 'I can allow this part of myself to be free.' For example, let's say that a child insults his father. I feel that this is wrong. I feel a certain element of discomfort in myself. Then I ask myself, 'Shall I act on this feeling? Will it be useful?' And if I think it will, I angrily attack the boy. Indeed, I permit the feeling of discomfort to balloon into indignation. I put myself in motion, and I deliberately do not control what happens after that, because it is more effective when I do not. But I could equally well have *not* become indignant. I could have said, 'No, this would not be useful at this point,' and have done something else."

Minuchin said that he did not object to having the term "manipulator" used about him. "I consider the people who have come to therapy as people who have got stuck for lack of alternatives. They come to me in order to increase their possibilities, and it is my function as a therapist to use myself as an instrument to help them, and that is clearly manipulation. When you go to a psychoanalyst and he puts you on a couch, he is manipulating you. He is creating a particular set of circumstances in which you are invited to participate in a particular way. It is not wrong. But no analyst will accept the term 'manipulation' as descriptive of what he does, because the word has become a pejorative when used about interpersonal transactions, though in science it remains a respected term.

"In some ways I am a technocrat, since I believe in precise learning. But I also believe in imagination, poetry, and wisdom. It is a tragedy that many people who become therapists do not have wisdom. Like Jacob, you need to have struggled with God, and maybe if you haven't succeeded too well in your struggle you will be more respectful of other people's lame ways of dealing with life. You will not try to impose your way of being a spouse, your way of being a parent. You will accept differences. There is a lack of wisdom in all fields of therapy. Psychoanalytic schools often accept people who are very, very bright but not wise. How you select candidates is an extremely important issue, because therapists become people who give other people rules of life. I despair sometimes because we have young people who get their M.D.s or Ph.D.s, finish their training, but have no experience of life whatever. They are single people with no children, and suddenly they are experts on how to raise a family. I wish there were a way of telling people, 'Don't go to a therapist who hasn't had at least the experience you have had. If you have a problem when you're in your middle fifties, do not accept a therapist who is thirty.' "

WHEN the Brauns appeared the following week, the girl came into the treatment room, and—as if to illustrate the students' discussion of too rapid change—she was transformed. She talked in a fresh, mildly inane young voice, with no trace in it of depressed sullenness. She wore jeans and a high-school T-shirt, and she seemed like a normal slightly boy-crazy high-school girl as she chattered to Lee about a boy she liked in her class. The parents seemed calm and happy. They only occasionally betrayed their nervousness by laughing too much.

In the observation room, Minuchin nudged me and said, "Don't believe what you see." But he watched approvingly as Lee guided the scenario along a strategic track that, as she later explained, would "strengthen the parents as a pair, disengage the daughter from them, and hook her up with her peers." Lee saw the girl's depression as a reflection of a developmental crisis in a family that was too "enmeshed"—whose members could not differentiate themselves from one another. (In "Families of the Slums," Minuchin first offered his categories of the "enmeshed" and the "disengaged" families. The members of the first are too mixed up with one another, and the members of the second are too rigidly separated; the first is usually ethnic, and the second is usually Wasp.) Lee spelled some of this out to the Brauns: "You've raised one child, and she's left home, which is what is supposed to happen in families. Families are supposed to come apart. But it's painful and hard on the parents, and when there is another child left at home the parents instinctively cling to that child. The child, in turn, clings to the parents by being too involved with them, and by worrying about them." To Yvonne, Lee said, "You have a lot to

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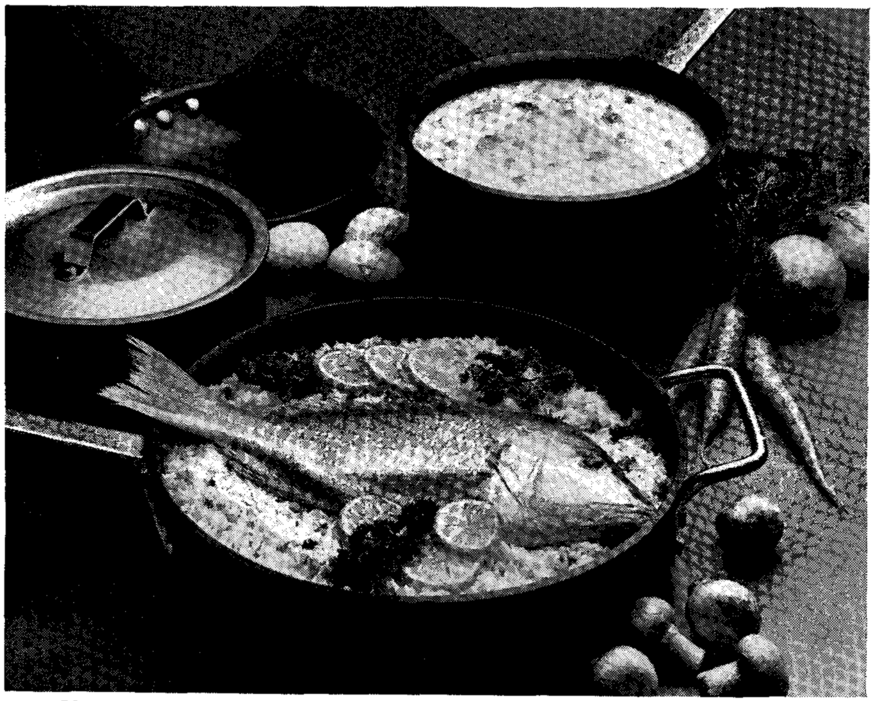

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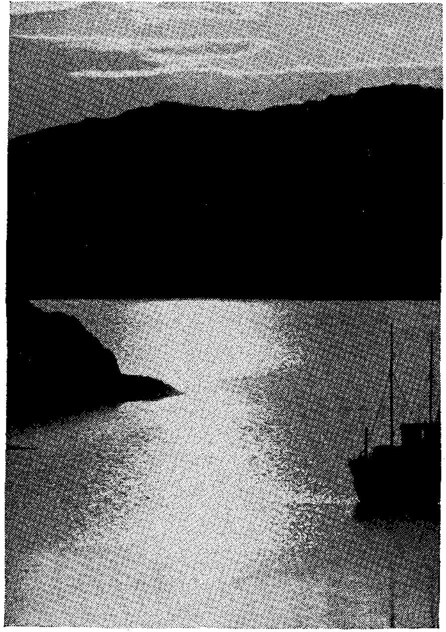

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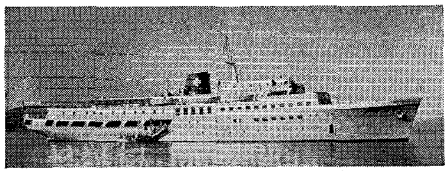

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do, Yvonne. And I don't think you have a lot of time left over for worrying about your parents—or you shouldn't have. The problem is: How are you going to change so you don't use up so much of your time and your energy worrying about them? Because if you don't feel that the time you spend on yourself is legitimately yours—if you always feel that you should be doing something for *them* or worrying about *them*—then you'll do something very strange and very dangerous to yourself." She paused. "Like go out and get yourself knocked up."

"Naah," the girl said. "No way."

"O.K. If you can plan your life, and if you can think about it, then that sort of thing won't happen. But if you feel you have to grab time, that you—"

"No way, no way," the girl scoffed. "They know that if I don't have the wedding ring or the engagement ring on my finger they don't touch me."

Lee playfully questioned the girl about how far she would let a boy go, maintaining a light tone. The subjects that came up during the period were seen as life problems rather than as pathology: this family's problems were the problems of other families with adolescents. Nothing was said about the girl's depression, her voices, her sickness.

"Lee has learned to be less central and intrusive," Minuchin said. He got up and entered the treatment room, where he talked in a friendly, bantering way to the parents. He then got down to the business he had entered the session to do, suddenly turning to Yvonne.

MINUCHIN: Who is this fellow Alex?

YVONNE: Alex tells me what to do, sort of. When I was sick, he was trying to help. He's just something that comes to me.

MINUCHIN: He's a voice inside of you?

YVONNE: Yes.

MINUCHIN: How do you know his name is Alex?

YVONNE: I don't know. It's just . . . you know . . .

MINUCHIN: I prefer Moishe myself. When I had a voice, I called it Moishe. It's more friendly. Alex has a ring of detachment in it. It's kind of too Waspy for me. How do you imagine Alex to be? Is he tall and lanky?

YVONNE: No, he's like a mist, sort of, with a lot of colors.

MINUCHIN: A disembodied voice?

YVONNE: Yes.

MINUCHIN: My goodness! Is he a

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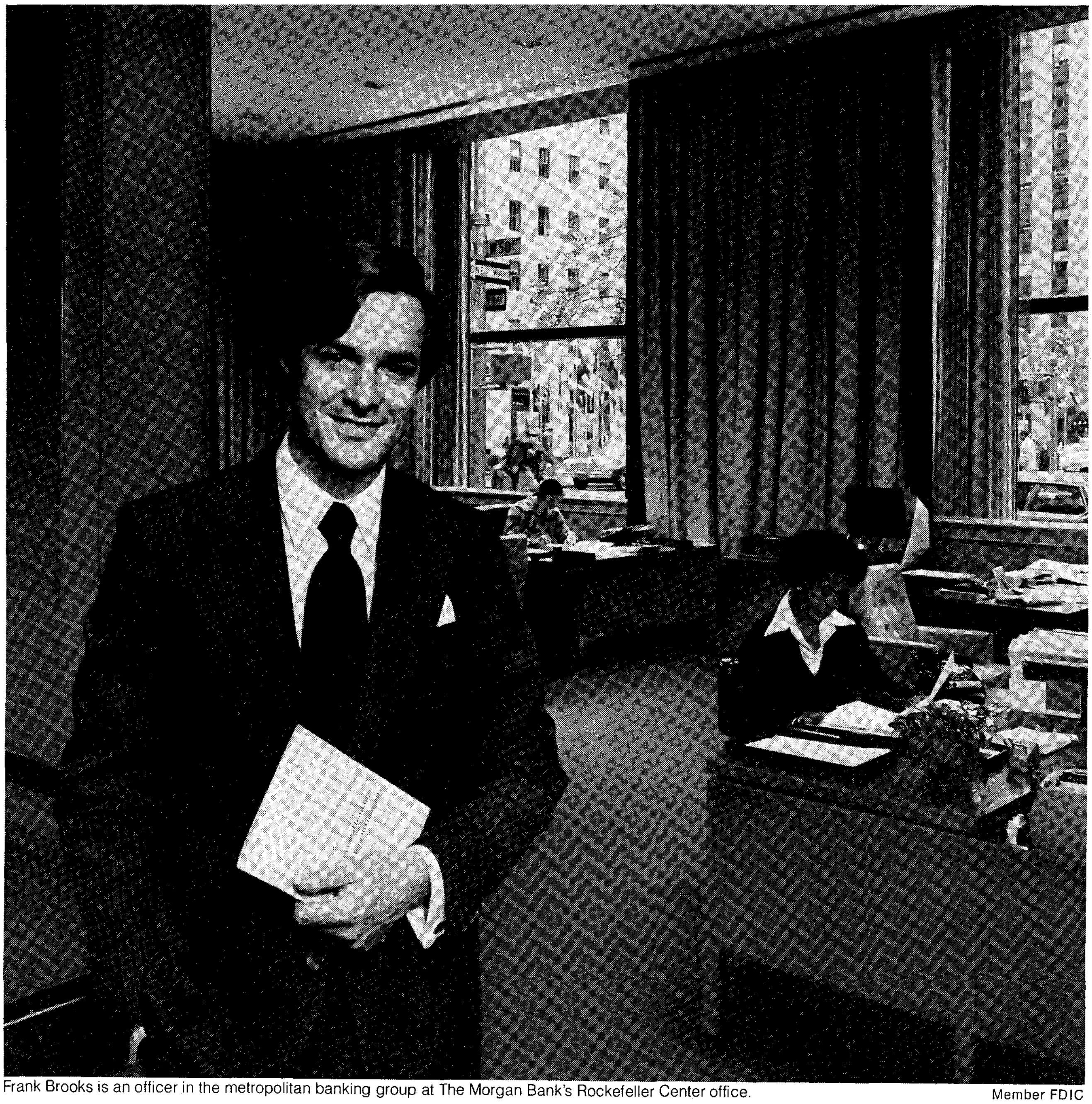

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lot of little dots, like that Impressionist painter—you know, what's his name?

Lee: Seurat.

Minuchin: Yes. Do you smoke pot?

Yvonne: No.

Minuchin: Do you take LSD?

Yvonne: No.

Minuchin: O.K. So the voice came to you when you were sick? And you've lost it now?

Yvonne: No, he's still here.

Minuchin: Can you call him on command?

Yvonne: No. He just comes when he wants to.

Minuchin: Then he's like Mother. He's overbearing. You cannot control him.

Yvonne: No, he's not overbearing.

Minuchin: You know, one of the nice things about voices is that you can call them and they come. If you cannot control them, they're not fun. They can become like parents. Tell me, is he friendly?

Yvonne: Yes.

Minuchin: Is he bright?

Yvonne: He's interesting, but he's not bright.

Minuchin: Is he wise?

Yvonne: To a certain extent.

Minuchin: That's nice. If you are going to have voices, it's nice that your voices should be interesting and wise. So. What do you talk about together? Issues of life?

Yvonne: We contemplate the universe most of the time.

Lee: I think you're being a little sarcastic.

Yvonne: No, I'm not.

Minuchin: No, she is not.

The buzzer from the observation room sounded at this point.

In the observation room, the students had been discussing Minuchin as they watched him in the session. "He's a master at seducing and manipulating," Gottlieb said admiringly.

"I think I'll become a pediatrician," Giovanna said. "I'll never learn to do what he does."

"When I am doing a session, I always feel that the family is waiting for the moment when he will come in—like the Lone Ranger," Steve said.

"Look how he is re-labelling the voice the girl hears, making it seem normal to hear voices," Anthony said.

"He has such a smartness and lightness," Gottlieb said. "His easy manner persuades the family that it is easy to change. We think we can imitate him, but we just learn some tricks."

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"Let's buzz him and tell him he's doing well," he said. The group was enthusiastic, and Steve pressed the buzzer.

Minuchin, looking a little surprised, picked up the phone.

"The group wants to tell you that you're doing well," Steve said.

Minuchin put down the phone and returned to the Brauns. "They told me I am being too intrusive," he informed them. He sat down and pointedly said nothing. The rest of the session was curiously flat and quiet. Minuchin let the tight drama he had been constructing fall from his hand. Everything slackened. It was as if a member of the audience at a play had stood up at a crucial point and shattered the illusion by complimenting an actor on his performance.

In the observation room, the students were chastened. They realized that they had acted rashly, that they had been put in their place, and that something complicated had happened.

"Sal is a master in power struggles," Gottlieb said finally. "He has to win. Look how he's defeated us."

"I don't see that," Anthony said.

"If he had accepted our praise, he would have accepted the reversal of the teacher-student relationship, and this he could not do," Gottlieb said. "So he re-labelled our praise criticism, and in that way kept his superior position. He was not too intrusive. So he withdrew and spoiled the session to teach us a lesson."

"You read too much Haley," Anthony said.

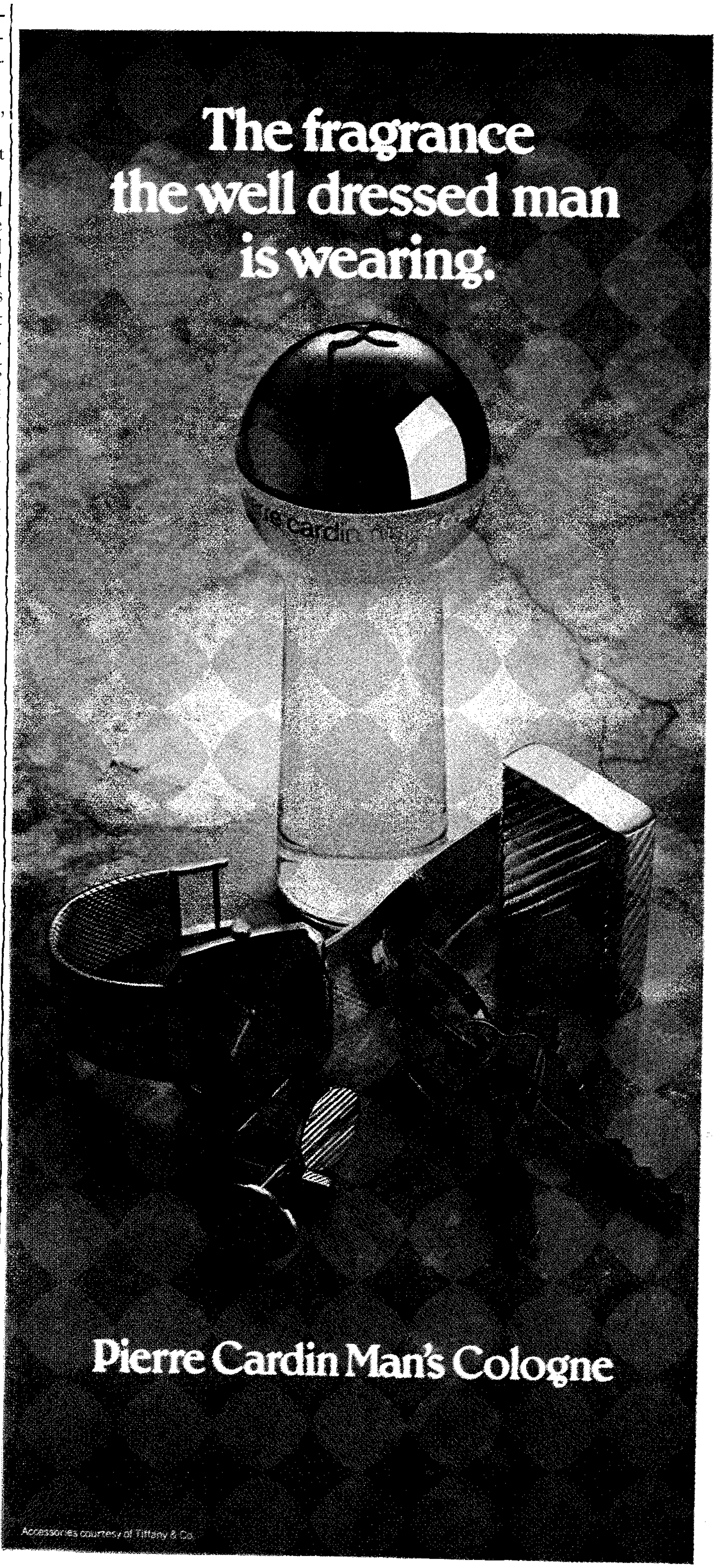
"Gottlieb is right," Giovanna said. "It was a power operation."

"I guess we shouldn't have done it," Steve said. "His message really meant that *we* were intrusive."

"He was right," Anthony said.

"He's a sly fox," Gottlieb said.

LEE saw the Brauns three more times. By the final session, Yvonne had completely stopped taking drugs, had caught up on her schoolwork, was going out with a boy she liked, and seemed cheerful and content. Only one reminder of her condition of two months earlier emerged during the session, and this was her remark that she still sometimes saw the Angel of Death—sitting on the roof of a building or standing under a street lamp. "But it doesn't bother me anymore," she said. Lee asked the girl what she would do if she got depressed again. She thought, and then replied, "I'll get my father to take me to the shopping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mall, and I'll buy a lot of clothes and records and things. That will keep me from getting depressed."

"O.K.," Lee said, and dismissed the case.

IT was a month later that I went to see the Brauns at home. I arrived late in the afternoon, and Mr. Braun, after greeting me and leading me into the kitchen, brought out a cocktail shaker and mixed some Manhattans. Following an abortive attempt by Mrs. Braun to move the party into the coldly immaculate living room, where obviously no one ever sat, we settled down around a table in the middle of the pleasant, still sunny room. Yvonne remained at the stove, poking at things in pots.

I asked the family what they thought of the treatment they had received in Philadelphia. The parents were enthusiastic about Lee, Minuchin, and family therapy. They said that it had changed their relationship with each other, and that now, for the first time in their marriage, they could communicate. "We sometimes lie in bed together just holding hands," Mrs. Braun said. As if overcome by the memory of these intimate moments, she reached over and took her husband's hand and stroked it tenderly and nervously. Mr. Braun looked uncomfortable, and though he didn't pull his hand away, he was clearly waiting for an opportunity to do so tactfully.

"We were all criticized," Mrs. Braun said complacently, "and we all deserved it."

Mr. Braun, glancing at his hand as if it were an extremely unpleasant sight, corroborated his wife's view of the treatment as criticism and correction. They felt that they had been rebuked and chastised, he said, and were now doing things better.

"In the car going to the clinic, we would make bets on who Minuchin would pick on that day," Mrs. Braun recalled. "He was hardest on me and Yvonne. You got off pretty lightly."

"What did you think of the treatment, Yvonne?" I asked. The girl had not joined the conversation. She remained at the stove, as she had remained in the entryway.

"It was helpful," she acknowledged. "But I still prefer Dr. Horace."

"Yvonne, that man drugged you so you didn't know if you were coming or going," Mr. Braun said, finally removing his hand and pouring himself another Manhattan.

"We were worried sick by those high dosages," Mrs. Braun said.

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"I liked him," the girl insisted. "He understood me. I could relate to him."

"He was going to put you away in a mental institution," her father said.

The girl bit her lip and said nothing.

"How did you like Minuchin?" I asked Yvonne.

"I sometimes wanted to go home and get a knife and come back and kill him," she said. "But I guess he was right to do what he did. He drove me sane."

Mrs. Braun asked Yvonne to set the table, and the girl obediently got out some placemats and put them on the table. Knives and forks, flower-decorated plates, and glasses of iced tea appeared, and then platters and serving dishes of ham, fried chicken, scalloped potatoes, peas and carrots, coleslaw, gravy, and bread and butter were set in the middle of the table. Yvonne sat with a weight-watcher's scale in front of her, on which she weighed boiled chicken and vegetables brought from the stove. She said she was trying to lose ten pounds. I chatted with her about diets, and then casually asked her how things were at home. Were her parents giving her the privacy and independence she had wanted?

"Yes, they treat me better," she said. "They don't come into my room anymore, and they don't beat me anymore, like they used to."

"Yvonne!" her mother said.

"What do you mean, 'beat' you? I asked. "Do you mean they beat you in arguments—defeated you?"

"No, I mean they hit me," the girl said, nastily and tearfully. "Slapped me and yelled at me."

"Yvonne, that's not true," Mrs. Braun said tremulously.

Mr. Braun glared wrathfully at his daughter.

Good God, I thought, they think this is a family-therapy session. They're going to have a horrible scene. I clumsily but pointedly changed the subject, and the parents recalled themselves. The girl withdrew into herself again, playing the role of the "good child." She spoke only when spoken to, obeyed her parents, helped to clear the table. At the end of the meal, as turgid Italian pastries were passed around, she sat bleakly peeling an orange. The father helped himself to a second pastry and, with a satisfied smile, told me about an electric guitar that he had given his daughter as a surprise for her birthday. "She had asked me for an electric guitar, and I told her I'd have to think about it, and then I told her that I had decided *not* to get it

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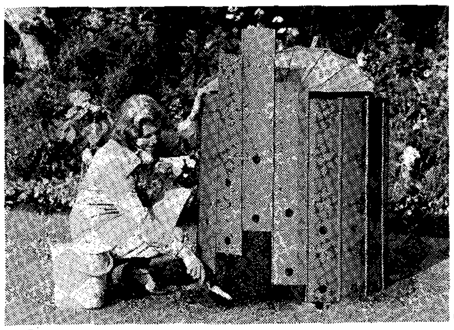

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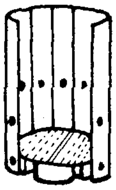

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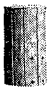

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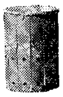

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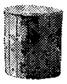

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for her. When she got home from school on her birthday, the guitar was waiting for her on her bed. I had got her just the one she wanted."

The girl dropped her second bombshell. "It was not the one I wanted," she said.

"What do you mean?" the father said, the smile gone from his face.

"I wanted the gray-and-white one, and you got me the black-and-white one."

"Is there something the matter with the guitar I got you?"

"No. It's just that the gray-and-white one was better."

"I thought I got you the one you wanted."

"No. It was close. But it was a little cheaper and a little less good than the gray-and-white one."

The father was visibly upset. The girl sullenly ate her orange. I asked her if she would play the guitar for us. O.K., she said. She went into her small, neat room—bed with printed-patchwork spread, chest of drawers, chair, rock-star posters, TV set—and brought out the black-and-white electric guitar. We went into the immaculate living room, and the girl plugged in her guitar and played a Simon and Garfunkel song. She played slowly and carefully and nicely.

I looked around the living room, with its new furniture, pristine draperies, a few symmetrically arranged figurines, a white pot of African violets, a large TV set, and two pictures. One was a reproduction of a religious painting, and the other was a tinted formal wedding photograph taken in the fifties. It showed a pair of thin, awkwardly young kids—he with a crewcut, and she in a curled hairdo of the day and dark-red lipstick—who faintly resembled the heavy, settled middle-aged couple sitting across from me. I looked from the parents to the sad, squelched child stolidly playing her electric guitar.

"I thought that was the one she wanted," the father said to no one in particular. —JANET MALCOLM

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WASHINGTON (UPI)—THERE IS ONLY A 20 PERCENT CHANCE THAT THE EARTH'S CLIMATE BY THE END OF THE CENTURY WILL BE SIGNIFICANTLY DIFFERENT FROM TODAY'S, ACCORDING TO A CLIMATOLOGISTS' OPINION SURVEY RELEASED FRIDAY.

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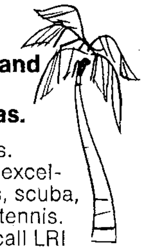

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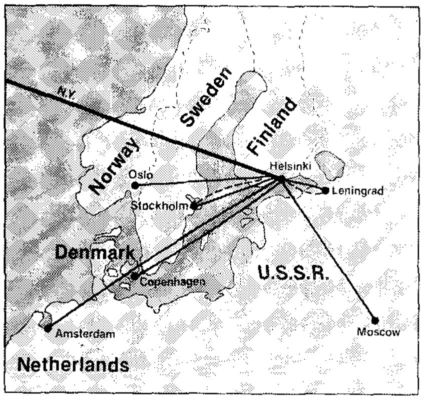

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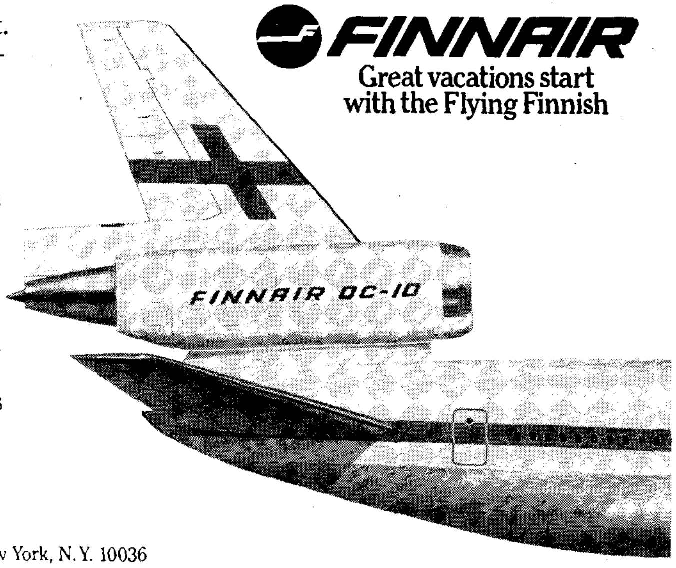

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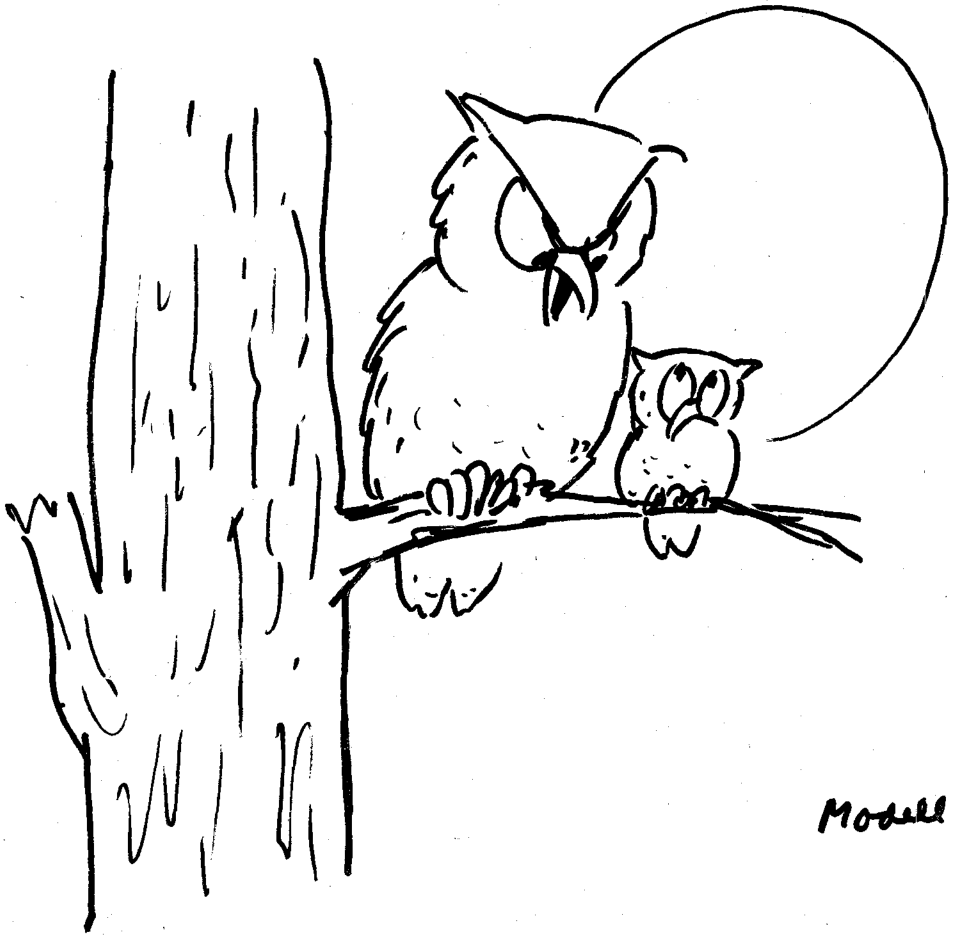
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

Raymond Baker, Anne Cohen, Timothy Hall, and Shelley Barre are a quartet of improvisers who, with a pianist, make up the full cast of the current production of "The Proposition," which is subtitled "The Improvisational Musical Revue." Actually, "The Semi-Improvisational Musical Revue" would be a more accurate subtitle for the show at the Actors' Playhouse. Although suggestions for improvisation are shouted out by the audience in time-honored fashion, the suggestions are all governed by a list that is tucked into the program—"Historical Characters," "Book and Movie Titles," "Neighborhoods," "Astrological Signs," and the like—and the framework of the sketch in which they are to be used is selected by the players. Thus, Shelley Barre will say, "Give me some book titles"—and off we go (or off we went on opening night) into a funny pickup scene in a bar populated by the Great Gatsby, Moby Dick, Fanny Hill, and Nixon's R.N., and acted by Miss Barre and Mr. Baker. I would assume that the framework scenes are pretty well fixed by now, and that very few suggestions shouted out by the audience will *really* catch the cast unprepared, but, for all that, there is no lack of spontaneity or of ingenuity; Mr. Baker, Miss Cohen, Mr. Hall, and Miss Barre are so clever, so knowledgeable, and so appealing that their show, whisking from one kind of parody to the next, is all but irresistible. At least, that was clearly the view of the young opening-night audience, who offered up the usual stuff from the recently graduated (while I, in my cross-grained way, wondered what the cast would have made of suggestions that were not so notably in fashion—"Appointment in Samarra" for "The Great Gatsby," say). In a sketch that parodied four composers tossed in by the audience—Shostakovich, Bach, Cat Stevens, and John Cage—Donald Sosin, the pianist, came into his own in the Cage number, in which he left the piano stool to knock things about while Mr. Hall writhed calisthenically as Merce Cunningham.

One of the attractions of the show is the echo one receives of other performers in other shows; for some odd reason, this actually enriches the evening. A so-called collage of foreign films, with funny mock Italian, Swedish, Japanese, and British gibberish by the actors, reminds us of the triumphant dialects of Sid Caesar and Carl Reiner in their foreign films on the old Sid Caesar television show, and a Pirandello sketch near the end recalls the inspired artistry of Nichols and May in *their* Pirandello number, which cut much deeper and went far beyond parody. (It was better than Pirandello, for that matter.) The genius of Nichols and May, the great talent and miraculous work of Alan Arkin, Barbara Harris, Severn Darden, and Paul Sand in "From the Second City," the nimble wit and theatricality of these young players of "The Proposition"—there may be some dwindling, but the tradition of improvisation holds, and it could go on forever, for all of me. Miss Cohen adds an especially welcome note of broad comedy—true clowning—as a Bensonhurst housewife ("Neighborhoods") with a Jewish accent begging her husband for an extra dollar, and as a cokey night-club singer named Snow White ("Favorite Fairy Tale") nodding off during her rendition of a song, to pick a couple of examples. The show ends with a production number—an elaborate takeoff on musical comedy—which seems a bit cumbersome for an evening that has been as swift and light as this one. —Edith Oliver



"Not ŏ, dummy, o͞o."

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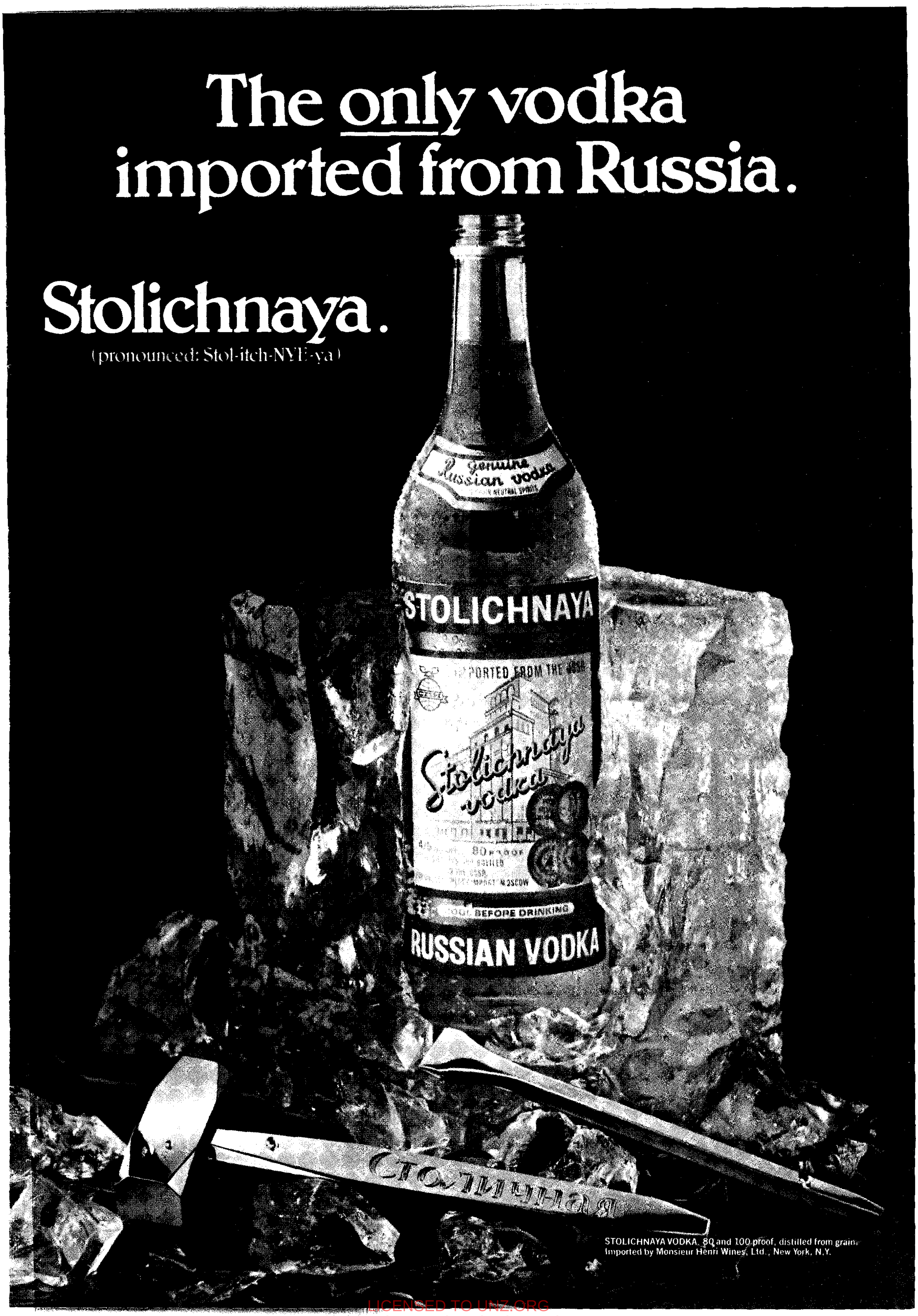
The bill, which gives the president the authority to nearly double the number of high-salaried White House staffers, was also attacked by Republicans as going counter to Carter's anti-inflation pleas.

Hugh Carter Jr., special assistant to the president for administration, has said there are no plans to add significantly to the number of senior aides.

"This provides permanent statutory authority for the president's staff," he said. "We wanted to have plenty of flexibility for the future in the event of an emergency like World War III or something and needed to suddenly increase the staff. But except for one or two people, we have no plans to raise the staff level."—*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*

Preparedness is everything.



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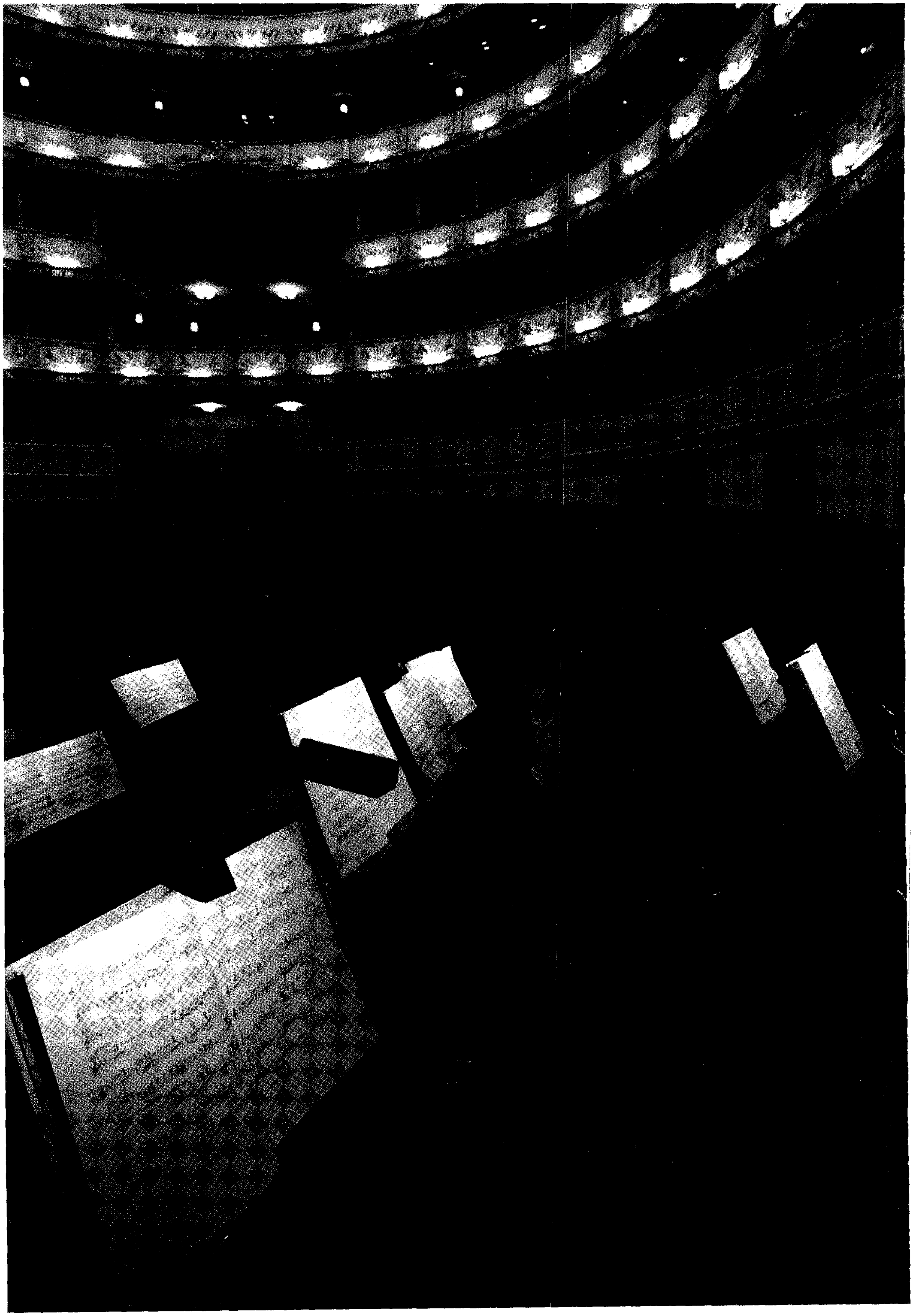

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Anna Mahler

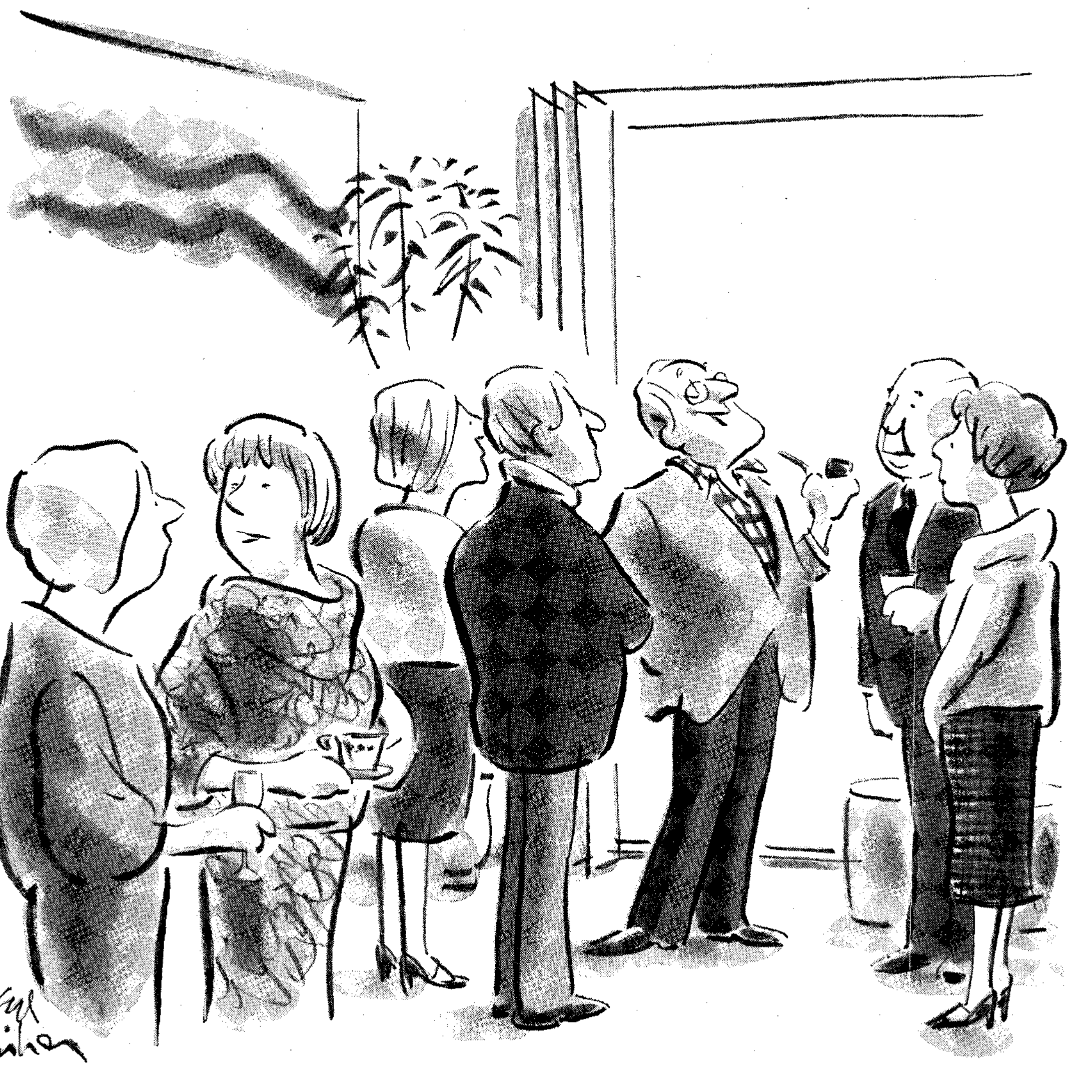
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Last Supper in Havana

WE are in Cuba at the end of the eighteenth century, in Holy Week, with Tomás Gutiérrez Alea's intelligent and sobering "The Last Supper." A bewigged white boss, the Count, has a pain in his back from a journey. He takes a bath while a priest waits obsequiously outside the door. The master is no true Christ figure—his slaves are even forbidden to go to church on Sunday—but he fancies himself as messianic, toying with notions of atonement and suffering as if they were playthings. He fobs off responsibility on his mulatto overseer, saying with vague authority that the overseer is in command but should respect the Church. Then the Count arranges a sacrilegious reënactment of the Last Supper. He does it at a moment when more slaves are found to be necessary, when he is being warned that the blacks will soon outnumber the whites; he says that there is no need to worry, because he can "control the blacks."

Control? Control himself. He is altogether in disorder at his Last Supper, on Holy Thursday. A frail, overdecorative man, delicately played by Nelson Villagra, he is alternately arrogant and humble with the twelve slaves whom he asks to his table to eat and drink. He has been trapped in a historical situation: there has recently been rebelliousness among the slaves in Haiti, resulting in destruction of the island's sugar installations and turning Cuba into the world's biggest producer of sugar. The Count is one of Cuba's great sugar-mill owners. Unable to absorb the changes of the Industrial Revolution as fast as the demand for sugar grows, the Count can deal with things only by calling in more slaves. They are a threat, yes, but they are more familiar than the strange machines that he is getting from England. On Holy Thursday, he talks sweetly to a caged pet bird. He washes the feet of a slave called Sebastian, who has been horribly victimized for perpetually trying to run away. He gives his vilely conceived Last Supper, donated in honor of the doctrine that somebody had to be sacrificed to God to pay for the evil of mankind: the somebody now is, of course, the slaves, but this night the Count chooses to appropriate all suffering as his own.

In Alea's marvellous film, with its brownish-blacks and closeup heads looking like Rembrandt's portraits, the sound track at the beginning of the feast is filled with the clattering of knives and forks in the hands of slaves who don't know how to use them. One slave is craven, kissing the master's hand. Another spits in his face. The Count, sober for the moment, insists on his position of humility: "One day Christ humbled himself before His disciples. So a master can humble himself before his slaves." So he can give them to eat and drink. So eat and drink the slaves do, seizing joints of meat and game, guzzling wine, slowly beginning to chat and banter among themselves about their own fables. There is one about cannibalism that is very solemn, very funny. Then the Count asks a slave whether he likes the mill. Yes, he says, but not the barracks. He prefers huts. Pushed to it by the momentarily meek Count, a slave says that what he really likes is freedom. And holidays. And food, and so on. But in that order. The Count, of course, gets very drunk and goes into an intermittent stupor at his place, and the slaves get very drunk, too, but mostly stay alert, laughing with the African laugh that one doesn't have to go far in America to hear. One of them dances a legendary dance, both gay and historically sad beyond words. The slave is cursed by God: and when you see a slave laughing ask him who's crying. The blacks get more and more Rabelaisian, and the Count, the would-be Jesus figure, is passing out. "Things are looking good now," sing the slaves. "What will you do now?" the Count says to



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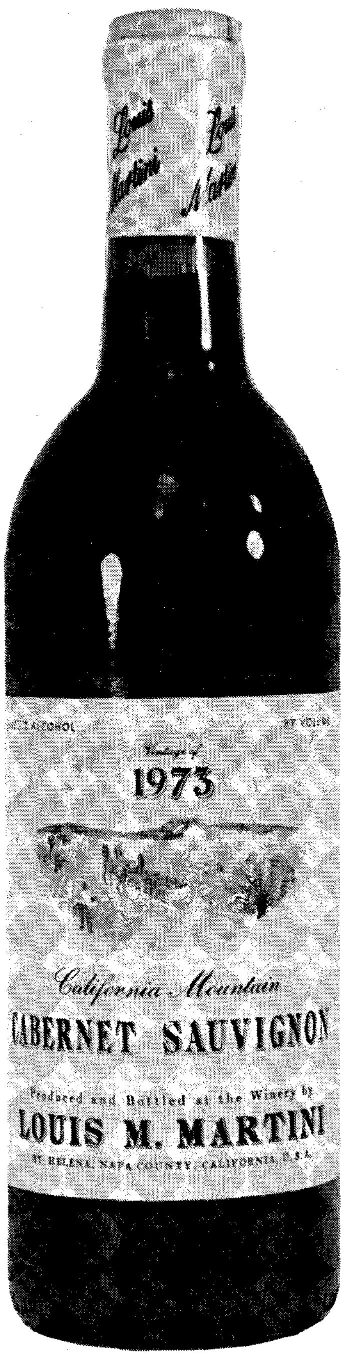

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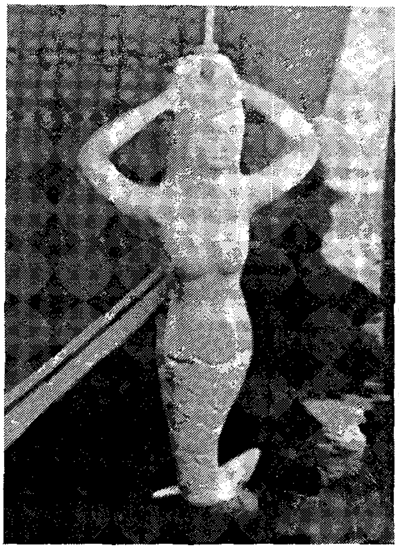
an old slave whom he freed before he was in his cups. No place to go. The old slave can't *think*. He can go back to Africa, he's told. Africa seems a long way away. He wants his hut here, it seems. The drunken Count sonorously tells his slaves a story about St. Francis of Assisi, tells them that the reading of men's souls is more than freedom, tells them a story of arriving at a door and not being recognized. The moral of the story is "Of all the good things God gives his subjects, the best is suffering." He sobs at his own emotion. The slaves, expert in suffering and sorrow and also in their own hard-won joy, laugh. Trying to understand, they get more and more unleashed, grab more joints of meat. Does he mean that when the overseer beats them they should be happy? The Count makes an effort to convey the truth for which the supper is being given, which is that the white man suffers *more* than the black man. The black man *sings* as he's cutting sugarcane. He was *born* to cut sugarcane. After another of the Count's stories—about Eden and the apple—a bewildered slave asks why Paradise didn't have overseers. The Count's wig comes askew, and he explains that each of us must play the role he has in this life to the end of his days, with joy. Things get more and more surreal. The Count subsides into his white drunken satisfaction. Another mood—one of ecstasy—overtakes the slaves. They talk of an African god. The persistent runaway, Sebastian, wearing the head of a suckling pig from the feast, tells a better story than the St. Francis one by the Count: his is about truth's being only a body wearing the head of a lie, because its own head has been cut off by a machete. The Count is finally asleep. Tomorrow is Good Friday. Christ will sleep and we'll rest. No, not at all. Barbarism is to follow, the overseer is to make the weakling priest knuckle under, there is to be no respite, and Christ is not risen.

Alea's dazzling moral tale, as fine about his country as his "Memories of Underdevelopment" was five years ago, draws on sources of Christianity, Socialism, blasphemy, humor, despair, horror. It could have been made only by a great skeptical artist living in a Christian land: a land with a history of slavery, and one that has made an individual attempt to be Communist. Alea is brilliant in disbelief, and worried. At the same time that he is telling a parable, he mocks parables. At the same time that he is showing the Count to be no Jesus, he makes him a rather sym-



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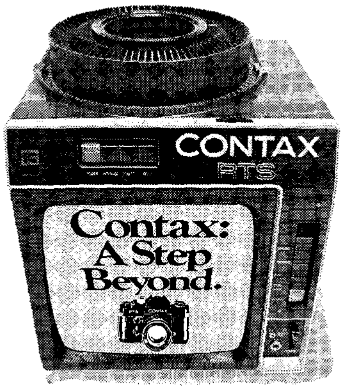

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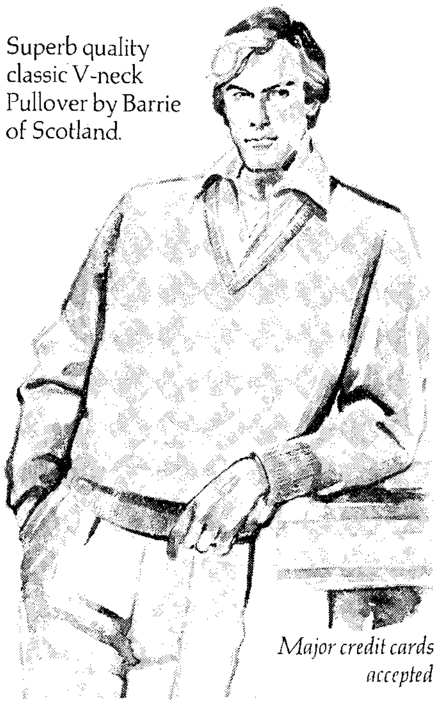

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pathetic hypocrite on Holy Thursday but then a ruthless bigot who permits a dreadful slaughter of the slaves at the end of Easter. And he questions the virtue of the meekness and obedience and joy in suffering which Jesus preached. The characters of the priest, a man of flabby worth, and of the overseer, a mulatto acting for whites and thus a man whose position gives him a double allegiance, are particularly finely detailed. This is a most complex and interesting film about casuistry. Like every successful piece of blasphemy, it is very simple. It rests all the time on the crux. The Count playing Christ has no forgiveness in him. The worst vengeance of his Easter is dealt out to the slaves who ate his meat and drank his wine; they thought themselves transformed, they thought they had partaken of their master's body and blood with his blessing, but when they rose up to assert themselves they were penalized as if they were traitors, or thieves on the cross. Of course, the Count always uses other people to do his dirty work. He remains the host who has administered the Host, even when his wig is altogether off. The script of the film is by the director with Tomás González and Maria Eugenia Haya. It is noble and painstaking. The effect of the film is to make one think about Christianity, politics, polemics, and that is a rare thing in movies; the fact that the picture is so startlingly beautiful—photographed by Mario García Joya—is an unlooked-for present.

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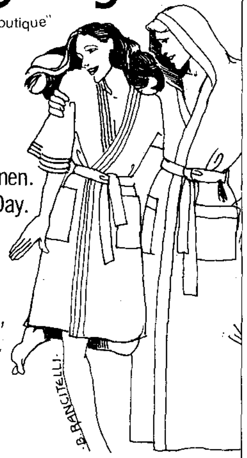

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DANCING

Arts and Sciences and David Gordon

PERFORMANCE art, a newish category, consists of the making and exhibiting of visual events, which may or may not be dances, but which have their existence in time as well as in space. Most performance art originates in painting, sculpture, or music, and it ends in theatre—usually a kind of wordless theatre that resembles dance. Excitement comes from impurity—from the impingement of various art forms on each other or from the attempt to extend the scope of one art form beyond its normal boundaries. In the dances of the painter Sylvia Whitman—or perhaps one should say in the paintings of the dancer Sylvia Whitman—human performers and décor merge on the same figurative plane. Her most recent concert—or exhibit—held at the Truck and Warehouse Theatre, was filled with images that began as paintings or assemblages and extended themselves through manipulations in performance. Sometimes a line was crossed which turned an art object into live theatre, but that didn't happen often.

Performance art aims at transformation, and the process whereby two or more art forms (or communications systems, such as video) are reciprocally reconditioned by the exchange of ideas is a complex one. Where there is complexity, there is likely to be confusion. In a recent presentation at the Brooklyn Academy, Kenneth King used dance, spoken commentary, visual aids, and some highly inventive props to transmit a number of thoughts about science and culture, none of which emerged with clarity. King is one of our most cerebral gagmen, and not one of our most cogent. His various means kept diverting attention from each other, and the evening disintegrated into a bewildering display of resources and strategies. Among his most powerful resources is the one he uses least—his fascinating refinement as a dancer. King would rather think, write, and speak; he is obsessed with linguistics. Even in this attempt at a protean (or, as he might say, protein) media spectacular, there were too many words.

One of the most controlled and sophisticated performance artists is David Gordon, who also happens to like words, although he classifies himself as a dancer, not a writer. (I don't know of many writers who have been attracted to the form; those who have been have generally seen it as an occasion to lay their verbal gifts aside.) Gordon, too, can be a wordsmith, but his current work is characterized by brilliantly elliptical dialogue or parodies of real conversations. Whether it's delivered by the performers or by taped voices, this verbal material is balanced and coördinated with choreographed movements that reveal the same flair for selection and for lifelike imitation. Gordon's type of dance movement is the simple, technically ungroomed movement that was promoted in the post-Cunningham rebellion of the sixties by Yvonne Rainer and others. Gordon, who worked with Rainer, is the first to use this movement non-ideologically. He seems to see it paradoxically—as being interesting in itself but also somewhat absurd in its presumptive amateurism. Valda Setterfield, his wife and partner, is a former member of the Cunningham company. A trained dancer, she's particularly good at projecting the double edges in the material. Because he is by nature a satirist and a critic, Gordon has instinctively developed into an avant-garde comedian. The subject of his new evening-length piece, "Not Necessarily Recognizable Objectives," is performance. By the end of the evening, the inference that he is criticizing his own performance—as dancer, choreographer, scriptwriter, and host (the event was held in his loft on lower Broadway)—as well as the conventions of performance has grown into a certainty.

The piece begins as Gordon and Setterfield circle the space slowly in a jog-walk. They wear satin gym pants, white shirts, jogging shoes. An atmosphere of trial, of self-tempering, begins to gather. Meanwhile, a voice catalogues, casebook-style, the perils of performance. Another voice (Agnes Moorehead's in "Sorry, Wrong Number") pleads with an operator to dial a wrong number on purpose. Soon we find ourselves unable to distinguish the planned accidents from the real ones. The action pauses momentarily and an ingenious floundering conversation takes place—ingenious because we can plainly see that it's being read from posters on the wall. But, in spite of the cue cards, there's a place where the talk takes off on its own. We grasp this when the entire conversation, which deals with the course the performance is to take, is repeated with the roles reversed, and we come back to the improvised section. Whether we recognize it or not, Gordon has made a point about perception and about conventional ways of listening and reacting in the theatre. He can be quite ruthless in pressing this point. Later in the action, a similar incident occurs after three other members of the troupe have joined the principals and become confused about the next step to take in a walking pattern. Somebody says, "Oh, now I know what to do," and instantly the line and the gesture (hand clapped to head)

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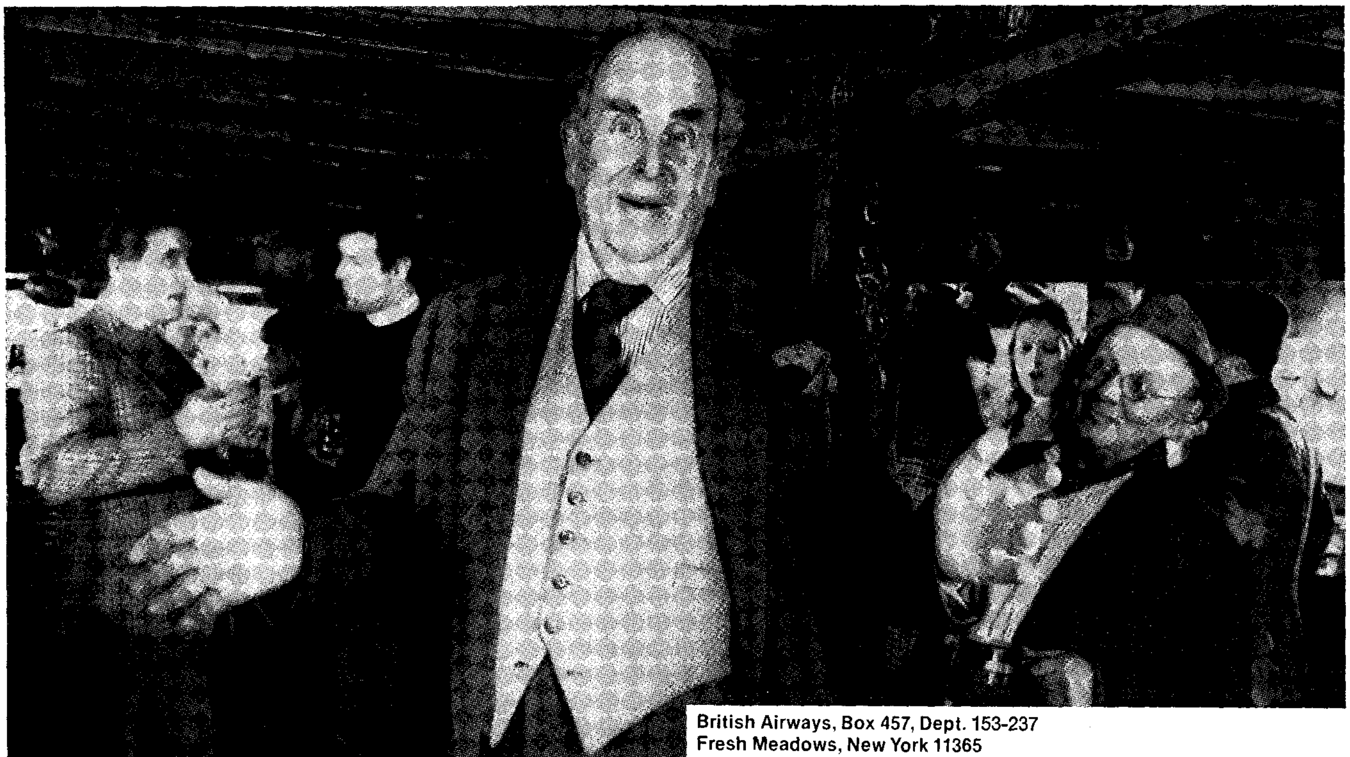

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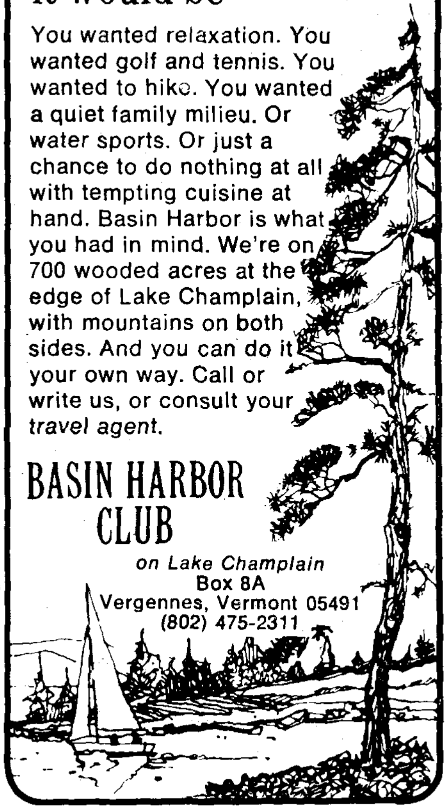
are incorporated by all five dancers into the pattern. Was the confusion real? Of course not. Gordon now springs his trap. On the next repeat, "Oh, now I know what to do" is said not with dancers smiting their brows but with them holding their noses, and even as we begin to laugh Gordon takes the laugh out of our mouths and puts it in the mouths of his dancers. The line then becomes " 'Oh, now I know what to do' [laugh]." And to this demonstration of indifference to our reaction we *really* don't know how to react.

Gordon creates a triple-distilled mixture of dance, drama, and words. The text develops an almost insidious relevance to the movement, and the movement keeps commenting on itself. Specific sequences take on new aspects when they're done faster or more slowly, by different people, in different directions, or with as little as one element in the sequence varied. A bewitching women's trio, which follows a simple loop pattern of slowly descending to the floor, rolling over, and getting back up, is complicated by the tightest unison possible: the women are pressed one inside another the whole time. Gordon adds a final variation to the roll on the floor and accompanies it with the sunrise music from "La Fille Mal Gardée"—a touch that mingles humor and erotic mystery. Another movement sequence is a series of dashes broken by abrupt directional shifts and off-balance skedaddling whirls. It runs like a spine through the piece, alternating with its companion motif, the slow jog in a circle. Gordon keeps this material so clearly focussed that we easily see it turning over on itself, its effects as differentiated as the words in the dialogues. Gradually, within its limits, the piece develops a disarming openness. We know that if anything can happen, it surely will.

David Gordon does not look like a dancer. He has an actor's weight and presence, fierce black hair and whiskers that set off a sleepy expression, and a resonant voice. He is soft and shaggy in texture and sensuous in movement, with an overall look of ovals slipping within larger ovals. Sometimes in motion he looks as if he had popped out of Max Fleischer's inkwell. His personal peak in "Not Necessarily Recognizable Objectives" is reached when he does a solo, first having told us on a tape how aware he is of the egocentric temptations of soloing, how he has arranged to undercut these by having his group comment as he performs, and how we mustn't be fooled into think-



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ing *he* thinks this will do anything but force us to pay all the more attention to "his person" (Gordon talks of himself Mailerishly). He does the solo, which appears to be made up of all the movement material in the piece so far, to the accompaniment of remarks that send up crowd psychology, cultural fetishes, dance criticism—everything that performers have nightmares about. And dreams of revenge, too. How to end? The four remaining dancers are given the same solo to do in the form of a round, ending as Gordon ended, by slipping behind a sliding door. Thus we conclude with another recapitulation in a different form, which makes it a fresh statement.

It is very hard to break the spell of a satirist. I find among the many pleasures of Gordon's work that it places the work of other performance artists in perspective. He seems to stand midway between those who are moving from a fine-arts base and those who are moving toward it. In the work of painters, sculptors, and other non-dancers, performance art is an impulsive movement toward theatre. The impulse of dancers like Lucinda Childs and Trisha Brown is to imitate non-dancers in a kind of backward progression out of the theatre and into the gallery. Childs and Brown reduce dance to its basic elements, and even delete some of those basics. As a gallery art, dance doesn't withstand scrutiny the way its neighboring arts do—it's had to give up too much to get there. In thinking about this kind of rarefied, conceptualized dance, I've tried to resist the idea that the move away from theatre which it represents is for a dancer a move against nature. But in the non-theatrical arts "theatre" is abstractly present. So for a painter's or a sculptor's image to take on the dimensions of live performance reifies something in its nature. Separating dance from theatre doesn't make dance more lively—doesn't make it strong in its own right, the way a self-sustaining art like painting is strong. The mistake here is to confuse theatre explicit in dance with theatre implicit in painting. Rudimentary dance as its devotees see it is really sub-rudimentary. The result is not the transmogrification of an art form but its reduction to a scientific exercise. "Performance science" might be the correct term for what Childs does when she walks backward as swiftly as she walks forward and without breaking rhythm. It's a parody of the refined technique we see in ballet dancers, a bit as if technical standards in dance could be

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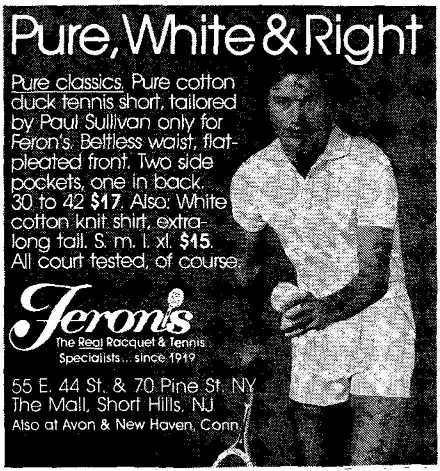

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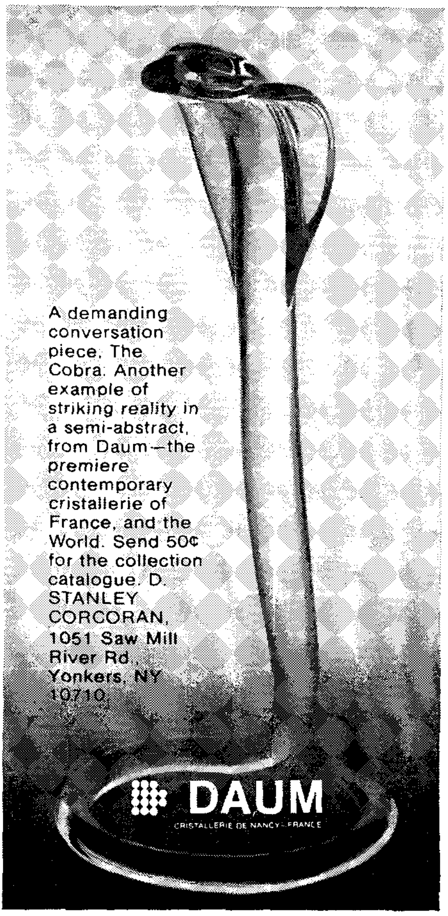
ON the new wood floor of the Opera House stage at the Brooklyn Academy, Douglas Dunn and a company of thirteen dancers performed, on different evenings, "Lazy Madge," with the audience seated onstage, and "Rille," with the audience in its accustomed place. "Lazy Madge," Dunn's name for an ongoing group project, was looser in format than "Rille," a première. There was otherwise not a great deal of difference. At the time, I enjoyed "Lazy Madge" more, because Dunn's dancers, who work at varying levels of proficiency and imagination, are more watchable at close range, and also because the lack of any musical or sound accompaniment wasn't as deadening as it was when they were seen at normal theatrical distances. Long-distance viewing isolates and enhances Dunn's own sophisticated performing style at the expense of the group. In memory, "Lazy Madge" decomposes to a pile of shticks, and "Rille" is all but lost; besides Dunn's role in it, I can recall very little. (The experiment of switching the audience's viewpoint might have been more gripping if Dunn had cast both pieces with the same dancers.)

I last saw Dunn on this stage five years ago, when he was dancing with Merce Cunningham's company. A tall, thin, straw-colored man, with a slack, impalpable style, Dunn in those days often looked semi-collapsed. Now his slackness has a flyweight elegance. He keeps a thread of tension loosely wound, ready to tug at; the phrases are tossed lightly but observably together or are strung in casual juxtapositions. He still has his airiness, his butterfly skitter, but he has acquired edge. This is something that hadn't been apparent, to my eye, in the studio performances I'd been seeing him give. And somehow, there on the big stage, the sensitive touch of his feet on the floor was extraordinarily affecting.

Dunn has taken Cunningham as one of his obvious models, with mixed results. Like Cunningham, he's a naturally lyrical dancer, with a long line and fast feet, but sometimes he seems to be giving us pallid imitations of the way Cunningham looks now. As a choreographer, Dunn hasn't yet reached the point where his work can stand alone and absorb us for seventy minutes, like a Cunningham Event. His dancers don't appear to be coerced in any particular stylistic direction, and they don't push themselves technically.



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There is a company look based partly on Dunn's personal style and partly on the free play of individual initiative. Dunn, who with David Gordon used to belong to the improvisatory group called the Grand Union, seems to have put together his own Grand Union ideal. "Lazy Madge" followed a kind of continuity that suggested a game plan. Favored shticks included the single air turn with arms outspread, the jump (arms same) with a hip wiggle in midair, hopping in circles, striding in fourth position, hopping with small ballonnés. Lying on the floor, two dancers would hold hands and squirm intently without letting go. I don't know where the company is going, but Dunn's arrival is good news.

THE James Waring retrospective held at the Judson Church on two weekends in April commemorated a gifted man. In his time—he died at fifty-three, in 1975—Waring was an original thinker, an astute critic, a man of astoundingly wide-ranging tastes with an astounding way of demonstrating them: high art and low, he was among the first to prove, were not necessarily mutually exclusive, and they often lay side by side in his work. Luckily, he was also a dedicated teacher. There was no knowing Waring without learning from him. As a choreographer, he was not invariably skilled, and the dances of his that were showcased at the Judson, together with the revival at the Riverside Theatre a few months ago of his ballet based on "The Phantom of the Opera," are far less impressive than his costumes, which he designed and in most cases made himself. Waring's true talents lay in the decorative arts and in staging and direction. Then, too, many of his dances were made for students and semi-professionals, and, while even these limited pieces contain exciting theatrical ideas, they are not especially provocative to see today.

Waring was one of those men who can accurately be described as forces. He inspired the devotion of a generation of dancers and choreographers, several of whom are named above. Some of his best teaching was done obliquely, as a gentle confidence between friends, for Waring was, despite his enormous influence, a gentle and diffident man. His delicacy can be sensed in his dances, along with the range of his fancy, but this is really an oblique way of appreciating Waring the man, and it is a way that can open itself only to those who remember.

—ARLENE CROCE

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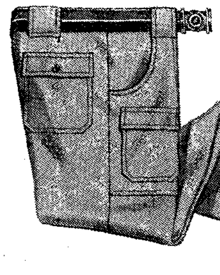

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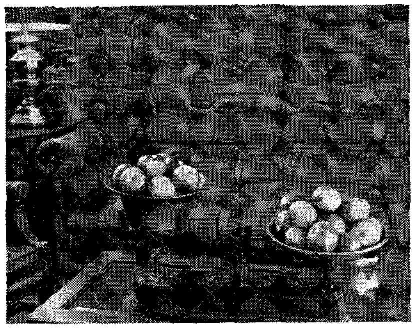

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THE RACE TRACK

Affirmed's Kentucky Derby

THE sun shone bright as Louis Wolfson's Affirmed, ridden by Cauthen, beat his old rival, Calumet Farm's Alydar, in the Kentucky Derby. Galloping the mile and a quarter—effortlessly, it seemed—over a drying-out track at Churchill Downs last Saturday, he passed the winning post a length and a half ahead of the fast-closing Alydar. The Hickory Tree Stable's Believe It, who had won the Wood Memorial, was third, a length and a quarter behind. The time was 2:01⅕, over a track that trainers called rough and tuppy—though it was listed as fast. Your correspondent must confess that he covered the race on television. There had been early reports of rain, and the crowd in the stand and in the infield was estimated at a hundred and thirty thousand, so he thought he would be more comfortable at home in front of the tube than at the racecourse. Mrs. Gene Markey, the owner of Alydar, also watched the race on television—at Calumet Farm, with her husband. ABC put on a good show. Eddie Arcaro was better than usual, estimating the runners and giving his opinions of how they would be ridden. He should know—he won the race five times, three of them in the colors of Calumet Farm. Cauthen, the eighteen-year-old wonder jockey from Walton, Kentucky, which is not far from the track, was also on hand, to tell how he would ride his first Derby mount. It was intensely exciting to follow Affirmed as he galloped down the stretch the first time past the stand and then around the clubhouse turn, with most of the ten other starters stringing out behind him, and to see Cauthen make his move at the point he said he would. After the finish, Laz Barrera, who trains Affirmed, said Cauthen had ridden a perfect race. Cauthen himself was to the point, as always: "I did my best," said the young man.

Affirmed, as you know, is a big, handsome chestnut colt by Exclusive Native out of Won't Tell You by Crafty Admiral, and experts say he has the always desirable combination of stamina and speed. His pedigree fairly sparkles with distinguished names. He has now won all five of his starts this season, and a tidy amount of prize money. There is a charming custom in Kentucky: the morning after the Derby, racing folk and tourists drive out to the farm where the Derby winner was bred and pay their respects. It didn't happen this year, because Affirmed was bred in Florida, at Mr. Wolfson's Harbor View Farm. Affirmed's next start, of course, will be in the Preakness Stakes at Pimlico on May 20th.

There is always a surprise during Derby week. This year, it came in the Kentucky Oaks, for three-year-old fillies, which was run the day before the big race. Neither Lakeville Miss nor Caesar's Wish finished in the first three. The winner was the Newstead Farm's undefeated White Star Line, a filly who is noted for beginning slowly and finishing with a great rush, and that is just what she did in the Oaks. Incidentally, her victory meant that Woody Stephens and Eddie Maple, her trainer and jockey, who were also responsible for Believe It's fortunes in the Derby, woke up on the day of the big race with a chance at a double that Churchill Downs hasn't seen in more than a quarter of a century. It was back in 1952 that Ben Jones and Eddie Arcaro won the Oaks and the Derby with Real Delight and Hill Gail.

IN contrast to the sunshine at Louisville, Aqueduct had a dank Saturday for the Carter Handicap, and because of the sloppy going Phil Johnson decided to scratch Quiet Little Table, who had been the favorite for the first division of this year's race. Johnson thus sacrificed what many thought was an excellent chance of pulling off victories in both divisions—Jaipur's Gem came through for him in the second division, covering the seven furlongs in 1:21⅗ to win by a neck from Vencedor, with Half High five lengths farther back. Jaipur's Gem earned $32,070. Pumpkin Moonshine took the first division, and $31,920, by a neck from Prefontaine, in 1:22⅕, with Big John Taylor third. Some nineteen thousand horseplayers were in attendance for the chilly proceedings.

THERE was a startling upset last Thursday in the Thousand Guineas at Newmarket, for three-year-old fillies—the first classic of the English season. A bay filly named Enstone Spark, who had left the post at a juicy 35–1, came home a length ahead of another outsider, Fair Salinia (25–1). The second favorite in the race, Seraphia, was two and a half lengths farther back, for the show, and the favorite, Cherry Hinton, despite a strong ride by Lester Piggott, England's top jockey, could do no better than fourth.

THE twenty-four-year-old jockey Robert Pineda died in a Baltimore hospital from injuries suffered in a spill at Pimlico last Wednesday afternoon. Rudy Turcotte, whose brother Ron used to ride Secretariat, suffered a broken collarbone, and Jim Thornton suffered a fractured neck vertebra and a bruised heart. It all happened in the second race, when Easy Edith, ridden by Turcotte, stumbled at the turn into the homestretch as she was going for the lead, snapped a foreleg, and brought horses down after her as she fell. It was the second accident this season for Turcotte—he was in a spill at Bowie in March and was out for ten days. Pineda's elder brother Alvaro, also a jockey, was killed in an unusual accident at Santa Anita in 1975, when the horse he was on in the starting gate reared suddenly and struck the rider's head against the gate with such force that his skull was fractured. Both Turcotte and Thornton say that they will continue riding after they have fully recovered.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

SPIRIT

I'm thinking now of something
sighted once, maybe,
on the gleaming floor
of January: a small creature
wary under fir branches,
every breath pulsing
its whole body like a shudder,
its purpose so plain and mysterious
you could stare all these years
and see only how suspect
was your first and surprised view
of the thing (whatever it is)
as a sorry sight, because
surely it filled its moment
as warmth fills anything
that wholly contains it, as joy
flutters unreasonably
in the same brutal cage
where the heart beats
merely to keep time.

—LEONARD NATHAN

•

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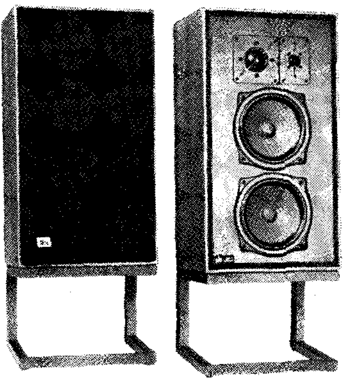

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Voyaging

WHEN a musician today is heard talking of "ridim," it doesn't necessarily mean that he's got rhythm and also a cold in the head. "Prunes" and "prism," as Mrs. General told Little Dorrit, are very good words for giving a pretty form to the lips. "Rilm" and "rism" and "ridim" are familiar ways of referring to things that give a very pretty form to masses of musical information hitherto discrete and disorderly. The exhibition "The Musical Ensemble, 1730-1830," set out in the auditorium foyer of the Graduate Center of City University (down the steps in the C.U.N.Y. mall, between Forty-second and Forty-third Streets), gives graphic evidence of the work being done there by the Research Center for Musical Iconography, which is the American division of RIDIM, or Répertoire International d'Iconographie Musicale. RIDIM aims to provide for musical representations in paintings (and in sculpture, engravings, drawings, photographs, etc.) what RISM provides for *sources musicales* and RILM for *littérature musicale*—information gathered internationally on the widest possible scale, ordered, indexed, and made available to musicians. The viol player eager to know how bows were held in the mid-sixteenth century, the choirmaster seeking to dispose his singers as Heinrich Schütz did his, the maestro who when conducting Mozart or Mahler wants to arrange his strings and winds on the platform as Mozart or Mahler did will discover where to look. RIDIM is concerned not only to collect but also to interpret the evidence. As David Munrow remarked in the introduction to his "Instruments of the Middle Ages and Renaissance," while paintings of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries may depict a dazzling variety of musical instruments in the hands of angels, "such angel concerts belong not to this world but to paradise, and they bear little relation to contemporary church-music practice."

The Nelson Gallery–Atkins Museum, in Kansas City, Missouri, houses a particularly musical collection of pictures. Last week, when I was in the city for a Beethoven festival, I had the lucky chance of being allowed to visit its rooms off-hours, alone, in silence. And into that silence I found there were stealing imagined sounds: not exactly melodies unheard, spirit ditties of no tone—not any specific melodies but, rather, faint yet clear intimations of timbres and of musical styles, and even of acoustic space, perceptible to the inner ear. The lute, dulcimer, portative organ, and harp held by a quartet of angels on a pair of Veronese organ shutters were little more than symbolic. The players' faces were blank; the picture remained silent. The organist and lutenist attendant on Memling's Madonna were evidently playing and also listening to what they played; a hint of harmony drifted across the flower-jewelled walled garden behind them. But the illusion of a real music captured in paint began with Sebastiano Ricci's "Marriage at Cana." In the foreground, a young singer and recorder player are both intent on their scores, while a lutenist knows the music already; in the background, another trio—lute, archlute, and recorder—seem to be playing something completely different. The guests pay no attention to either ensemble; they eat and drink and chatter. It is a lifelike and almost Ivesian evocation of a party with music in the background.

VOL 1
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VOL 3

Quiet music fills the frame of a deep, still Claude landscape where a goatherd pipes beneath a silvery evening sky. In music, poetry, and painting, the pastoral reed has long been a powerfully evocative symbol; there are still countries where it is a reality. And, since anyone who responds to any of the arts does so in a way in which personal experience mingles with the experience that artists through the ages have set down, I daydreamed away from Arcady to an afternoon in the modern world when, after walking for many hours across the hot Persian plain to visit the tomb of Darius, I rounded a corner of the holy mountain, Naqsh-i-Rustam, in which that tomb is hewn, saw below me a goatherd under a thorn tree, and heard him piping to his little flock. A year later, at night, I was among a crowd beneath that tomb who cried:

> King of old days, Our Sultan!
> Come, appear!
> Stand on your tomb's high crest,
> King of our King,
> Robed in the royalty you used to wear.
> Darius, Father, Lord, Preserver, hear!

And from the darkness of the tomb mouth, high on the cliff face, the Shade of Darius appeared to intone the lines that Aeschylus assigned him. (Peter Brook had staged the second part of his "Orghast" at Naqsh-i-Rustam, and it included an enactment of "The Persians.") The great speech was declaimed in periods whose pitch rose step by step. Berlioz, I remembered, set the speech of the Shade of Hector, in "The Trojans," in the same way. At the arrival of Berlioz, I returned to the Claude and to Kansas City, and realized that Berlioz, when he wrote the third movement of his Fantastic

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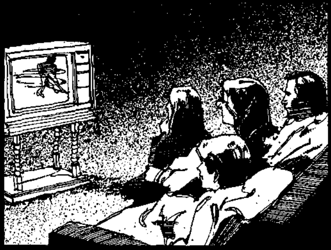

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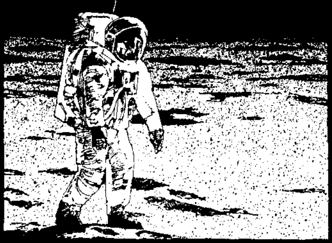

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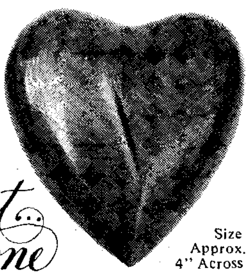

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Symphony, must have heard piping in the Campagna such as Claude had pictured. Thoughts filled me of Ozymandias, of Darius's vanished splendor (some of his palace is now in Kansas City) and of the Iranian goatherd who might have been piping in Darius's day, and of the Beethoven who wrote both the blazing Missa Solemnis, which tells of royal ceremony in Cologne Cathedral and of glory around the Heavenly throne, and the Pastoral Symphony, which tells tales of the Vienna woods. I remembered Ferdinand Ries's story of rustic piping in those woods which Beethoven could not hear, and Beethoven's despairing reference to the occasion in the heroic Heiligenstadt Testament.

The music changed to a Dionysian clashing and jingling and strumming, above a fat, coarse wind bass, in Castiglione's "Allegory on Vanity," a very noisy painting, one which must surely seem to resound even when the gallery is filled with the hum of people; and then was stilled to a note from the harpsichord, a chord from the lute, before Jan Steen's nostalgic family group, a painting so detailed that one can read the harpsichord-maker's name and almost read the score on the music rack. Since anyone who responds to any of the arts does so with all his senses, I began to feel hungry at this point—and then realized that I did so because in a kitchen opening off Steen's drawing room a maidservant is pouring a thin stream of oil over a delicious dish of hard-boiled eggs and beans. Music of a later age started to sound outside that luminous seventeenth-century Dutch room: somewhere in the museum the finale of Beethoven's Sonata, Opus 90, was being rehearsed. There was just time for a chef's salad—the museum restaurant's closest approach to the Steen dish—before the next festival event began.

THIS was a lecture by Edmund Frederick on the pianos of Beethoven's time. In a clear, straightforward style, he explained why the construction, action, and timbre of a modern piano make it an inadequate instrument for the interpretation of Beethoven's piano music (and, for that matter, of Chopin's and Liszt's). Robert Winter demonstrated the point by playing the Opus 90 finale on a Viennese piano of about 1820—a Hasska, which Mr. Frederick had brought with him—and then on a modern concert instrument. The point was made again, perhaps unwittingly, at a chamber recital that followed, given in the lofty museum atrium, when Cathy Wald-

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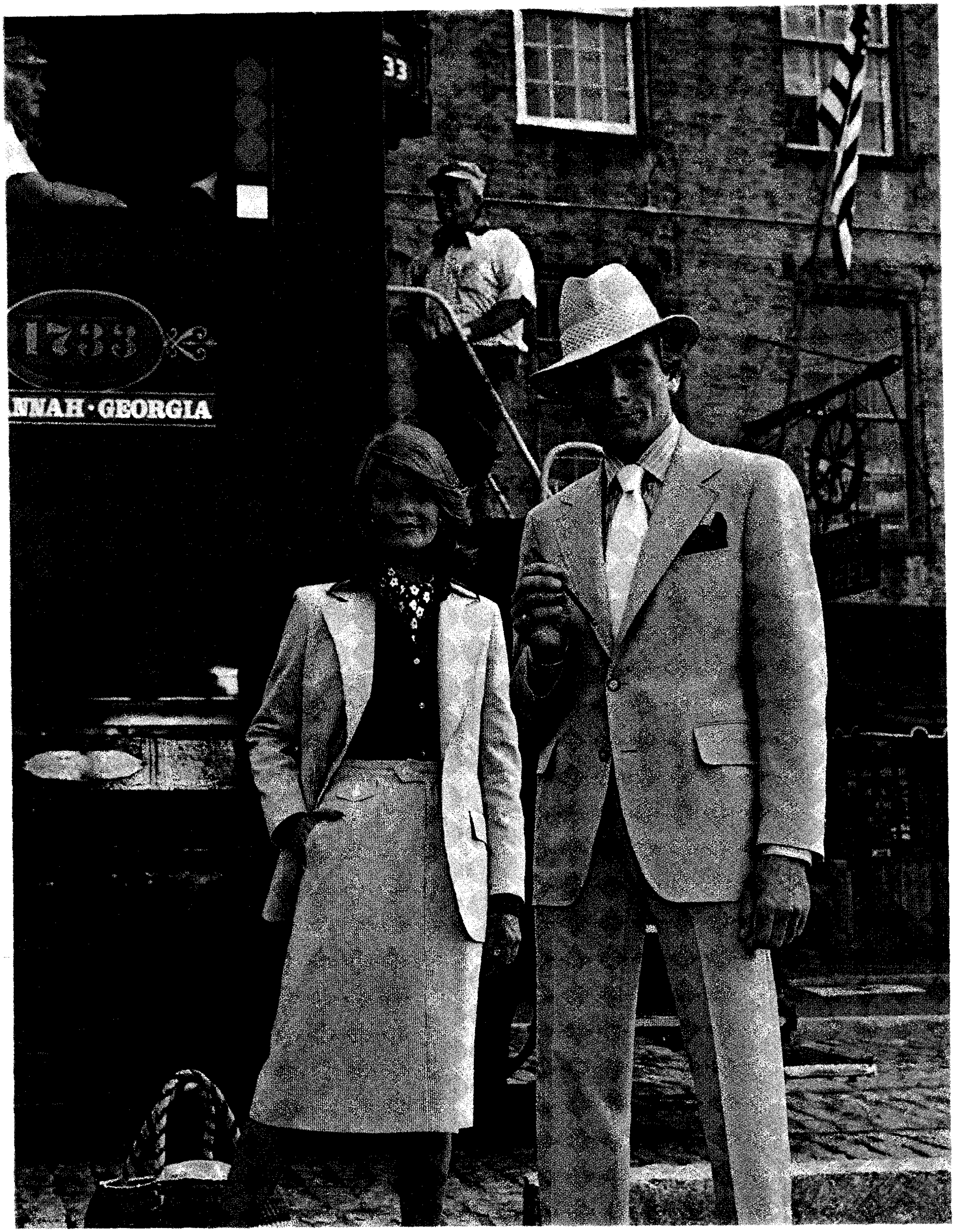

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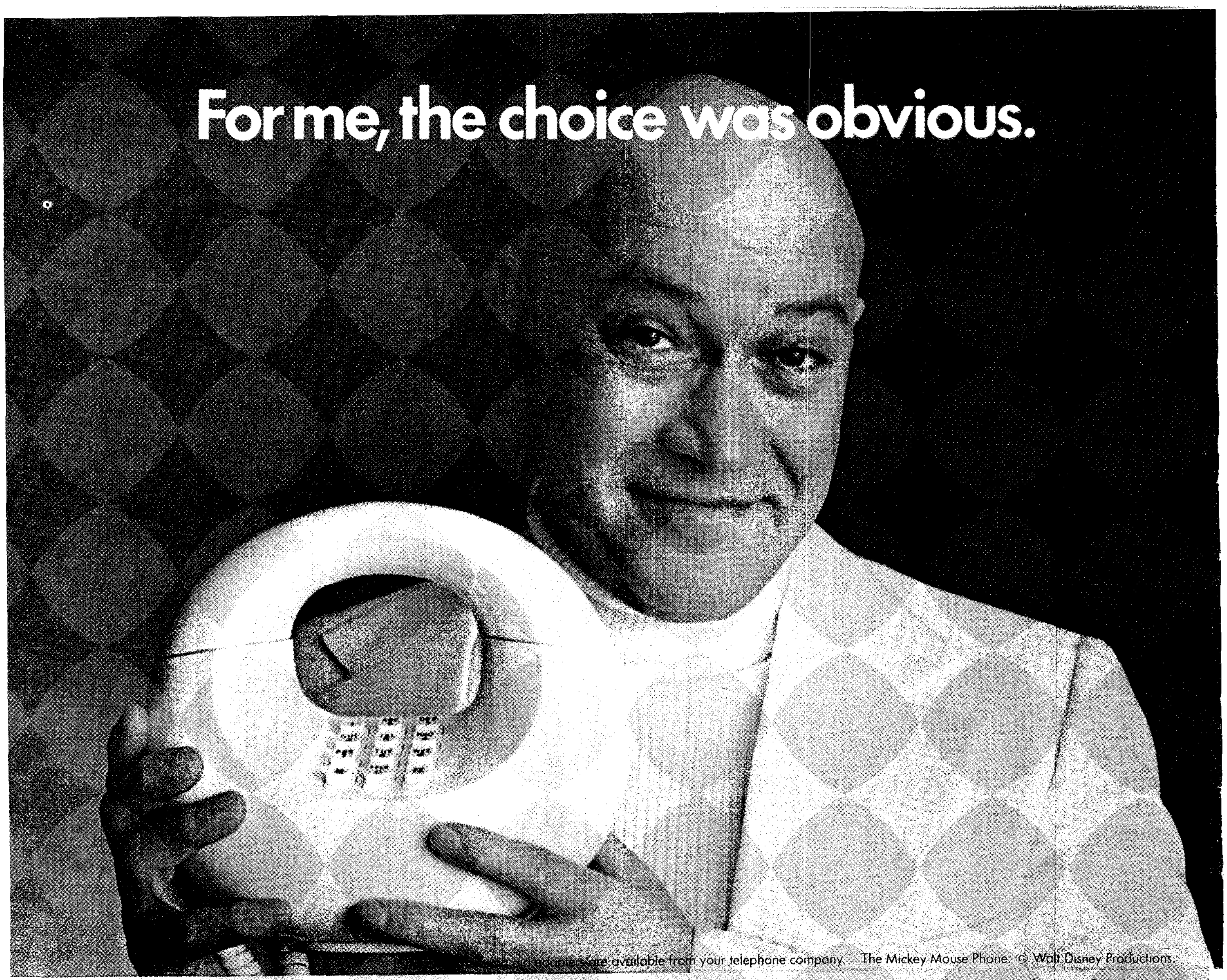

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man played the first of Beethoven's "Tre Sonate per il Clavicembalo o Forte-Piano con un Violino" (alias the D-major Violin Sonata, Opus 12, No. 1) on a big, modern Bösendorfer, while Marc Gottlieb, the concertmaster of the Kansas City Philharmonic, played the violin part on a fine modernized Andrea Guarneri.

The Beethoven Festival was given jointly by the Nelson Gallery–Atkins Museum and the Philharmonic. In the museum, besides lectures and chamber recitals, there was an exhibition. On one wall hung the ruddy, oft reproduced, seldom shown Beethoven portrait by Joseph Stieler which is referred to so frequently in the Conversation Books. There were autographs, a vivid little watercolor of the violinist Bridgetower, and an affectionate note to him from Beethoven (these from the Morgan Library). There were portraits of some of the composers who took part in the first performance of "Wellington's Victory"—Dragonetti, Spohr, Meyerbeer, Joseph Mayseder. There were instruments, paintings, and furniture of Beethoven's day, and in the center of the room stood the Hasska piano—not roped off but, with keyboard open and piano stool ready, inviting anyone who wished to to feel its light, shallow touch and hear its clear, energetic utterance with his own fingers and ears.

THE Philharmonic concerts were held in the Music Hall of the Municipal Auditorium, a huge pile in the grandest P.W.A. manner, massively marbled in its foyers and staircases, lit by wondrous modernistic constructions of crystal rods and brass bowls inset with cut-glass jewels. It is not a cheerful place, more fortress than fun palace; the architect allowed very few windows to pierce his limestone walls. But it is a monument of its kind, and has been very little spoiled. There is enough careful thirties detail to keep a visitor curiously occupied during intermissions. Roundels and friezes on the outside and murals within celebrate the brotherhood of man and the active, energetic virtues of agriculture, industry, and the arts. And so the building as a whole chimes not inappropriately with Beethoven's more earnest, affirmative, optimistic finales. It would be easy to rewrite the text of "The Ruins of Athens" in a form that could lead Minerva, horrified by the Turkish devastation of her beloved city, to find consolation in the new temple that has been raised beside not the Danube but the Missouri.

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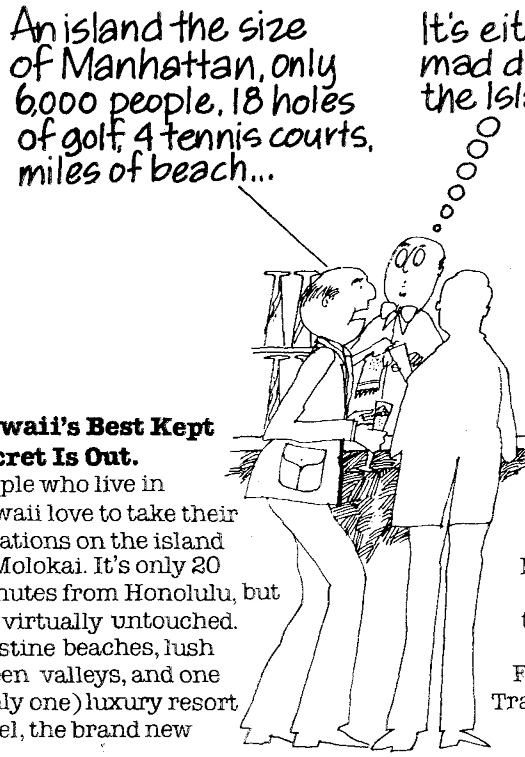
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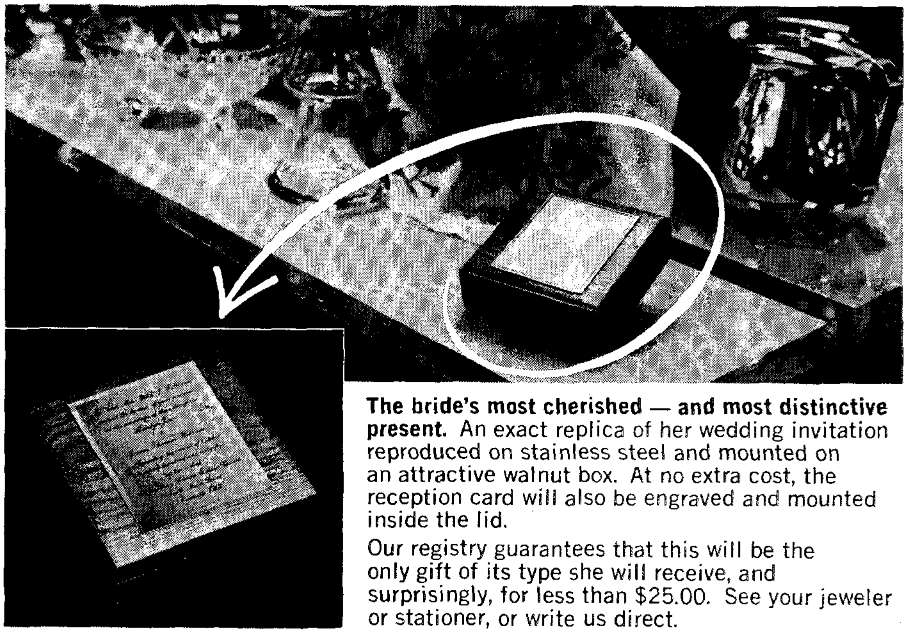

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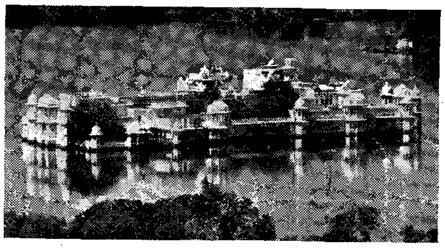
certs. At the first, "Fidelio" was done. The spoken dialogue was replaced by a well-judged, well-delivered English narrative. On an apron stage in front of the orchestra, the singers—in modern dress; Leonore in trousers—acted by glance, gesture, attitude, and movement. The entry of Pizarro's guards was suggested by file after file of the male chorus rising, with chilling Prussian precision, to its feet. For the prisoners' slow, stumbling entry into the light, the choristers rose one by one, at random. It was a successful production. In the heroine, Roberta Knie, one soon saw only Beethoven's Leonore—overhearing, horror-struck, the close of the Pizarro-Rocco duet; anxiously scanning the faces of the prisoners; striving, in Act II, to discern the features of the condemned man. Miss Knie is a true *jugendlicher Heldensopran*, with a strong, clearly focussed, and well-schooled voice, a cogent style, a manner in which warmth of feeling and determination are blended. Her fresh, fearless, clarity of interpretation reminded me of Christel Goltz's—and she sings the music more beautifully than Goltz did. Florestan was James McCracken, who was lyrical, ardent, and powerfully affecting. Robert Anderson was a sound, if not an exceptional, Rocco. Joshua Hecht, a seasoned Pizarro, sacrificed many of Beethoven's notes to declamatory emphasis. Carroll Freeman, the Jaquino, was a shade too perky in manner, but his singing was vivid and charming. Barbara Hocher was a pleasant Marzelline.

The second program was a re-creation of Beethoven's concert on December 8, 1813, in the great hall of Vienna University, when the Seventh Symphony and "Wellington's Victory" had their first performances and, between them, Maelzel's mechanical trumpeter, to full-orchestra accompaniment, played marches by Dussek and Pleyel. "Wellington's Victory" is not great music, but it can be great fun, and so it was in Kansas City. The cannon shots were left to the big bass drums (in 1813 Meyerbeer and Hummel were the drummers); there were no *Feuer Maschinen*. But for Beethoven's small-arms fire members of the audience had been enlisted; they had been provided with rattles, and were brought in on cue—Englishmen on the left of the house, the Frenchies on the right—by subconductors dressed as the opposed generals. "Wellington's Victory" is, of course, more than a jolly joke; it is also soundly and strikingly composed. The Dussek and Pleyel marches of 1813 have not been identi-



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fied; for this concert, an appropriate martial air by each composer was chosen, the mechanical trumpeter was represented by a doll-like youth, and his synthetic trumpet tones were sounded by a Moog-synthesized clarion.

I could not stay for the final event, the Ninth Symphony, and heard only a rehearsal. All three programs were conducted by Maurice Peress, the music director of the Kansas City Philharmonic. His readings were spirited, sensitive, and sound. There was a vitality in the music-making that lifted the spirits. There was no trace of routine in the orchestra's response. I had not seen Mr. Peress on the rostrum before—only heard his work when, out of sight in the pit, he conducted an alert account of Gottfried von Einem's "The Visit of the Old Lady" for the San Francisco Opera—so I do not know whether the authentically Beethovenian platform demeanor he displayed is habitual or is used only for Beethoven. Spohr first saw Beethoven conduct when he played in the première of "Wellington's Victory," and recalled the occasion in his autobiography:

> Beethoven had accustomed himself to indicate expression to the orchestra by all manner of singular bodily movements. . . . At *piano* he crouched down lower and lower as he desired the degree of softness. If a *crescendo* then entered, he gradually rose again and at the entrance of the *forte* jumped into the air.

So did Mr. Peress. It looked ungainly but produced good results. Some of the tempi struck me as too brisk—for the adagio of Leonore's aria, for the allegretto of the Seventh Symphony. But they were of a piece with his committed, masculine, vigorous approach. This is not the whole of Beethoven; one missed the element of lyrical charm—exemplified at its most easygoing in the lazy, delicious bassoon tune of the Second Symphony larghetto, yet not incompatible with deep spiritual content, or absent from "Fidelio" and the Ninth Symphony. But energy, strength, and passion were not missing. The Philharmonic is a good orchestra. There were some imprecisions that more rehearsal would doubtless have polished away, but the playing was fresh, lively, attentive, and intense—the kind of playing that seems to tell of, and communicates, enjoyment. The acoustics of the Music Hall, which holds about twenty-six hundred, are said to be uneven. I had been given seats at the front of the second balcony, and there the sound was strong and clear. Sometimes the winds swamped the strings, especially in the finale of

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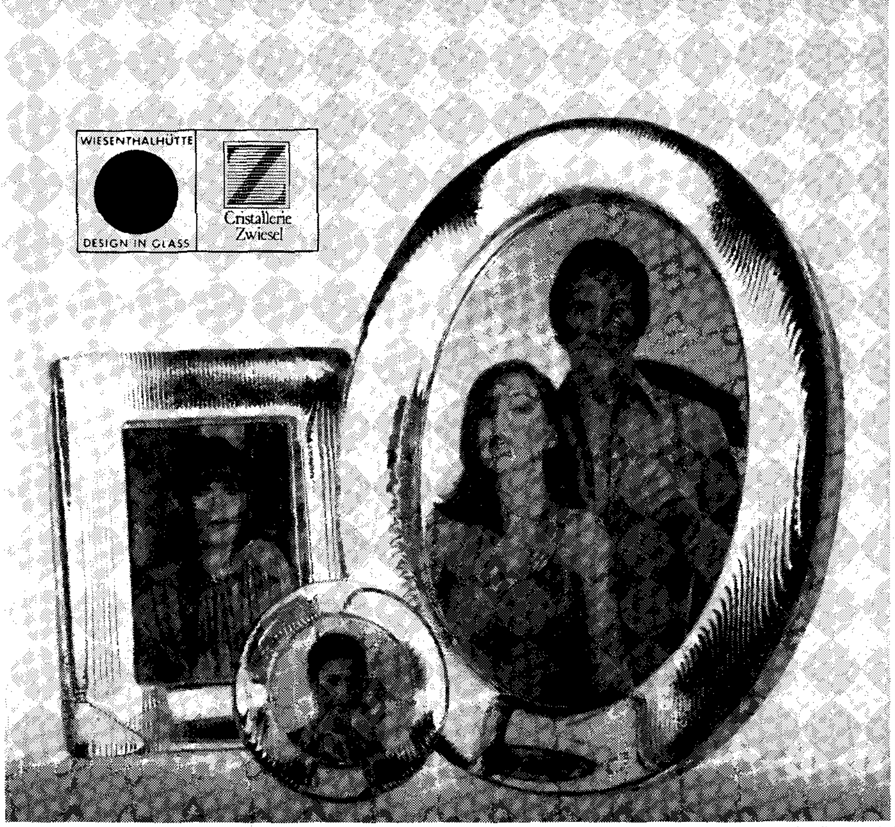

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the Seventh—a result, perhaps, of using four horns, three trumpets, and three woodwinds in a score that Beethoven wrote for only two of each. (With full wind doubling, the texture stays in proportion; this sesquialteral augmentation surely cannot ever be right.) The choir, the U.M.K.C. Civic Chorus, was a large, well-trained body of firm young voices; at the rehearsal of the Ninth, their fervent declamation of Schiller's ode made a great effect. Some things are more up-to-date in Kansas City than in the metropolis: the lights in the hall stayed on; the audience—as Beethoven would have expected—applauded each movement of the Seventh Symphony.

As one of the related events, I gave a little talk about the music, other than "Fidelio," that Beethoven composed for the theatre. That night, during the intermission of "Fidelio," a student came up to me to say that he had never heard any Beethoven before, and was overwhelmed by it. The orchestra hostess who drove me to the airport told me how moving she had found it to be stirred by, to be one of an audience stirred by, music that had been stirring people ever since it was composed. And I found the whole of my visit curiously stirring. Exhibition, recitals, and concerts had been planned together to reveal Beethoven as a living force, a source of joy, inspiration, and strength to men and women in nineteenth-century Vienna and twentieth-century Kansas City at once. "Meanings unknown before, Subtler than ever, more harmony, as if born here, related here . . . Sounds, echoes, wandering strains, as really here at home." Whitman was writing of Bellini and Donizetti in Dakota, not Beethoven in Missouri. He could have found uninhibited words to relate the adventure of voyaging as if across one swift span of a great bridge, from the East to the Middle West, and, once there, of voyaging swifter still across spans that led through space and time from Kansas City to Vienna, Rome, Athens, and Persepolis—with Egmont, Coriolanus, and Prometheus, Beethoven, Goethe, and Plutarch for company.

—ANDREW PORTER

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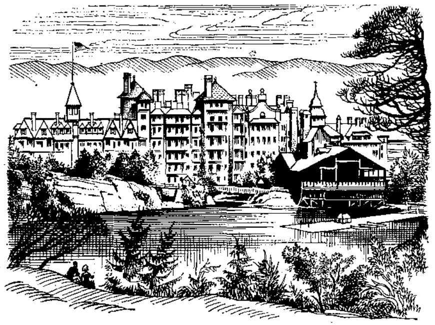

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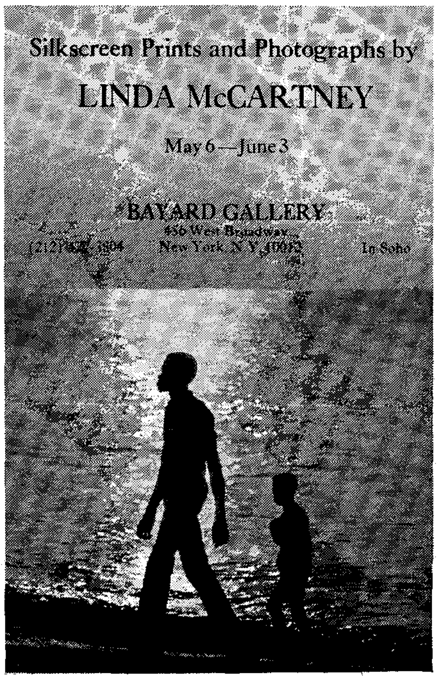

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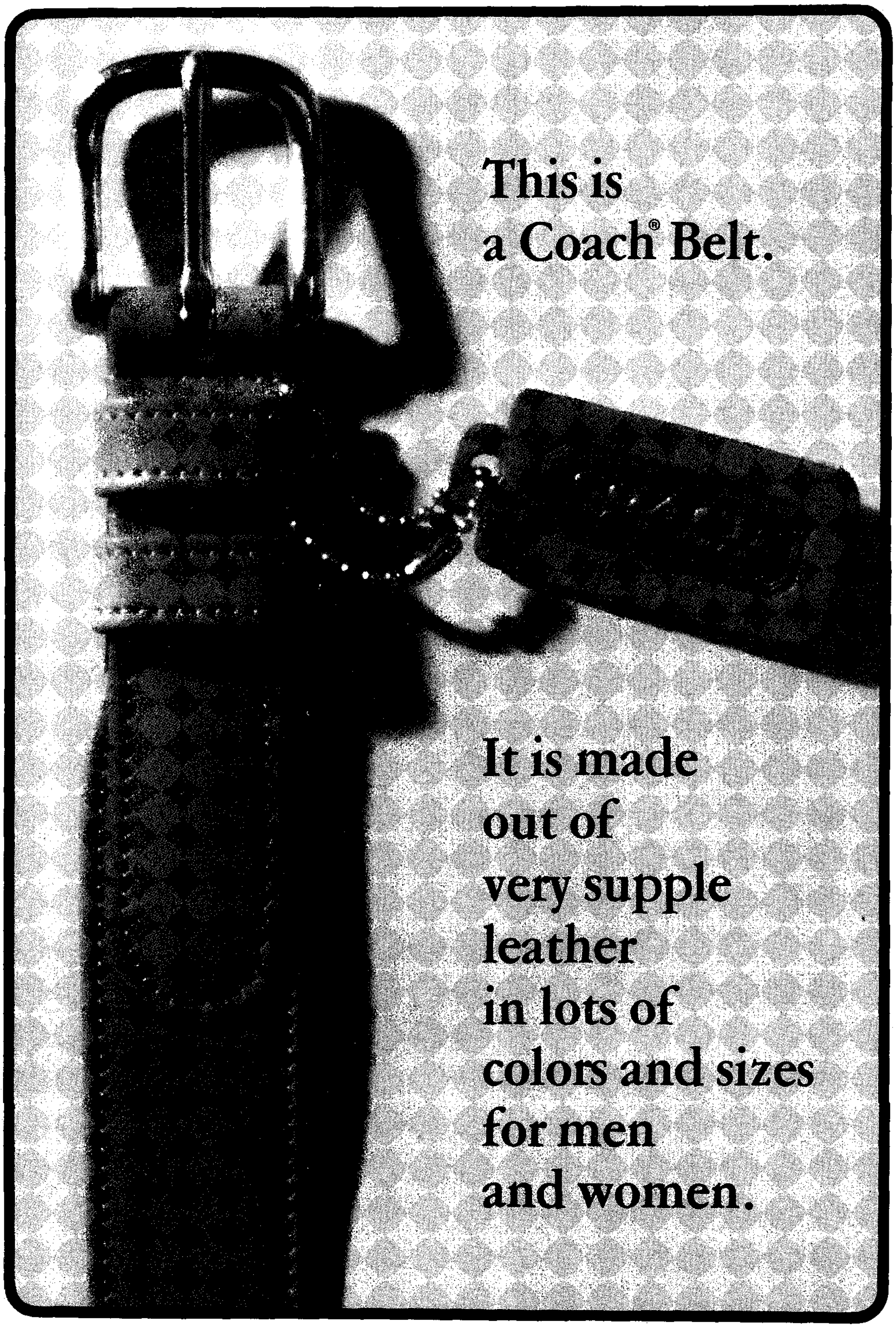
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An Only

Duke Ellington's Boswell turns out to be Stanley Dance, a sixty-seven-year-old English jazz chronicler and aide-de-camp, who by dint of sempiternal doggedness has put together what amounts to a three-volume biography. With the publication of "Duke Ellington in Person" (Houghton Mifflin), written with Ellington's son Mercer, it is now complete. The first volume, "The World of Duke Ellington" (Scribners), was brought out in 1970. It consists of a couple of interviews with Ellington, a transcription of an Ellington press conference, interviews with twenty-six sidemen and three alter egos (Tom Whaley, Ellington's copyist; Mercer Ellington; and Billy Strayhorn), and Dance's own accounts of a Latin-American tour, Ellington's seventieth-birthday party at the White House, the first two Sacred Concerts, and Ellington preparing for a Monterey Jazz Festival. The second volume, Ellington's limpid and funny autobiography, "Music Is My Mistress" (Doubleday), was published in 1973, a year before he died. Except for an extended final chapter of questions and answers compiled by Dance, the book was written by Ellington himself. Mercer describes the process: "Stanley had expected that it would be done with a tape recorder, following the same method they had used for articles, so he was surprised to find that Pop intended to write it himself. The manuscript that eventually materialized was . . . written on hotel stationery, table napkins, and menus from all over the world. Stanley became so familiar with the handwriting that he could often decipher it when Pop could not." In "Duke Ellington in Person," Dance taped Mercer, and edited the results. All three books, like Ellington himself in his last twenty years, are somewhat helter-skelter. They are sometimes inconclusive, patchy, and—considering their subject—unaccountably flat. During the forty years he knew Ellington, Dance got so close to him that he could no longer see him. There are countless photographs in the three volumes, but little sense of Ellington in the flesh—of his umbrous, polished voice; his gracious laugh; his accent, which was universal and aristocratic; his long, handsome, beautifully lived-in face; his careful, philosopher's gait; his locked concentration when he worked; his quick searching of the middle distance before zeroing in with a mot: "Selfishness can be a virtue. Selfishness is essential to survival, and without survival we cannot protect those whom we love more than ourselves." But the three books help. With his wit and elegance and cool and originality, Ellington was one of the most oblique and elusive of all twentieth-century masters. Toby Hardwick, who was in Ellington's first band, got a glimpse before Ellington slammed the door: "The amazing thing about him is that the language, the slant, everything . . . didn't rub off from someone else, and it wasn't a legacy either. He went inside himself to find it. He's an *only*, that's for sure."

Ellington was a combination of romantic and realist—or perhaps he was a realist who learned early that it is easier to pass as the opposite. His prose reflects this. Others might write in black and white, but Ellington wrote in color. It was a rainbow prose, yet underneath was a sharp vision of life. An excursion on night life in "Music Is My Mistress" begins with typical Ellington sumptuousness, but soon it narrows: "Night Life is cut out of a very luxurious, royal-blue bolt of velvet. It sparkles with jewels, and it sparkles in tingling and tinkling tones. . . . Night Life seems to have been born with all of its people in it, the people who had never been babies, but were born *grown* . . . Some of them were wonderful people, and some were just hangers-on of a sort. . . . There were a few hustlers, who depended upon finding suckers for survival. And there were some who were too wise to hustle, who only wanted to have enough money to be able to afford to be a sucker."

He expands on the celebrated announcement he made when he was informed that he had almost won a citation from the Pulitzer Prize committee, and ends with a genial, begloved sarcasm. The entry has its own page, and he calls it "Acclaim":

> The Pulitzer Prize music committee recommended me for a special award in 1965. When the full Pulitzer committee turned down their recommendation, Winthrop Sargeant and Ronald Eyer resigned.
>
> Since I am not too chronically masochistic, I found no pleasure in all the suffering that was being endured. I realized that it could have been most distressing and distracting as I tried to qualify my first reaction: "Fate is being

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very kind to me; Fate doesn't want me to be too famous too young."

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When he has nothing but good tidings to impart, he relaxes, and becomes almost spare and supple: "To me, the people of London are the most civilized in the world. Their civilization is based on the recognition that all people are imperfect, and due allowances should be and are made for their imperfections. I have never experienced quite such a sense of *balance* elsewhere." The opening paragraph of his autobiography is a fairy tale, a put-on, and probably the truth: "Once upon a time a beautiful young lady and a very handsome young man fell in love and got married. They were a wonderful, compatible couple, and God blessed their marriage with a fine baby boy (eight pounds, eight ounces). They loved their little boy very much. They raised him, nurtured him, coddled him, and spoiled him. They raised him in the palm of the hand and gave him everything they thought he wanted. Finally, when he was about seven or eight, they let his feet touch the ground."

LIKE all working romantics, Ellington was highly superstitious. He believed, Mercer tells us, that windows had to be shut in thunderstorms lest a draft bring the lightning in; that giving people shoes meant they might walk away from him; that it was bad luck to bring peanuts or newspapers backstage or to arrive there whistling; that thirteen was a lucky number; and that the color brown was bad luck, because he had on a brown suit the day his mother died. (The dust jacket of his autobiography was originally brown but was changed to blue at his horrified insistence.)

Mercer's book is unsparing but fair. He says that Ellington had a sadomasochistic streak that caused him to hurt others when he most needed them. He also affirms Toby Hardwick's early judgment: "*He likes to manipulate.* It's a little quirk all his own. He thinks no one has the slightest idea about this. He likes to manipulate people around him, and gets the biggest kick when he

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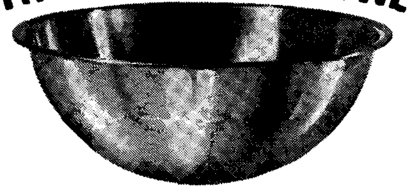

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wins. It's not like using someone, it's more like a game." Another game that Mercer discovered was Ellington's inviting him to his motel room on the pretext of looking at a new arrangement or checking a faulty ledger when all he wanted was company. This fear of showing weakness eventually hardened into a genuine toughness.

Ellington's reputation as a composer has lately been under revision, and "Duke Ellington in Person" will hasten the process. He was more of a primitive than most people knew. Mercer writes:

> So far as learning to read music was concerned, he was never exactly avid . . . There were many people in those days, of course, who went to schools . . . so that they would be recognized as being "able to do it"—being able to read—and they would have considered it cheating to play a record and copy what was on it—and do it just by ear. Ellington sat down and did that time and again. He'd gradually figure out what somebody had done, listen to the beat, and analyze the whole thing. How he ever learned the value and time you'd give a note so that you could represent it on paper, I don't know, but he was able to do this without tutors or formal training. He finally wound up knowing how to write music.

Most primitives are trapped in their only invention—their style. But this was never true of Ellington. Mercer says, "Formal training, to him, implied adhering to the rules and a lack of creativity. He didn't like the rules in anything. To discard a rule was a source of inspiration . . . because he immediately saw the way to make it work in reverse. One whole composition was dedicated to making the seventh chord rise instead of resolve downward. It was a number that never gained much recognition, but I remember his telling me how he had gotten away with it and how nobody had ever thought it sounded bad." Feeling his way early in his career, Ellington got in the habit of listening closely to what was played around him and of asking his musicians for suggestions. This attentiveness became a collective method of composing, which never completely left him, and which in his later, prize-ridden years he perhaps would not have readily acknowledged. Ellington's sidemen repeatedly mention this method in "The World of Duke Ellington":

> SONNY GREER: "We'd just talk things over and make suggestions on the interpretation."
>
> HARRY CARNEY: "He was always a great compiler, and one of the guys' ideas would suggest something else to him."
>
> BARNEY BIGARD: "When I played a solo, or Johnny Hodges played a solo,

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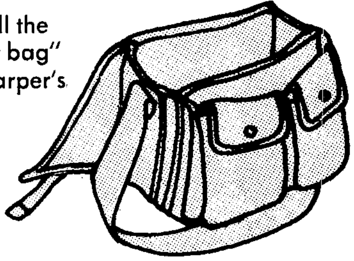

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he'd be listening, and if you made a passage that he liked, he'd write it down and build a tune on it."

Mercer Ellington says that this method sometimes caused grief. "In the past, [Johnny Hodges] had sold his rights to songs for $100 or $200, just as Fats Waller and Ellington had done when they were young and gullible. When Pop turned some of these songs into hits, Rab [Hodges] wanted the deal changed, and when he was refused he became unhappy. That explains why he would sometimes turn toward the piano onstage and mime counting money."

Ellington was more than a composer. Like a great film director, he was a catalyst, a synthesizer. He had the divine gift of impelling his musicians to offer him their best, which he would put toward the musical vision he had in mind. Hodges or Bigard or Ben Webster would give him eight or twelve beautiful bars and those would pass through his extraordinary head and come out as "Mood Indigo" or "Sophisticated Lady." (Mercer Ellington says little about Billy Strayhorn, who, a kind of second son, remains a mystery. It is conceivable that without Ellington pushing him Strayhorn would have been a minor, if greatly gifted, composer. But those songs directly credited to him certainly equal Ellington's, and in some instances come close to surpassing them.) The Ellington afflatus was dangerous. It drained his musicians, and at the same time, because so many of his tunes were written specifically for them, it spoiled them. When longtime sidemen left, they either dropped into obscurity or, thirsting for the Master's attention, returned to the fold.

An Ellington tune played in an Ellington arrangement by the Ellington band was unique. Mercer describes this eloquently: "[Ellington] sought a sensuality in the way his music was expressed; there was always an emotion attached to the sound. Or I might say that he was always very conscious of the need to make the listener *feel* experiences with the sound, almost as though he were creating apparitions within the music."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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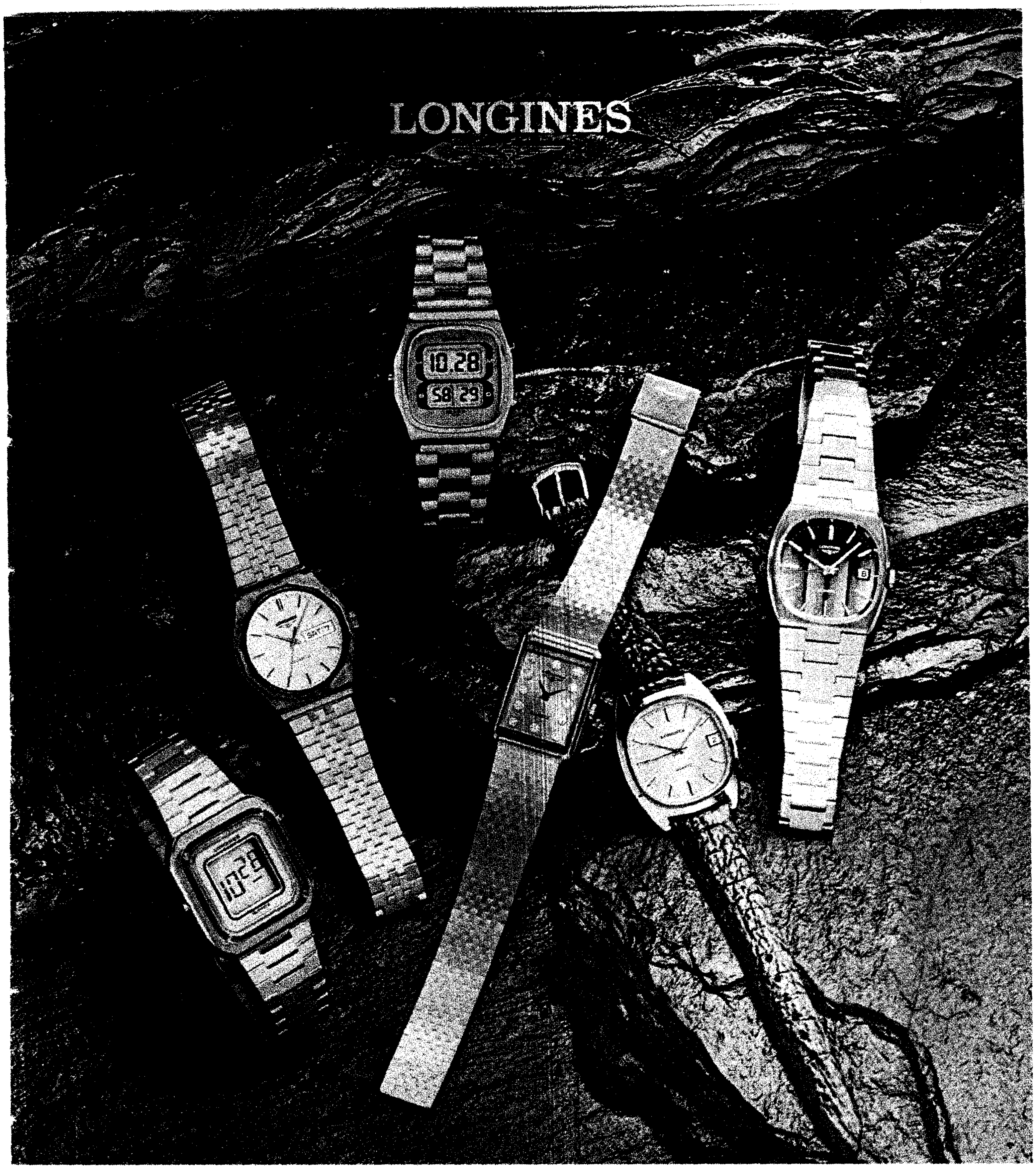

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BOOKS

Flann v. Finn

FLANN O'BRIEN and Myles na Gopaleen (Myles of the Little Ponies) were among the pen names disguising the comic genius of a Dublin civil servant called Brian O'Nolan, who became celebrated in 1939 for the "novel" "At Swim-Two-Birds," the finest piece of learned comic fantasy to come out of Dublin since the Treaty. Despite the praise of James Joyce, Graham Greene, Anthony Burgess, John Updike, and Dylan Thomas—the last said it was "just the book to give your sister if she's a loud, dirty, boozy girl"—the book did only moderately well. Its successor, "The Third Policeman," did not find a publisher in Flann O'Brien's lifetime. He turned to journalism, as Myles na Gopaleen, with a satirical column in the *Irish Times* entitled "Cruiskeen Lawn" ("The Little Overflowing Jug"). He wrote a parody in Irish, "The Poor Mouth," and, among other things, the well-known "Dalkey Archive," which was turned into a ribald play, one of whose characters is St. Augustine, met underwater off the Irish coast. After O'Brien's death, in 1966, at the age of fifty-four, "The Third Policeman" was recovered.

Under a wide-brimmed black hat, Flann O'Brien was a fierce, elusive, and legendary figure in a city where people become legends very rapidly and bitter gossip is much admired. He disappeared and reappeared, dissolving his angers, sorrows, and learning in whiskey and black porter. When, a year before he died, I was told I'd probably meet him somewhere on the street between O'Connell Street and Trinity, he seemed to me to be a vapor. We stood in the usual rain. His voice was soft and courteous, he had a look of pride and lovable shy appeal in his small, reddened eyes, while the droll and slothful face of Goldsmith's statue looked down on us with understanding. I longed to spend the day with Flann, but he vanished, goodness knows where: to the docks or into oblivion among his illnesses?

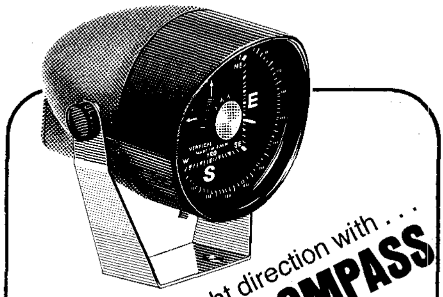
Now, as one can tell from "A Flann O'Brien Reader," edited by Stephen Jones (Viking; $15), Flann O'Brien has an international fame. This book has the admitted disadvantage of being a collection of extracts from his chief works, but it does give a tang of masterpieces like "At Swim-Two-Birds" and "The Dalkey Archive." Mr. Jones's introductions are a great help, in a discursive way; they contain also a number of O'Brien's anxious letters to his publishers and some biographical hints. As a family, the O'Nolans seem to have had the advantage of a rambling literary education in Latin, Greek, and Gaelic, which sharpened their appetite for "the word"—the distractions of pedantry and haphazard learning. When I say "rambling," I must add that at University College O'Brien did take a master's degree, with a thesis on "Nature in Modern Irish Poetry." His gentle and serious evocations of Nature are very delicate. The following sentence recalls the occasional landscapes in P. G. Wodehouse: "The whole overhead was occupied by the sky, translucent, impenetrable, ineffable and incomparable, with a fine island of cloud anchored in the calm two yards to the right of Mr. Jarvis's outhouse." The comic spirit is poetic at heart.

Naturally, Flann O'Brien is seen in Dublin as an heir to Joyce: but nowadays critics talk of Beckett, Borges, Barth, Queneau, the *nouveau roman*, and the anti-novelists, who breed fiction out of other fictions. We take the point, but this process was well known to ancient cultures like the Gaelic, and, indeed—for the English contributions to Irish writing—to the Elizabethans, not to mention Sterne, who was brought up in Ireland. O'Brien's domestic desuetude and Rabelaisian innuendo are pure "Tristram Shandy":

> Aren't you very fond of your bedroom now, my uncle continued. Why don't you study in the dining-room here where the ink is and where there is a good book-case for your books? Boys but you make a great secret about your studies . . .
>
> My bedroom is quiet, convenient and I have my books there. I prefer to work in my bedroom, I answered . . . I know the studying you do in your bedroom, said my uncle. Damn the studying you do in your bedroom.
>
> I denied this.
>
> *Nature of denial:* Inarticulate, of gesture.

Amid belchings, scratching the lice on his person, and recovering from a drinking "bash," the young student narrator of "At Swim-Two-Birds"

"*Why, thank you, dear. You seem rather civil yourself this evening.*"



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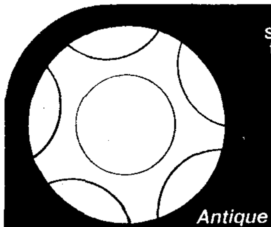

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lies on his grubby bed discussing literature with a friend called Brinsley:

> The entire corpus of existing literature should be regarded as a limbo from which discerning authors could draw their characters as required, creating only when they failed to find a suitable existing puppet. The modern novel should be largely a work of reference . . .
>
> That is all my bum, said Brinsley.

The student then holds forth on *oratio recta* and *oratio obliqua*, and offers several styles, including the parody of the legend of Finn Mac Cool:

> I will relate, said Finn. . . . With the eyelids to him stitched to the fringe of his eye-bags, he must be run by Finn's people through the bogs and the marsh-swamps of Erin with two odorous prickle-backed hogs ham-tied and asleep in the seat of his hempen drawers. If he sink beneath a peat-swamp or lose a hog, he is not accepted of Finn's people. For five days he must sit on the brow of a cold hill with twelve-pointed stag-antlers hidden in his seat, without food or music or chessmen . . .
>
> Likewise he must hide beneath a twig, or behind a dried leaf, or under a red stone, or vanish at full speed into the seat of his hempen drawers without changing his course or abating his pace or angering the men of Erin. Two young fosterlings he must carry under the armpits to his jacket through the whole of Erin, and six arm-bearing warriors in his seat together. If he be delivered of a warrior or a blue spear, he is not taken. One hundred head of cattle he must accommodate with wisdom about his person when walking all Erin, the half about his armpits and the half about his trews, his mouth never halting from the discoursing of sweet poetry.

Gradually, the narrative—always alive with interjections, notes of squalor from Dublin realism, and hilarious fantasy—builds up an intrigue: the student is writing a novel about a dull novelist called Trellis, who is pillaging other novels. Maimed by the banal treatment they get from Trellis, the characters get their own back by spreading grotesque yarns about him. In the end, Trellis is taken to court, with his characters as judge and jury, in a place remarkably like the bar of a pub. A tram conductor complains that as a character he was made to do a seventy-two-hour week on "non-pensionable emoluments" and was obliged to speak to his passengers in "guttersnipe dialect, at all times repugnant to the instincts of a gentleman." A writer of Wild West tales, called Tracy, says he was obliged to lend Trellis female characters: "He explained that technical difficulties relating to ladies' dress had always been an insuperable obstacle to his creation of satisfactory female characters and

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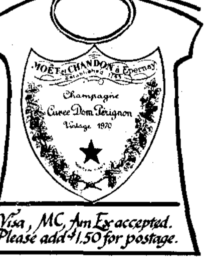

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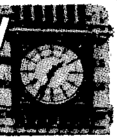

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produced a document purporting to prove that he was reduced on other occasions to utilizing disguised males." He once lent Trellis a pious girl character who came back "in a certain condition" six months later. Tracy reinstated the girl in her employment by marrying her to an unnecessary person and got her son a job with a man "dealing with unknown aspects of the cotton-milling industry." Some questions of a potato-peeler comes up, and a judge asks, "What is a potato-peeler?" The reader notes that the prose of Trellis is a string of clichés.

The absurd trial is, of course, a send-up of the Dublin courts. Indeed, at every point there are satirical glimpses of Dublin life. If the whole were simple, broad farce, it would soon pall. What transforms it is the great, if often maddening, influence of Irish pedantry—the comedy of hairsplitting—and O'Brien's ear for the nuances of Irish talk: above all, for its self-inflating love of formal utterance and insinuation. His humor, as Mr. Jones says, depends on the intricacy of its texture. Language is all: he is a native of a country of grammarians, thriving on the perplexities of a mixed culture, and creating, as Joyce did, vulgar or scholarly myths.

To say this is not to underrate O'Brien's superb invention in broad farce—in, say, "The Hard Life." That book purports to describe the brilliant swindles invented by the author's deedy adolescent brother, who makes a start in life by inventing a successful correspondence course in tightrope-walking. He pulls in the money through medical warnings about the dangers of the sport, in a learned pamphlet on giddiness, or Ménière's disease, caused by hemorrhage in "the equilibristic labyrinth of the ears." He knows the Irish worship of the grand word:

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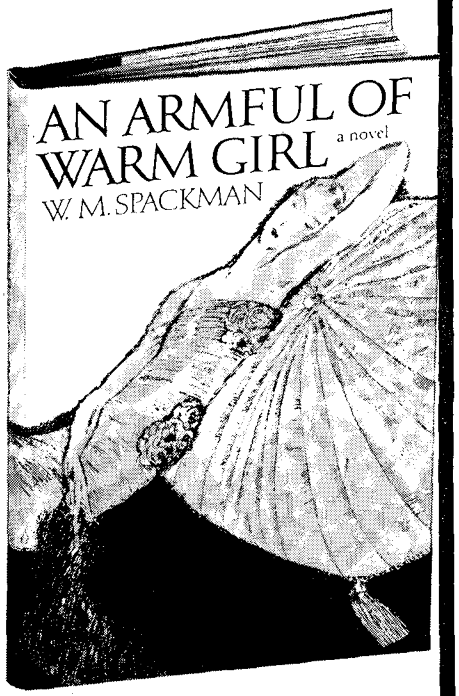
O'Brien's glee has a double edge—allegorically, of course, Irish life is lived on a "high wire," or the liberating hope of risk. The boy goes one better by inventing something called Gravid Water, the miracle cure for rheumatism. He achieves a grotesque interview with the Pope. Gravid Water cures



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*He was born pretty damn' irked, with a Caldwell's spoon in his mouth, to a family of short-tempered Philadelphia-Quaker private bankers, on a stifling country-summer morning in 1909. Or a Bailey Banks & Biddle spoon, what difference does it make, father could've bought and sold 'em both twice over. Weighed twelve pounds; they all did then; grew up big too. And in due course graduated from Princeton in the Class of 1931, though who didn't....

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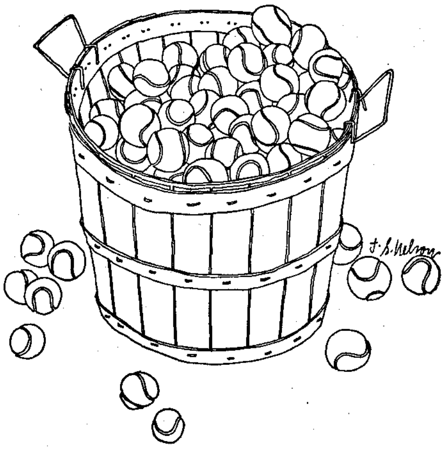
rheumatism, but the patient dies o curable overweight. "The Hard Life" was a late book and, Mr. Jones thinks, a step backward—although he does not quite agree that the tale may be an "exegesis of squalor" or mental sluggishness, common enough in Dublin's stagnant moods. O'Brien's extravagant mock encounters with Joyce (who is heard saying that "Ulysses" was smut written by American academics) and with Keats and Chapman paralytically drunk in a pub after closing time (when the landlord has to declare that the illegal drinkers are all his uncles and nieces) are fun of a journalistic order.

"The Dalkey Archive" is another matter. Hugh Leonard turned it into the delightful play "When the Saints Go Cycling In." Here we find the learned De Selby, who has scientifically overcome the limitations of time and is able to take his guests under the sea, in a handmade Cousteau-style tank, to meet and gossip scandalously with the Christian saints, who deride the Apostles. St. Augustine is the arch humbug and is exposed. De Selby is a splendid anti-Prospero, who is possessed by the native desire to blow the world to smithereens. O'Brien's narrator is worried by the religious scandal but thinks that the only way to put a stop to De Selby's threat is to have him collaborate on a book like Joyce's epic—say, "Finnegans Wake"—which will so befuddle his mind that he will forget his scheme. Poor O'Brien was near death when he wrote this work, and, as Mr. Jones says, the humor rises far above wit and cleverness and is "beautiful." I would have said "calm and equable." Another writer has quoted what O'Brien said of Joyce—"With laughs he palliates the sense of doom that is the heritage of the Irish Catholic"—as being equally a summary of O'Brien's literary self-tragedy.

The curious theme of death kept at bay by the invention of conceits under-



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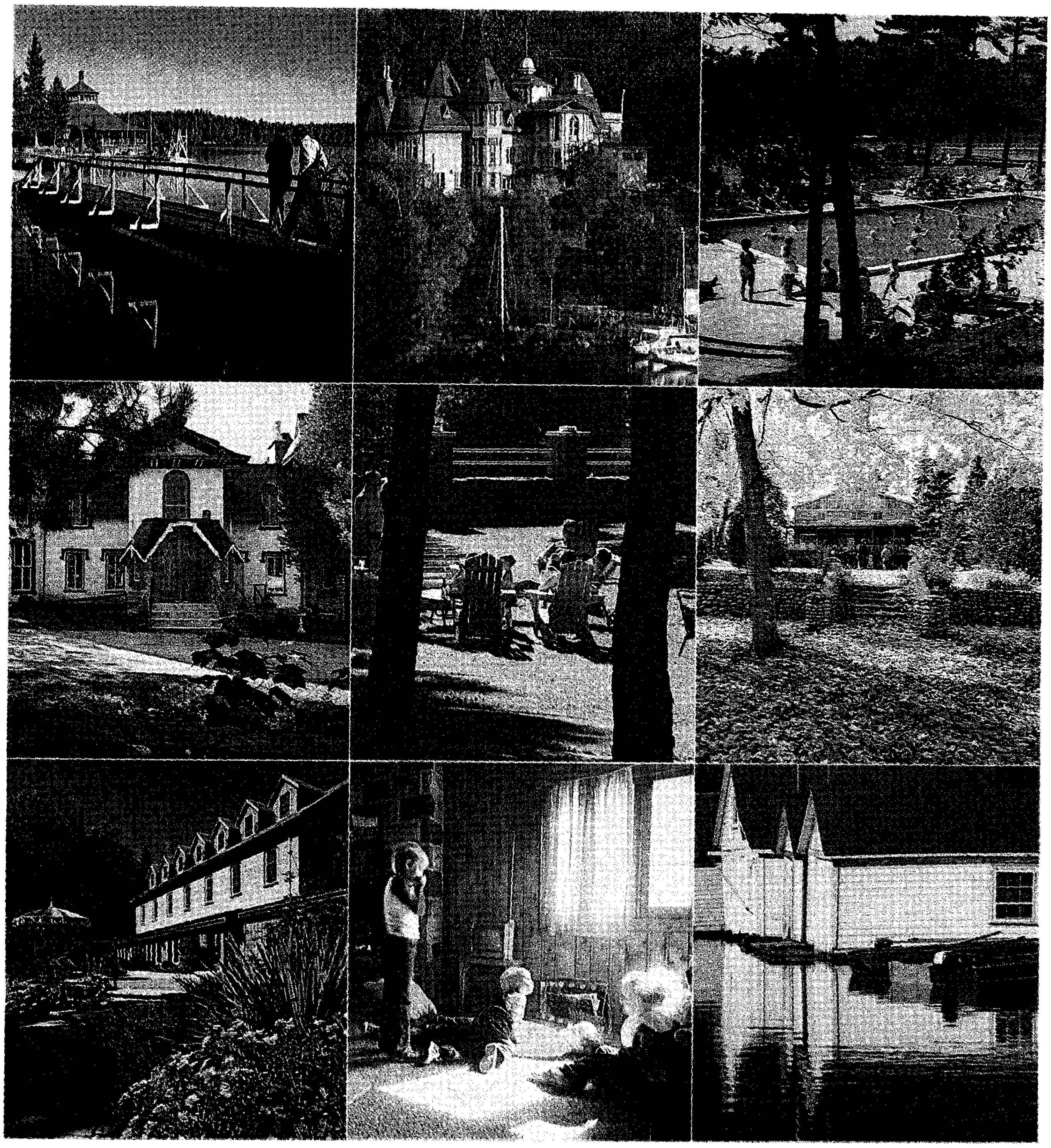

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lies "The Third Policeman," the posthumously published version of the early novel that had failed. It seems to have begun as a mock detective story, in which the author is forced to commit an appalling murder by a man who has enslaved him and robbed him of his property. This is a dark and disturbing tale. O'Brien's work is rich in distracting episodes, and here we come upon a conceit that seems to point to something obsessive in his inward-turning mind. The conceit reminds one of Borges and of those figures who multiply in a series of reflections in retreating mirrors. In O'Brien, the object is a box that contains a box containing boxes, getting infinitely smaller, until they are invisible. It seems that O'Brien put off doom by retreating into a metaphysical solitude. But the scene becomes macabre. Ridiculous policemen arrive. The narrator is arrested and hears being built, plank by plank, the scaffold on which he will be hanged. Bicycles—another of O'Brien's obsessive subjects—confuse the tale, for he cannot resist an idea. But there is no doubt of his laughter and unnerving melancholy.

—V. S. PRITCHETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

COMPROMISING POSITIONS, by Susan Isaacs (Times Books; $8.95). Susan Isaacs has done for Shorehaven Acres, Long Island, what Cyra McFadden did for California's Marin County (at Shorehaven's Quelle Crêpe, "for a few dollars you could have a glass of wine and a crêpe with fromage or fromage et œufs or fromage et œufs et jambon or even fromage et œufs et jambon et asperges, like a francophile's Dagwood sandwich"), and has concocted a fast-paced murder mystery to boot. The narrator is Judith Singer, mother of two toddlers and wife of Bob, who is vice-president, at eighty thousand dollars a year, of the family public-relations firm. Judith turns detective when the local periodontist is found dead of a puncture at the base of his skull and the wives of the most successful men in the neighborhood confess to her that M. Bruce Fleckstein, D.D.S., probed and photographed more than just their gums (hence the title). With the help of sad and warmhearted Police Lieutenant Nelson Sharpe—whose assistance is not only technical but amatory—the case is solved. Susan Isaacs is describing, often in throwaway lines, a throwaway world of fads and frauds, but her wicked and very female descriptions of the men and women she sees through have every appearance of being more durable. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

A FAMILY ALBUM, by David Galloway (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $8.95). This is not a novel, although the jacket cover says it is. David Galloway has selected six snapshots from his family album, all taken somewhere in the South between 1912 and 1969, and all reproduced on the jacket. Around them he has constructed (this *is* fiction, mostly) the various dramas that might have unfolded beyond each paper-thin slice of life. Each photograph gets the same threefold treatment. First, Mr. Galloway offers the vital statistics and a short history of the camera model; then he spins a story of the person who took the picture; and finally he analyzes the photograph, sifting through the details like an art historian or a detective and conjuring up a portrait of the subject to fit the handful of visual clues. Through the generations—all the subjects and three of the photographers are related by blood or marriage—runs a theme of tragic trouble, of a family flaw. Where does fact end and fiction begin? The whole performance is so uncontrived that the reader is delighted to suspend disbelief. With skill and grace, Mr. Galloway has woven an elegant tapestry.

GENERAL

NINE AND A HALF WEEKS, by Elizabeth McNeill (Dutton; $7.95). A blow-by-blow (literally) first-person account of a sadomasochistic interlude in the life of a successful and otherwise conventional New York businesswoman, whose age is a bit hard to guess but is probably in the thirties. Miss McNeill is a born storyteller, and the story she has to tell is that she met a man at a Greenwich Village street fair, went to bed with him, casually indulged his request to blindfold her, enjoyed the experience, and thereafter commenced a passionate affair in which she discovered, much to her surprise, that pain and humiliation brought her exquisite sexual pleasure. The book is too matter-of-fact to be considered pornographic, though we learn virtually nothing of the man's or the woman's nonsexual selves except that he's compulsively tidy and

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shops at Bloomingdale's, and that she was (probably) raised as a Catholic. One cannot help but feel, however, as one reads about this bewildered woman coming home from a hard day at the office every evening to be handcuffed and tied to the dining-room table, and eventually about her hospitalization because of a hysterical crying jag, that commercializing psychiatric problems is no good thing.

Fits and Starts: The Premature Memoirs of Andrew Ward, by Andrew Ward (Atlantic-Little, Brown; $8.95). Mr. Ward's adoption of an archaic style only compounds the difficulties that he faces as a young man (he is thirty-two) writing humorously about his not-so-distant early years. There is a peculiarly dated quality to his highly wrought sentences. The account, *near the beginning, of his family's* sojourn in India, courtesy of the Ford Foundation, sets this anachronistic, sepia-toned mood, which colors even his sketches of his life afterward, in Riverside, Connecticut, in the Greenwich school system, at Oberlin College, and at the Rhode Island School of Design. In light humor, timing is all; Mr. Ward delays and encumbers his anecdotes with rhetorical devices and adjectival baggage. Because the well-heeled world that he describes is only sporadically eccentric, his stories seem contrived; it is too much to believe, for instance, that Miss Justin, the speech teacher, "once got so whipped up reciting from 'Idylls of the King' that she didn't notice that her undershorts had broken loose and fallen slowly to her ankles." But the concluding chapter—"With My Grandparents at an Inn: August, 1970"—is witty and wise. The last sentence is the best in the book. If it is any indication of Mr. Ward's future efforts, he will soon be reminiscing in fine style.

Sir Leslie Stephen's Mausoleum Book, edited and with an introduction by Alan Bell (Oxford; $9.95). After the death of his second wife, Leslie Stephen wrote, in a large green album, this intimate account of his two marriages. He intended it for his children and stepchildren, to be read after his own death. It was spoken of in the family as the "Mausoleum Book" because it trails off in a long series of lugubrious obits. His biographers lifted passages from it, but otherwise it remained practically unseen until five years

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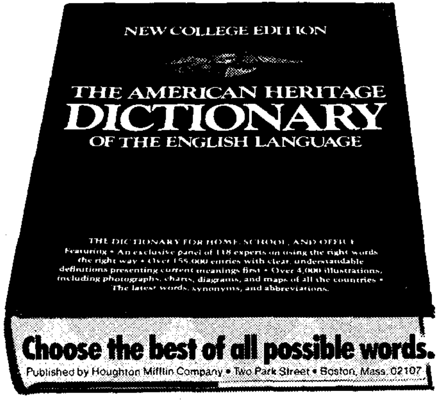

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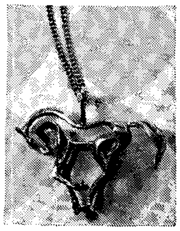

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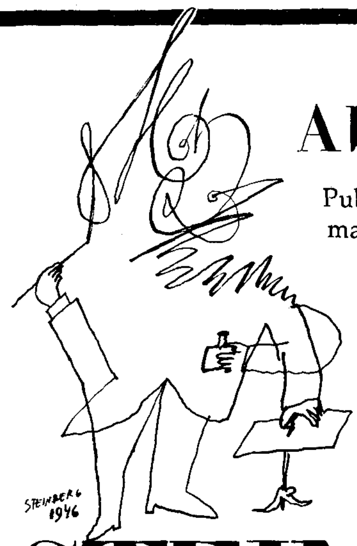
ago, when it was sold to the British Museum for the benefit of the London Library. Leslie Stephen's contemporaries did not think of him as Virginia Woolf's father, as we tend to do, but as a highly intelligent critic and the editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* and the Dictionary of National Biography. Both his marriages were happy, though he was in certain respects a trying husband. The pendulum being where it now is, a good part of the interest of this book is anthropological: the customs of the naked Asmat of New Guinea seem less bizarre than the things that were taken for granted by the head of a Victorian household.

DISCOVERING THE INDIVIDUAL, by Jean Hamburger, translated from the French by Beatrice Bishop Berle (Norton; $7.95). Dr. Hamburger, a professor of medicine at the University of Paris, is clearly a humane man of wide reading. At first, his book appears to be about the fascinating question of individuality in biology: Why are we, each of us, unique, and why are there individuals even in animal species like the minnow? What is the biological purpose of the individual? Although a good part of his brief book touches on this question, much of it is broadly philosophical and somewhat unfocussed. He is in favor of a human spiritual awakening, but he offers no blueprint for how we are to bring this about. One wishes that he had stuck more closely to the profound scientific questions he merely hints at.

THE CHILDREN OF BLADENSFIELD, by Evelyn D. Ward, with an essay by Peter Matthiessen (Viking; $14.95). The house at Bladensfield, a farm on Virginia's Northern Neck, was built about 1690 and still stands, inhabited by descendants of the Reverend William Norvell Ward, who bought it in 1842. Evelyn Ward, one of his daughters, was born in 1853, and these are her recollections of the Civil War, published for the first time. Miss Ward, who grew up to found a private school in Washington, D.C., never married, and retired to her ancestral home in 1920, where she composed her memoir with no wider audience in mind than her bumper crop of nieces and nephews. The work is unaffected, direct, personal, detailed, and wholly unfaded: the elderly woman kept alive the precise perceptions of her childhood, and her writing shows the fabric of life on the losing side of a war—small privations,



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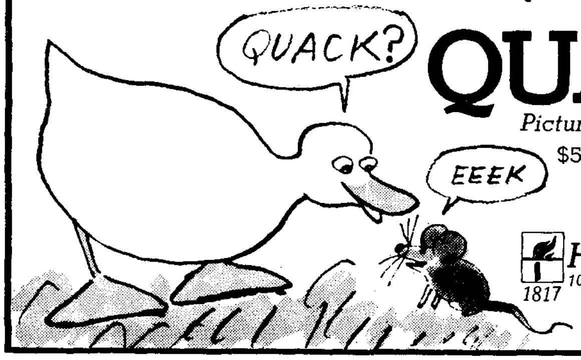

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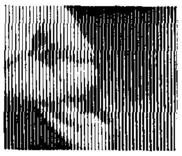

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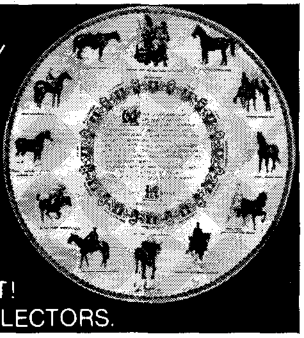

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great tragedies (two of her older brothers were killed in action), and her parents' pathetic efforts to provide something like normality for the little ones at home. But there is no whining, and the reader feels he has spent time with an attractive family. Mr. Matthiessen's afterpiece is attractive, too; a great-grand-nephew of Miss Ward, he describes the Ward clan and their home today.

NOTE: "A Prison and a Prisoner," Susan Sheehan's portrait of an inmate of a maximum-security prison, and of the prison itself, has been published by Houghton Mifflin ($10.95). All the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, in somewhat different form.

•

PERRY BARLOW

PERRY BARLOW, who died recently, at the age of eighty-five, was first published in *The New Yorker* in 1926. His drawings, elegant and deceptively casual, brought a gentle urbanity to our pages and helped establish the tone of the fledgling magazine. Over the following forty-eight years, he contributed thousands of cartoons, sketches, and spreads, and produced a hundred and thirty-four covers. His range was wide, but he had a special gift for delineating the absurdities and frustrations of the suburban middle class. A passionate draftsman, he was never without his sketchbook. He had a marvellous eye for the telling gesture, and, although he returned to certain favorite situations again and again, he never repeated a face. Barlow was born and grew up on his family's farm, in McKinney, Texas. (Tall, lean, and soft-spoken, he seemed to many of his friends the image of the laconic Texan.) He studied painting and drawing at the Art Institute of Chicago, and it was there he met his future wife, Dorothy Hope Smith. In addition to becoming a highly successful artist in her own right, she collaborated with her husband on many of his covers for *The New Yorker;* being partly color-blind, he depended on his wife to provide the color for his drawings. Barlow, a modest man, never published a collection of his works. Fortunately, many of them are still in print in anthologies compiled from these pages. The drawings remain fresh, and the generous and civilized sensibility behind them is a reminder of a quieter, kinder world.

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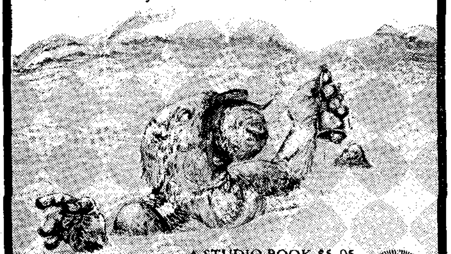

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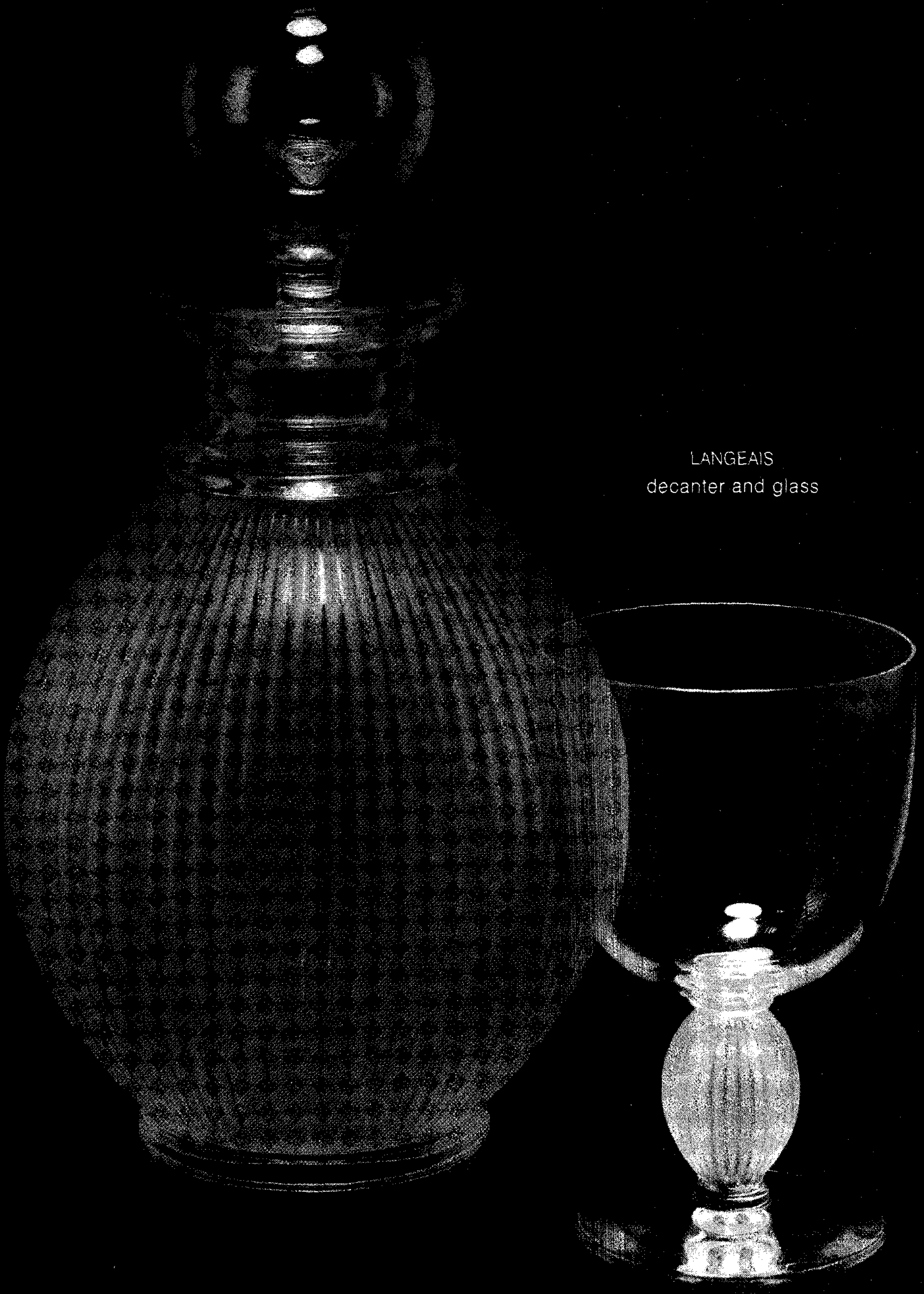

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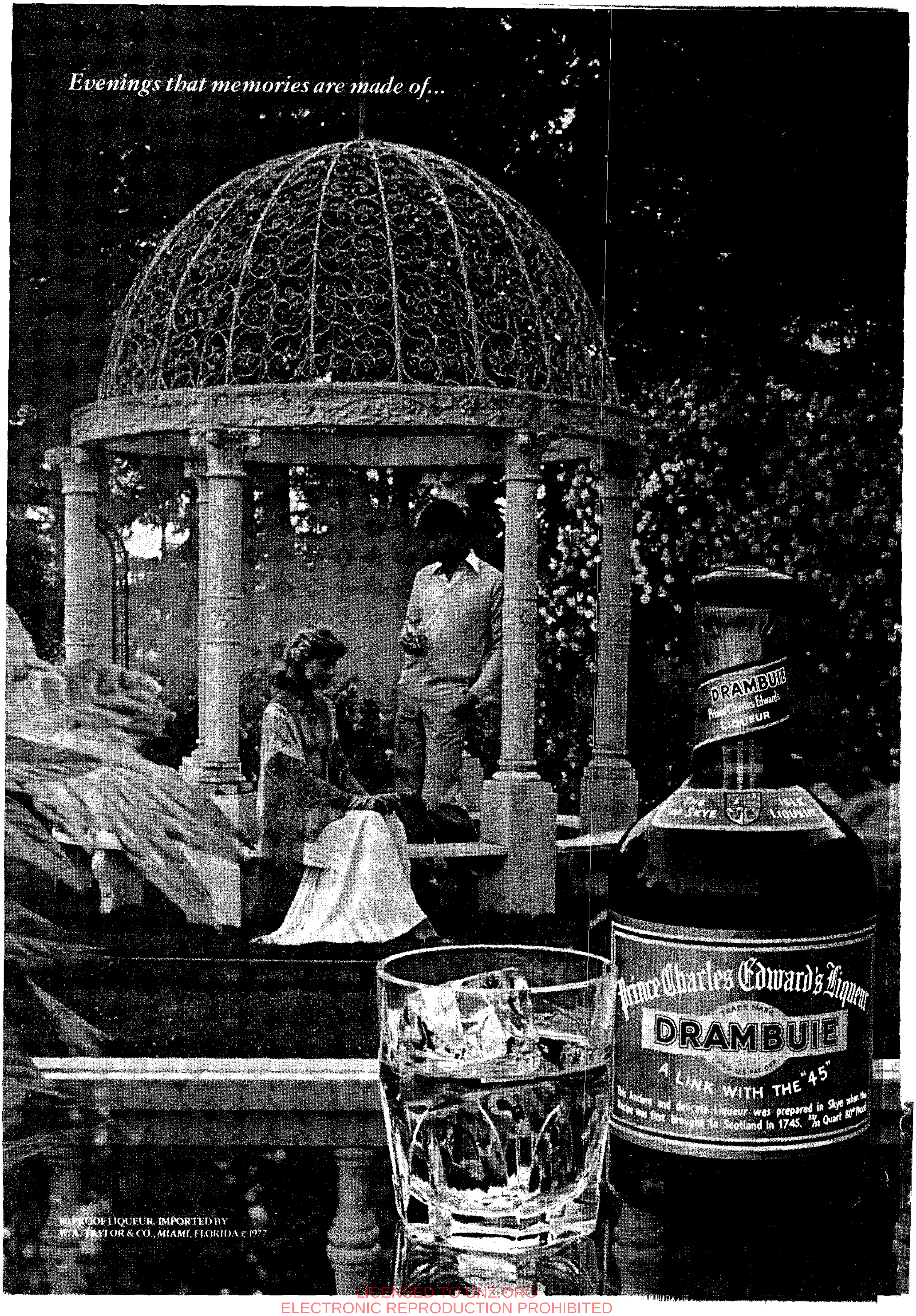
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